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THE WORKS OF
THEODORE ROOSEVELT

MEMORIAL EDITION

VOLUME IX

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THEODORE ROOSEVELT

NAST'S CARTOON OF ROOSEVELT AS CIVIL SERVICE COMMISSIONER

HERO TALES FROM AMERICAN HISTORY

BY

HENRY CABOT LODGE
THEODORE ROOSEVELT

NEW YORK

BY

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

NEW YORK
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS
MCMXXIV

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THE "HERO TALES" *

By Henry Cabot Lodge

Nearly thirty years have passed since this volume was published. A long time, these twenty-eight years, in the average human life, although only a moment in the life of a nation. A long time, too, in the life of a book of this kind, despite the fact that this particular book still is fortunate enough to have, as from its day of publication, a steady sale, indicating at least that it has some quality, some real worth, which appeals to the American public.

The story of the book itself is both short and simple. The suggestion of the book, as the dedication explains, came from Mrs. Roosevelt, and in consequence of that suggestion the "Hero Tales from American History" were selected and written by the two authors in 1894 and the early part of 1895, before Roosevelt left Washington and the Civil Service Commission to take, on May 7, 1895, the oath of office as Police Commissioner in the city of New York. This explains the absence of any letters relating to the book, because, living as we both did at that time in Washington, we met constantly and planned and prepared the "Tales," and talked over everything connected with them from day to day. We first selected the men and the incidents to be the subjects of the twenty-six stories, of which Roosevelt contributed fourteen and I twelve. The work of selection was by no means easy and involved much thought and care. All the "Tales" were of course historical, as the title declares. Some of them related to men and events

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universally known, but most of them, although known, were more or less unfamiliar, especially in the details, and, I suspect, not infrequently quite forgotten by the people at large. These last subjects, no longer freshly remembered, we especially wished to describe because we were anxious to remind Americans of the richness of their own annals in deeds of valor, daring, and self-sacrifice, whether in war or peace.

After we had chosen our subjects we decided to prefix a motto, a fitting quotation, to each one of them. We were not unmindful of Addison's delightful essay on "Mottoes and Signatures," which was itself prefaced by the familiar words of Horace "Ab ovo usque ad mala," or of the fact that a quotation from some Greek or Latin poet was at the beginning of each one of the *Tatlers* and *Spectators*. We were inclined to agree with Addison when he remarks: "It was a saying of an ancient philosopher, . . . that a good face is a letter of recommendation. It naturally makes the beholders inquisitive into the person who is the owner of it, and generally prepossesses them in his favor. A handsome motto has the same effect." What influenced us still more I think was the fact that we were both habitual readers and genuine lovers of Scott and rejoiced in the mottoes which he usually placed at the beginning of each chapter in his novels. In this exercise Scott had a peculiar charm, for apart from the ready fruits of his wide reading, not only in accepted literature but in odd and out-of-the-way literary corners and byways, whenever he was at a loss for an apt quotation he made one himself, attributing it to "Old Play," "Old Ballad," or that very useful and charming author "Anonymous." We therefore were in full agreement with Addison that by the use of mottoes the "reader

was sure to meet with one good line in every paper." It was a pleasant task, for we had between us sufficient, variegated reading to find what we wished in the storehouse of memory without searching in the collections of quotations for appropriate words, whether familiar or otherwise.

The subjects for our little book and the decorations taken from the thoughts of poets, and occasionally from other writers, being thus determined, we turned to writing the stories of the men and the incidents we had thus chosen. It is needless to say that we did not aim at novel contributions to history involving original research. The several papers were all so brief, so condensed, that anything of that sort was out of the question. We both, as it happened, were fairly familiar with the history of the United States, and all that was required was to verify dates and facts referred to, and this work of verification was thoroughly and carefully done. What we tried to do was to write as good a description of the man or the incident in each case as was possible within the very limited space permitted. It was a modest undertaking but not altogether an easy one, for if a writer is trying to give a mere glimpse of some historic figure or some event of the past in a way to make it effective, no words can be wasted, all superfluities must be relentlessly cut off, and the light must be so concentrated as to bring the subject into high and vivid relief. I venture to think that on the whole we attained a fair measure of success, as will, I believe, be recognized by any writer who has endeavored to produce like historical sketches under similar limitations.

The "Hero Tales" were not written, as I have said, with any thought of making a contribution to American history or bringing forward new facts, the fruit of pa-

tient and painstaking research. Still less was it intended to be a book designed to attract attention as a literary exercise wrought out laboriously in order to interest or to startle by novelties in form or style. Nor was it planned to serve as a handbook or text-book, because the very structure of the book, a gathering of wholly detached and disconnected subjects, forbade its use for any educational purposes, whereas the text-book or guide, even if it does not go beyond an outline, requires continuity, and, to a degree at least, completeness so far as possible in covering a definite field of history. Yet the book had none the less both a purpose and an intent which indeed furnished the reason and were in fact the cause of its existence. We believed that, without being didactic or yielding to the opportunity to preach or moralize, the men and events which we sought briefly to describe carried their own lessons, which, under the guise and treatment of simple historic narration, might reach many minds which would turn away wearied from commonplace exhortations and dry insistence on pointing a moral without awakening any human interest. Merely to assert that courage and self-sacrifice are noble qualities, even if done emphatically and rhetorically and with eloquence, is only too apt to be temporary in effect and to leave the imagination untouched and remembrance unstirred. To say that to give your life for a friend is a noble deed is to declare a truth that no man can dispute. But when without comment we are told of Captain Craven on the sinking, torpedoed ship in Mobile Bay throwing open the door of the pilot-house and saying to his companion, "After you, pilot," to know that Captain Craven by this great and generous act sank with his ship while the pilot escaped, moves the hearts of all men, cuts deep into the

memory, and we see as in a flash of lightning what the highest courage and the finest self-sacrifice really mean. We know then what men ought to do in such an instant of deadly peril, and what is far more piercing, we hear a man like ourselves utter the word and do the deed which stands, and always will stand forth radiant and beautiful in the dark annals of warfare.

This is but an example of the kind of incident and the type of man we wished to recall to that great body of readers, young people especially, to whom the short story, whether real or fictitious, offers an attraction for casual reading not always to be found in more serious and historically more valuable books, and which yet in some fashion contrives to fasten some feat, some deed, deeply in the memory. The lessons were to be conveyed without comment and unemphasized, solely by the incident narrated or the character portrayed. The virtues and the moral qualities which these narratives disclosed were simple and fundamental, but they were those upon which ultimately all nations, all forms of human society, must depend if they are to be worthy of existence and not merely cumber the ground. Patriotism and love of country stand out pre-eminently in all the stories; courage, daring, especially when mingled with a great gentleness of soul, readiness for self-sacrifice if need be, all alike, inspired by intelligence and marked by self-control and by the calmness which in sudden peril or even under the shadow of death cannot be shaken, such are the themes upon which these narrations turn and which they one and all illustrate. These virtues and qualities here commemorated are obvious enough, but they are by no means commonplace, and although many other attributes and accomplishments are required for the highest and most multiform civili-

zation, it is by the possession of these virtues and qualities here set forth when welded into the characters of men and women that the fortunes of great states are determined and the fate of nations decided. Here will be found examples which all Americans would do well to emulate and copy. There is the story of the Alamo, of which it was no rhetorical flourish to say that "Thermopylæ had its messenger of death but the Alamo had none." All were killed. None surrendered. It closes with the death of David Crockett standing alone and undaunted before his foes, from whom he had exacted a heavy toll. There is the story of Colonel Robert Gould Shaw, of whom in simple truth we may repeat the words written under the portrait of a young French nobleman: "He was very gentle, he cared nothing for his life."

Thus was it our hope that this little collection of tales from our own history might appeal to the finest and best emotions among our people, and that hope was in a measure fulfilled.

In giving a brief account of a book largely filled with adventures of varying kind, although the book itself had neither adventure nor trials in its own making, I have used throughout thus far the first person plural. I did so because the book was constructed in that way, in complete collaboration and with entire sympathy between its two authors on every point, every detail, and every principle illustrated and set forth. But it would be the merest affectation in me not to say that I am most fully aware that the interest in the book today, and in its origin and its making, arises wholly from the fact that Theodore Roosevelt, in whose collected works it now finds a place, was one of the two authors. As I have read over again these "Tales," for the first

time since the day of their publication, the thought which has been most constantly with me is of the intensity and continuity of Roosevelt's devotion to the principles, the beliefs, and patriotic virtues which stand out sharply but without comment in all these "Tales" alike.

Let me take as an example of what I mean, a question of national policy. There was nothing which Washington tried more earnestly to impress upon his fellow Americans than that in order to preserve peace we must be prepared for war—not war for conquest but for self-preservation. And this was the only one of Washington's heartfelt injunctions to which the people who revered him have never paid the slightest attention. The vital necessity of preparedness, especially by sea, occurs only incidentally in these "Tales," but the lessons they all teach as to this vital doctrine are plain enough, whether given directly or drawn forth by inference. The policy of ever-watchful readiness for prompt and effective self-defense was very near to Roosevelt's heart then, as he wrote these "Tales," and so it ever remained. There never was a time when he did not preach the doctrine which to him was always in season. At last the hour came when the greatest war ever known was drawing closer and closer to the United States, and it was plain that our entrance into the world conflict could not be long delayed. We were quite unprepared. Then Roosevelt spoke, and he and Major Gardner and General Wood put themselves at the head of what became a great and general movement for preparedness. Except for some important legislation for the navy in August, 1916, nothing was done, and we drifted into the Great War, unready and unprepared, doomed to pay for our failure to do what we should

have done, with thousands of wasted lives and millions of wasted money. But there was Roosevelt in the very forefront of the fight for preparedness with the same zeal and deep conviction as when he wrote the "Hero Tales," twenty years before, in the calm days of international peace, the only difference being that after the fateful days of 1914 he had all the people of the United States listening to him, even if the officers of the Government failed to heed his words.

Take another instance. In this book, as always, was the appeal for patriotism, courage, and the sacrifice of self to country and to the cause of right. Never was that appeal neglected by Theodore Roosevelt as the years went by and he, rising always, became the head of the nation. Then, after he had left office, came the great hour of actual trial, and war looked us grimly in the face. Roosevelt's position was always the same and always without shadow of turning. He sought with all the intensity of his nature to be allowed to go to France and fight in the field at the head of his men. Congress was entirely willing to have him do so, but the Administration would not permit it. No more bitter disappointment could have come to him, but he went on unchanged —the faith and belief of a lifetime were in nowise altered. The harder sacrifice was to send his four sons to France and lose one in action, a crushing, heart-breaking blow, which he took without flinching and with a splendid courage. What had been written about as belief and conviction in 1895 had turned to unrelenting action in 1918, but Theodore Roosevelt was always the same, never swerving from the faith that was in him, no matter what the duty of the hour imposed. It could be said of him with a perfect truth not often seen among men that he "obeyed the voice at eve, obeyed at prime."

As I bring to an end this brief account of the volume of historical tales which we framed and wrote together, I find that what I value most of all for myself is the memory of the time when we were concerned in it. Then, as at many other periods, we rode or walked together every day, and we derived much pleasure and satisfaction from selecting our subjects and discussing their treatment. There never was a more delightful companion in the world than Theodore Roosevelt. He had an unusually wide range of interests. He knew books and literature and loved them both. He had seen men and cities like Ulysses, and had the keenest interest in everything relating to our common humanity. He had no taste for telling stories which existed solely to be pointed with a joke, and he never was in danger of drifting into anecdotage. But he had the rare and fascinating gift of the tale-teller where the merit lies in the art of narration, in the humor or sentiment which pervades it, and not merely in a jest which concludes it. He was very observant and nothing escaped him; the incident of the passing day of which he told you might be slight, but in his hands became a delight. This was owing primarily to his abounding sense of humor, one of the great sources of his strength. The final test of humor is when it involves the man himself, and those who enjoy a joke against themselves are not many. Great men particularly, even when quite keenly alive to humor which affects others, are apt to have their sense of humor chilled when it begins to stray within their own precincts. This was never the case with Theodore Roosevelt. He was as quick to laugh at himself as at another when there was genuine humor in the situation. This is one of the salient qualities, rare and fine, which made him so sympathetic as a companion.

He liked to talk of his own doings and his own adventures, of his own opinions of men and books. Most people do, both men and women. But he liked equally to hear the experiences and the thoughts of others, and if those others were interesting, there never was a better listener than he. His mind moved with extraordinary rapidity, and he could grasp any proposition presented to him, no matter how suddenly, with a quickness of apprehension which I have never seen equalled. His mere presence was so full of vitality, so charged with energy, which it gave forth with lavish generosity, that it was contagious, and seemed to bring all the possible joy of living as a gift or rather as an atmosphere to those who rode or walked beside him.

To analyze, to criticise, or to display all the qualities of that many-sided nature would require a volume, and a modest preface to one of his books offers neither the occasion nor the space which such a work demands, if performed as it ought to be performed and be worthy of the subject. I have said this much because this little book was the result of many talks on the road, in the streets, and by the fireside; it was built up by conversation, the result of close companionship. Of those happy days, only the memory remains. As in our brief life upon earth the future lessens while the past extends, and hopes are replaced by recollections, there cannot but be a tinge of sadness even to the tenderest and most precious memories. They are none the less dear on that account, and as they go with us to the land where the "quiet colored end of evening smiles," we have all the profound consolation of knowing that the past at least is secure. Hope may fade, but the memories we love can never grow dim or be taken from us.

HERO TALES
FROM AMERICAN HISTORY

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

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Roosevelt wrote fourteen of the twenty-six chapters, of which eight were written specially for this volume. The other six appeared originally in *St. Nicholas*, May–October, 1895, as follows: DANIEL BOONE, in May; GEORGE ROGERS CLARK, in June; KING'S MOUNTAIN, in July; THE CRUISE OF THE "WASP," in August; "REMEMBER THE ALAMO," in September; and LIEUTENANT CUSHING AND THE RAM "ALBEMARLE," in October. The chapters by Senator Lodge were written specially for this volume. There have been many editions of this popular book.

TO

E. K. R.

To you we owe the suggestion of writing this book. Its purpose, as you know better than any one else, is to tell in simple fashion the story of some Americans who showed that they knew how to live and how to die; who proved their truth by their endeavor; and who joined to the stern and manly qualities which are essential to the well-being of a masterful race the virtues of gentleness, of patriotism, and of lofty adherence to an ideal.

It is a good thing for all Americans, and it is an especially good thing for young Americans, to remember the men who have given their lives in war and peace to the service of their fellow countrymen, and to keep in mind the feats of daring and personal prowess done in time past by some of the many champions of the nation in the various crises of her history. Thrift, industry, obedience to law, and intellectual cultivation are essential qualities in the make-up of any successful people; but no people can be really great unless they possess also the heroic virtues which are as needful in time of peace as in time of war, and as important in civil as in military life. As a civilized people we desire peace, but the only peace worth having is obtained by instant readiness to fight when wronged—not by unwillingness or inability to fight at all. Intelligent foresight in preparation and known capacity to stand well in battle

are the surest safeguards against war. America will cease to be a great nation whenever her young men cease to possess energy, daring, and endurance, as well as the wish and the power to fight the nation's foes. No citizen of a free State should wrong any man; but it is not enough merely to refrain from infringing on the rights of others; he must also be able and willing to stand up for his own rights and those of his country against all comers, and he must be ready at any time to do his full share in resisting either malice domestic or foreign levy.

HENRY CABOT LODGE.
THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

WASHINGTON,
April 19, 1895.

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HERO TALES
FROM AMERICAN HISTORY

"Ὅθεν ἡ ἐν πάσῃ ἐλευθερίᾳ τεθραμμένοι οἱ τῶνδέ τε πατέρες καὶ ἡμέτεροι καὶ οὗτοι οὗτοι καὶ καλῶς φύντες πολλὰ δὴ καὶ καλὰ ἔργα ἀπεφήσαντο εἰς πάντας ἀνθρώπους καὶ ἰδίᾳ καὶ δημοσίᾳ, οἰόμενοι δεῖν ὑπὲρ τῆς ἐλευθερίας καὶ Ἕλλησιν ὑπὲρ Ἑλλήνων μάχεσθαι καὶ Βαρβάροις ὑπὲρ ἁπάντων τῶν Ἑλλήνων."

"Hence it is that the fathers of these men and ours also, and they themselves likewise, being nurtured in all freedom and well born, have shown before all men many and glorious deeds in public and private, deeming it their duty to fight for the cause of liberty and the Greeks, even against Greeks, and against Barbarians for all the Greeks."

—PLATO: "MENEXENUS."

WASHINGTON

Hor. I saw him once; he was a goodly king.
Ham. He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again.

—*Hamlet.*

THE brilliant historian of the English people* has written of Washington, that "no nobler figure ever stood in the forefront of a nation's life." In any book which undertakes to tell, no matter how slightly, the story of some of the heroic deeds of American history, that noble figure must always stand in the forefront. But to sketch the life of Washington even in the barest outline is to write the history of the events which made the United States independent and gave birth to the American nation. Even to give a list of what he did, to name his battles and recount his acts as President, would be beyond the limit and the scope of this book. Yet it is always possible to recall the man and to consider what he was and what he meant for us and for mankind. He is worthy the study and the remembrance of all men, and to Americans he is at once a great glory of their past and an inspiration and an assurance of their future.

To understand Washington at all we must first strip off all the myths which have gathered about him. We must cast aside into the dust-heaps all the wretched inventions of the cherry-tree variety, which were fastened upon him nearly seventy years after his birth.

* John Richard Green.

We must look at him as he looked at life and the facts about him, without any illusion or deception, and no man in history can better stand such a scrutiny.

Born of a distinguished family in the days when the American colonies were still ruled by an aristocracy, Washington started with all that good birth and tradition could give. Beyond this, however, he had little. His family was poor, his mother was left early a widow, and he was forced after a very limited education to go out into the world to fight for himself. He had strong within him the adventurous spirit of his race. He became a surveyor, and in the pursuit of this profession plunged into the wilderness, where he soon grew to be an expert hunter and backwoodsman. Even as a boy the gravity of his character and his mental and physical vigor commended him to those about him, and responsibility and military command were put in his hands at an age when most young men are just leaving college. As the times grew threatening on the frontier, he was sent on a perilous mission to the Indians, in which, after passing through many hardships and dangers, he achieved success. When the troubles came with France it was by the soldiers under his command that the first shots were fired in the war which was to determine whether the North American continent should be French or English. In his earliest expedition he was defeated by the enemy. Later he was with Braddock, and it was he who tried to rally the broken English army on the stricken field near Fort Duquesne. On that day of surprise and slaughter he displayed not only cool courage but the reckless daring which was one of his chief characteristics. He so exposed himself that bullets passed through his coat and hat, and the Indians and the French who tried to bring him down thought he

bore a charmed life. He afterward served with distinction all through the French war, and when peace came he went back to the estate which he had inherited from his brother, the most admired man in Virginia.

At that time he married, and during the ensuing years he lived the life of a Virginia planter, successful in his private affairs and serving the public effectively but quietly as a member of the House of Burgesses. When the troubles with the mother country began to thicken he was slow to take extreme ground, but he never wavered in his belief that all attempts to oppress the colonies should be resisted, and when he once took up his position there was no shadow of turning. He was one of Virginia's delegates to the first Continental Congress, and, although he said but little, he was regarded by all the representatives from the other colonies as the strongest man among them. There was something about him even then which commanded the respect and the confidence of every one who came in contact with him.

It was from New England, far removed from his own State, that the demand came for his appointment as commander-in-chief of the American army. Silently he accepted the duty, and, leaving Philadelphia, took command of the army at Cambridge. There is no need to trace him through the events that followed. From the time when he drew his sword under the famous elm-tree, he was the embodiment of the American Revolution, and without him that revolution would have failed almost at the start. How he carried it to victory through defeat and trial and every possible obstacle is known to all men.

When it was all over he found himself facing a new situation. He was the idol of the country and of his

soldiers. The army was unpaid, and the veteran troops, with arms in their hands, were eager to have him take control of the disordered country as Cromwell had done in England a little more than a century before. With the army at his back, and supported by the great forces which, in every community, desire order before everything else, and are ready to assent to any arrangement which will bring peace and quiet, nothing would have been easier than for Washington to have made himself the ruler of the new nation. But that was not his conception of duty, and he not only refused to have anything to do with such a movement himself, but he repressed, by his dominant personal influence, all such intentions on the part of the army. On the 23d of December, 1783, he met the Congress at Annapolis, and there resigned his commission. What he then said is one of the two most memorable speeches ever made in the United States, and is also memorable for its meaning and spirit among all speeches ever made by men. He spoke as follows:

"Mr. President:—The great events on which my resignation depended having at length taken place, I have now the honor of offering my sincere congratulations to Congress, and of presenting myself before them, to surrender into their hands the trust committed to me and to claim the indulgence of retiring from the service of my country.

"Happy in the confirmation of our independence and sovereignty, and pleased with the opportunity afforded the United States of becoming a respectable nation, I resign with satisfaction the appointment I accepted with diffidence; a diffidence in my abilities to accomplish so arduous a task, which, however, was superseded by a confidence in the rectitude of our cause, the support of

the supreme power of the Union, and the patronage of Heaven.

"The successful termination of the war has verified the most sanguine expectations, and my gratitude for the interposition of Providence and the assistance I have received from my countrymen increases with every review of the momentous contest.

"While I repeat my obligations to the Army in general, I should do injustice to my own feelings not to acknowledge, in this place, the peculiar services and distinguished merits of the Gentlemen who have been attached to my person during the war. It was impossible that the choice of confidential officers to compose my family should have been more fortunate. Permit me, sir, to recommend in particular those who have continued in service to the present moment as worthy of the favorable notice and patronage of Congress.

"I consider it an indispensable duty to close this last solemn act of my official life by commending the interests of our dearest country to the protection of Almighty God, and those who have the superintendence of them to His holy keeping.

"Having now finished the work assigned me, I retire from the great theatre of action, and, bidding an affectionate farewell to this august body, under whose orders I have so long acted, I here offer my commission and take my leave of all the employments of public life."

The great master of English fiction, writing of this scene at Annapolis, says: "Which was the most splendid spectacle ever witnessed—the opening feast of Prince George in London, or the resignation of Washington? Which is the noble character for after-ages to admire—yon fribble dancing in lace and spangles, or yonder hero who sheathes his sword after a life of spot-

less honor, a purity unreproached, a courage indomitable and a consummate victory?"

Washington did not refuse the dictatorship, or, rather, the opportunity to take control of the country, because he feared heavy responsibility, but solely because, as a high-minded and patriotic man, he did not believe in meeting the situation in that way. He was, moreover, entirely devoid of personal ambition, and had no vulgar longing for personal power. After resigning his commission he returned quietly to Mount Vernon, but he did not hold himself aloof from public affairs. On the contrary, he watched their course with the utmost anxiety. He saw the feeble Confederation breaking to pieces, and he soon realized that that form of government was an utter failure. In a time when no American statesman except Hamilton had yet freed himself from the local feelings of the colonial days, Washington was thoroughly national in all his views. Out of the thirteen jarring colonies he meant that a nation should come, and he saw—what no one else saw—the destiny of the country to the westward. He wished a nation founded which should cross the Alleghanies, and, holding the mouths of the Mississippi, take possession of all that vast and then unknown region. For these reasons he stood at the head of the national movement, and to him all men turned who desired a better union and sought to bring order out of chaos. With him Hamilton and Madison consulted in the preliminary stages which were to lead to the formation of a new system. It was his vast personal influence which made that movement a success, and when the convention to form a constitution met at Philadelphia, he presided over its deliberations, and it was his commanding will which, more than anything else, brought a constitution through difficulties and con-

flicting interests which more than once made any result seem well-nigh hopeless.

When the Constitution formed at Philadelphia had been ratified by the States, all men turned to Washington to stand at the head of the new government. As he had borne the burden of the Revolution, so he now took up the task of bringing the government of the Constitution into existence. For eight years he served as President. He came into office with a paper constitution, the heir of a bankrupt, broken-down confederation. He left the United States, when he went out of office, an effective and vigorous government. When he was inaugurated, we had nothing but the clauses of the Constitution as agreed to by the Convention. When he laid down the presidency, we had an organized government, an established revenue, a funded debt, a high credit, an efficient system of banking, a strong judiciary, and an army. We had a vigorous and well-defined foreign policy; we had recovered the Western posts, which, in the hands of the British, had fettered our march to the West; and we had proved our power to maintain order at home, to repress insurrection, to collect the national taxes, and to enforce the laws made by Congress. Thus Washington had shown that rare combination of the leader who could first destroy by revolution, and who, having led his country through a great civil war, was then able to build up a new and lasting fabric upon the ruins of a system which had been overthrown. At the close of his official service he returned again to Mount Vernon, and, after a few years of quiet retirement, died just as the century in which he had played so great a part was closing.

Washington stands among the greatest men of human history, and those in the same rank with him are very

few. Whether measured by what he did, or what he was, or by the effect of his work upon the history of mankind, in every aspect he is entitled to the place he holds among the greatest of his race. Few men in all time have such a record of achievement. Still fewer can show at the end of a career so crowded with high deeds and memorable victories a life so free from spot, a character so unselfish and so pure, a fame so void of doubtful points demanding either defense or explanation. Eulogy of such a life is needless, but it is always important to recall and to freshly remember just what manner of man he was. In the first place he was physically a striking figure. He was very tall, powerfully made, with a strong, handsome face. He was remarkably muscular and powerful. As a boy he was a leader in all outdoor sports. No one could fling the bar farther than he, and no one could ride more difficult horses. As a young man he became a woodsman and hunter. Day after day he could tramp through the wilderness with his gun and his surveyor's chain, and then sleep at night beneath the stars. He feared no exposure or fatigue, and outdid the hardiest backwoodsman in following a winter trail and swimming icy streams. This habit of vigorous bodily exercise he carried through life. Whenever he was at Mount Vernon he gave a large part of his time to fox-hunting, riding after his hounds through the most difficult country. His physical power and endurance counted for much in his success when he commanded his army, and when the heavy anxieties of general and President weighed upon his mind and heart.

He was an educated, but not a learned man. He read well and remembered what he read, but his life was, from the beginning, a life of action, and the world of men was his school. He was not a military genius like

Hannibal, or Cæsar, or Napoleon, of which the world has had only three or four examples. But he was a great soldier of the type which the English race has produced, like Marlborough and Cromwell, Wellington, Grant, and Lee. He was patient under defeat, capable of large combinations, a stubborn and often reckless fighter, a winner of battles, but much more, a conclusive winner in a long war of varying fortunes. He was, in addition, what very few great soldiers or commanders have ever been, a great constitutional statesman, able to lead a people along the paths of free government without undertaking himself to play the part of the strong man, the usurper, or the savior of society.

He was a very silent man. Of no man of equal importance in the world's history have we so few sayings of a personal kind. He was ready enough to talk or to write about the public duties which he had in hand, but he hardly ever talked of himself. Yet there can be no greater error than to suppose Washington cold and unfeeling, because of his silence and reserve. He was by nature a man of strong desires and stormy passions. Now and again he would break out, even as late as the presidency, into a gust of anger that would sweep everything before it. He was always reckless of personal danger, and had a fierce fighting spirit which nothing could check when it was once unchained.

But as a rule these fiery impulses and strong passions were under the absolute control of an iron will, and they never clouded his judgment or warped his keen sense of justice.

But if he was not of a cold nature, still less was he hard or unfeeling. His pity always went out to the poor, the oppressed, or the unhappy, and he was all that was kind and gentle to those immediately about him.

We have to look carefully into his life to learn all these things, for the world saw only a silent, reserved man, of courteous and serious manner, who seemed to stand alone and apart, and who impressed every one who came near him with a sense of awe and reverence.

One quality he had which was, perhaps, more characteristic of the man and his greatness than any other. This was his perfect veracity of mind. He was, of course, the soul of truth and honor, but he was even more than that. He never deceived himself. He always looked facts squarely in the face and dealt with them as such, dreaming no dreams, cherishing no delusions, asking no impossibilities—just to others as to himself, and thus winning alike in war and in peace.

He gave dignity as well as victory to his country and his cause. He was, in truth, a "character for after-ages to admire."

DANIEL BOONE AND THE FOUNDING OF KENTUCKY

. . . Boone lived hunting up to ninety;

And, what 's still stranger, left behind a name
  For which men vainly decimate the throng,
Not only famous, but of that *good* fame,
  Without which glory 's but a tavern song, —
Simple, serene, the antipodes of shame,
  Which hate nor envy e'er could tinge with wrong;

'T is true he shrank from men, even of his nation;
  When they built up unto his darling trees,
He moved some hundred miles off, for a station
  Where there were fewer houses and more ease;

. . . . . .

But where he met the individual man,
He showed himself as kind as mortal can.

. . . . . .

The freeborn forest found and kept them free,
And fresh as is a torrent or a tree.

And tall, and strong, and swift of foot were they,
  Beyond the dwarfing city's pale abortions,
Because their thoughts had never been the prey
  Of care or gain; the green woods were their portions;

. . . . . .

Simple they were, not savage; and their rifles,
Though very true, were yet not used for trifles.

. . .

Serene, not sullen, were the solitudes
Of this unsighing people of the woods. — *Byron.*

Daniel Boone will always occupy a unique place in our history as the archetype of the hunter and wilder-

ness wanderer. He was a true pioneer, and stood at the head of that class of Indian fighters, game-hunters, forest-fellers, and backwoods farmers who, generation after generation, pushed westward the border of civilization from the Alleghanies to the Pacific. As he himself said, he was "an instrument ordained of God to settle the wilderness." Born in Pennsylvania, he drifted south into western North Carolina, and settled on what was then the extreme frontier. There he married, built a log cabin, and hunted, chopped trees, and tilled the ground like any other frontiersman. The Alleghany Mountains still marked a boundary beyond which the settlers dared not go; for west of them lay immense reaches of frowning forest, uninhabited save by bands of warlike Indians. Occasionally some venturesome hunter or trapper penetrated this immense wilderness, and returned with strange stories of what he had seen and done.

In 1769 Boone, excited by these vague and wondrous tales, determined himself to cross the mountains and find out what manner of land it was that lay beyond. With a few chosen companions he set out, making his own trail through the gloomy forest. After weeks of wandering, he at last emerged into the beautiful and fertile country of Kentucky, for which, in after-years, the red men and the white strove with such obstinate fury that it grew to be called "the dark and bloody ground." But when Boone first saw it, it was a fair and smiling land of groves and glades and running waters, where the open forest grew tall and beautiful, and where innumerable herds of game grazed, roaming ceaselessly to and fro along the trails they had trodden during countless generations. Kentucky was not owned by any Indian tribe, and was visited only by wandering war-

parties and hunting-parties who came from among the savage nations living north of the Ohio or south of the Tennessee.

A roving war-party stumbled upon one of Boone's companions and killed him, and the others then left Boone and journeyed home; but his brother came out to join him, and the two spent the winter together. Self-reliant, fearless, and possessed of great bodily strength and hardihood, they cared little for the loneliness. The teeming myriads of game furnished abundant food; the herds of shaggy-maned bison and noble-antlered elk, the bands of deer and the numerous black bear, were all ready for the rifle, and they were tame and easily slain. The wolf and the cougar, too, sometimes fell victims to the prowess of the two hunters.

At times they slept in hollow trees, or in some bush lean-to of their own making; at other times, when they feared Indians, they changed their resting-place every night, and after making a fire would go off a mile or two in the woods to sleep. Surrounded by brute and human foes, they owed their lives to their sleepless vigilance, their keen senses, their eagle eyes, and their resolute hearts.

When the spring came, and the woods were white with the dogwood-blossoms, and crimsoned with the redbud, Boone's brother left him, and Daniel remained for three months alone in the wilderness. The brother soon came back again with a party of hunters; and other parties likewise came in, to wander for months and years through the wilderness; and they wrought huge havoc among the vast herds of game.

In 1771 Boone returned to his home. Two years later he started to lead a party of settlers to the new country; but while passing through the frowning de-

files of Cumberland Gap, they were attacked by Indians, and driven back—two of Boone's own sons being slain. In 1775, however, he made another attempt; and this attempt was successful. The Indians attacked the newcomers; but by this time the parties of would-be settlers were sufficiently numerous to hold their own. They beat back the Indians, and built rough little hamlets, surrounded by log stockades, at Boonesborough and Harrodsburg; and the permanent settlement of Kentucky had begun.

The next few years were passed by Boone amid unending Indian conflicts. He was a leader among the settlers, both in peace and in war. At one time he represented them in the House of Burgesses of Virginia; at another time he was a member of the first little Kentucky parliament itself; and he became a colonel of the frontier militia. He tilled the land, and he chopped the trees himself; he helped to build the cabins and stockades with his own hands, wielding the long-handled, light-headed frontier axe as skilfully as other frontiersmen. His main business was that of surveyor, for his knowledge of the country, and his ability to travel through it, in spite of the danger from Indians, created much demand for his services among people who wished to lay off tracts of wild land for their own future use. But whatever he did, and wherever he went, he had to be sleeplessly on the lookout for his Indian foes. When he and his fellows tilled the stump-dotted fields of corn, one or more of the party were always on guard, with weapon at the ready, for fear of lurking savages. When he went to the House of Burgesses he carried his long rifle, and traversed roads not a mile of which was free from the danger of Indian attack. The settlements in the early years depended exclusively upon game for

their meat, and Boone was the mightiest of all the hunters, so that upon him devolved the task of keeping his people supplied. He killed many buffaloes, and pickled the buffalo beef for use in winter. He killed great numbers of black bear, and made bacon of them, precisely as if they had been hogs. The common game were deer and elk. At that time none of the hunters of Kentucky would waste a shot on anything so small as a prairie-chicken or wild duck; but they sometimes killed geese and swans when they came south in winter and lit on the rivers. But whenever Boone went into the woods after game, he had perpetually to keep watch lest he himself might be hunted in turn. He never lay in wait at a game-lick, save with ears strained to hear the approach of some crawling red foe. He never crept up to a turkey he heard calling, without exercising the utmost care to see that it was not an Indian; for one of the favorite devices of the Indians was to imitate the turkey call, and thus allure within range some inexperienced hunter.

Besides this warfare, which went on in the midst of his usual vocations, Boone frequently took the field on set expeditions against the savages. Once when he and a party of other men were making salt at a lick, they were surprised and carried off by the Indians. The old hunter was a prisoner with them for some months, but finally made his escape and came home through the trackless woods as straight as the wild pigeon flies. He was ever on the watch to ward off the Indian inroads, and to follow the war-parties, and try to rescue the prisoners. Once his own daughter, and two other girls who were with her, were carried off by a band of Indians. Boone raised some friends and followed the trail steadily for two days and a night; then they came to

where the Indians had killed a buffalo calf and were camped around it. Firing from a little distance, the whites shot two of the Indians, and, rushing in, rescued the girls. On another occasion, when Boone had gone to visit a salt-lick with his brother, the Indians ambushed them and shot the latter. Boone himself escaped, but the Indians followed him for three miles by the aid of a tracking-dog, until Boone turned, shot the dog, and then eluded his pursuers. In company with Simon Kenton and many other noted hunters and wilderness warriors, he once and again took part in expeditions into the Indian country, where they killed the braves and drove off the horses. Twice bands of Indians, accompanied by French, Tory, and British partisans from Detroit, bearing the flag of Great Britain, attacked Boonesborough. In each case Boone and his fellow settlers beat them off with loss. At the fatal battle of the Blue Licks, in which two hundred of the best riflemen of Kentucky were beaten with terrible slaughter by a great force of Indians from the lakes, Boone commanded the left wing. Leading his men, rifle in hand, he pushed back and overthrew the force against him; but meanwhile the Indians destroyed the right wing and centre, and got round in his rear, so that there was nothing left for Boone's men except to flee with all possible speed.

As Kentucky became settled, Boone grew restless and ill at ease. He loved the wilderness; he loved the great forests and the great prairie-like glades, and the life in the little lonely cabin, where from the door he could see the deer come out into the clearing at nightfall. The neighborhood of his own kind made him feel cramped and ill at ease. So he moved ever westward with the frontier; and as Kentucky filled up he crossed the Mis-

sissippi and settled on the borders of the prairie country of Missouri, where the Spaniards, who ruled the Territory, made him an alcalde, or judge. He lived to a great age, and died out on the border, a backwoods hunter to the last.

GEORGE ROGERS CLARK AND THE CONQUEST OF THE NORTHWEST

Have the elder races halted?
Do they droop and end their lesson, wearied over there beyond the seas?
We take up the task eternal, and the burden and the lesson,
Pioneers! O Pioneers!

All the past we leave behind,
We debouch upon a newer, mightier world, varied world;
Fresh and strong the world we seize, world of labor and the march,
Pioneers! O Pioneers!

We detachments steady throwing,
Down the edges, through the passes, up the mountains steep,
Conquering, holding, daring, venturing, as we go the unknown ways,
Pioneers! O Pioneers!

. . . . . .

The sachem blowing the smoke first towards the sun and then towards the earth,
The drama of the scalp dance enacted with painted faces and guttural exclamations,
The setting out of the war-party, the long and stealthy march,
The single file, the swinging hatchets, the surprise and slaughter of enemies.

— *Whitman.*

In 1776, when independence was declared, the United States included only the thirteen original States on the seaboard. With the exception of a few hunters there were no white men west of the Alleghany Mountains, and there was not even an American hunter in the great country out of which we have since made the States of Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, Michigan, and Wisconsin. All this region north of the Ohio River then formed a part

of the Province of Quebec. It was a wilderness of forests and prairies, teeming with game, and inhabited by many warlike tribes of Indians.

Here and there through it were dotted quaint little towns of French Creoles, the most important being Detroit, Vincennes on the Wabash, and Kaskaskia and Kahokia on the Illinois. These French villages were ruled by British officers commanding small bodies of regular soldiers or Tory rangers and Creole partisans. The towns were completely in the power of the British Government; none of the American States had actual possession of a foot of property in the northwestern Territory.

The Northwest was acquired in the midst of the Revolution only by armed conquest, and if it had not been so acquired, it would have remained a part of the British Dominion of Canada.

The man to whom this conquest was due was a famous backwoods leader, a mighty hunter, a noted Indian fighter, George Rogers Clark. He was a very strong man, with light hair and blue eyes. He was of good Virginian family. Early in his youth, he embarked on the adventurous career of a backwoods surveyor, exactly as Washington and so many other young Virginians of spirit did at that period. He travelled out to Kentucky soon after it was founded by Boone, and lived there for a year, either at the stations or camping by himself in the woods, surveying, hunting, and making war against the Indians like any other settler; but all the time his mind was bent on vaster schemes than were dreamed of by the men around him. He had his spies out in the northwestern Territory, and became convinced that with a small force of resolute backwoodsmen he could conquer it for the United States. When

he went back to Virginia, Governor Patrick Henry entered heartily into Clark's schemes and gave him authority to fit out a force for his purpose.

In 1778, after encountering endless difficulties and delays, he finally raised a hundred and fifty backwoods riflemen. In May they started down the Ohio in flatboats to undertake the allotted task. They drifted and rowed downstream to the falls of the Ohio, where Clark founded a log hamlet, which has since become the great city of Louisville.

Here he halted for some days and was joined by fifty or sixty volunteers; but a number of the men deserted, and when, after an eclipse of the sun, Clark again pushed off to go down with the current, his force was but about one hundred and sixty riflemen. All, however, were men on whom he could depend—men well used to frontier warfare. They were tall, stalwart backwoodsmen, clad in the hunting-shirt and leggings that formed the national dress of their kind, and armed with the distinctive weapon of the backwoods, the long-barrelled, small-bore rifle.

Before reaching the Mississippi the little flotilla landed, and Clark led his men northward against the Illinois towns. In one of them, Kaskaskia, dwelt the British commander of the entire district up to Detroit. The small garrison and the Creole militia taken together outnumbered Clark's force, and they were in close alliance with the Indians roundabout. Clark was anxious to take the town by surprise and avoid bloodshed, as he believed he could win over the Creoles to the American side. Marching cautiously by night and generally hiding by day, he came to the outskirts of the little village on the evening of July 4, and lay in the woods near by until after nightfall.

Fortune favored him. That evening the officers of the garrison had given a great ball to the mirth-loving Creoles, and almost the entire population of the village had gathered in the fort, where the dance was held. While the revelry was at its height, Clark and his tall backwoodsmen, treading silently through the darkness, came into the town, surprised the sentries, and surrounded the fort without causing any alarm.

All the British and French capable of bearing arms were gathered in the fort to take part in or look on at the merrymaking. When his men were posted Clark walked boldly forward through the open door, and, leaning against the wall, looked at the dancers as they whirled around in the light of the flaring torches. For some moments no one noticed him. Then an Indian who had been lying with his chin on his hand, looking carefully over the gaunt figure of the stranger, sprang to his feet, and uttered the wild war-whoop. Immediately the dancing ceased and the men ran to and fro in confusion; but Clark, stepping forward, bade them be at their ease, but to remember that henceforth they danced under the flag of the United States, and not under that of Great Britain.

The surprise was complete, and no resistance was attempted. For twenty-four hours the Creoles were in abject terror. Then Clark summoned their chief men together and explained that he came as their ally, and not as their foe, and that if they would join with him they should be citizens of the American republic, and treated in all respects on an equality with their comrades. The Creoles, caring little for the British, and rather fickle of nature, accepted the proposition with joy, and with the most enthusiastic loyalty toward Clark. Not only that, but sending messengers to their

kinsmen on the Wabash, they persuaded the people of Vincennes likewise to cast off their allegiance to the British king, and to hoist the American flag.

So far, Clark had conquered with greater ease than he had dared to hope. But when the news reached the British governor, Hamilton, at Detroit, he at once prepared to reconquer the land. He had much greater forces at his command than Clark had; and in the fall of that year he came down to Vincennes by stream and portage, in a great fleet of canoes bearing five hundred fighting men—British regulars, French partisans, and Indians. The Vincennes Creoles refused to fight against the British, and the American officer who had been sent thither by Clark had no alternative but to surrender.

If Hamilton had then pushed on and struck Clark in Illinois, having more than treble Clark's force, he could hardly have failed to win the victory; but the season was late and the journey so difficult that he did not believe it could be taken. Accordingly he disbanded the Indians and sent some of his troops back to Detroit, announcing that when spring came he would march against Clark in Illinois.

If Clark in turn had awaited the blow he would have surely met defeat; but he was a greater man than his antagonist, and he did what the other deemed impossible.

Finding that Hamilton had sent home some of his troops and dispersed all his Indians, Clark realized that his chance was to strike before Hamilton's soldiers assembled again in the spring. Accordingly he gathered together the pick of his men, together with a few Creoles, one hundred and seventy all told, and set out for Vincennes. At first the journey was easy enough, for they passed across the snowy Illinois prairies, broken

by great reaches of lofty woods. They killed elk, buffalo, and deer for food, there being no difficulty in getting all they wanted to eat; and at night they built huge fires by which to sleep, and feasted "like Indian war-dancers," as Clark said in his report.

But when, in the middle of February, they reached the drowned lands of the Wabash, where the ice had just broken up and everything was flooded, the difficulties seemed almost insuperable, and the march became painful and laborious to a degree. All day long the troops waded in the icy water, and at night they could with difficulty find some little hillock on which to sleep. Only Clark's indomitable courage and cheerfulness kept the party in heart and enabled them to persevere. However, persevere they did, and at last, on February 23, they came in sight of the town of Vincennes. They captured a Creole who was out shooting ducks, and from him learned that their approach was utterly unsuspected, and that there were many Indians in town.

Clark was now in some doubt as to how to make his fight. The British regulars dwelt in a small fort at one end of the town, where they had two light guns; but Clark feared lest, if he made a sudden night attack, the townspeople and Indians would from sheer fright turn against him. He accordingly arranged, just before he himself marched in, to send in the captured duck-hunter, conveying a warning to the Indians and the Creoles that he was about to attack the town, but that his only quarrel was with the British, and that if the other inhabitants would stay in their own homes they would not be molested.

Sending the duck-hunter ahead, Clark took up his march and entered the town just after nightfall. The news conveyed by the released hunter astounded the

townspeople, and they talked it over eagerly, and were in doubt what to do. The Indians, not knowing how great might be the force that would assail the town, at once took refuge in the neighboring woods, while the Creoles retired to their own houses. The British knew nothing of what had happened until the Americans had actually entered the streets of the little village. Rushing forward, Clark's men soon penned the regulars within their fort, where they kept them surrounded all night. The next day a party of Indian warriors, who in the British interest had been ravaging the settlements of Kentucky, arrived and entered the town, ignorant that the Americans had captured it. Marching boldly forward to the fort, they suddenly found it beleaguered, and before they could flee they were seized by the backwoodsmen. In their belts they carried the scalps of the slain settlers. The savages were taken red-handed, and the American frontiersmen were in no mood to show mercy. All the Indians were tomahawked in sight of the fort.

For some time the British defended themselves well; but at length their guns were disabled, all of the gunners being picked off by the backwoods marksmen, and finally the garrison dared not so much as appear at a port-hole, so deadly was the fire from the long rifles. Under such circumstances Hamilton was forced to surrender.

No attempt was afterward made to molest the Americans in the land they had won, and upon the conclusion of peace the Northwest, which had been conquered by Clark, became part of the United States.

THE BATTLE OF TRENTON

And such they are — and such they will be found:
Not so Leonidas and Washington,
Their every battle-field is holy ground
Which breathes of nations saved, not worlds undone.
How sweetly on the ear such echoes sound!
While the mere victor's may appal or stun
The servile and the vain, such names will be
A watchword till the future shall be free.

— *Byron.*

In December, 1776, the American Revolution was at its lowest ebb. The first burst of enthusiasm, which drove the British back from Concord and met them hand to hand at Bunker Hill, which forced them to abandon Boston and repulsed their attack at Charleston, had spent its force. The undisciplined American forces called suddenly from the workshop and the farm had given way, under the strain of a prolonged contest, and had been greatly scattered, many of the soldiers returning to their homes. The power of England, on the other hand, with her disciplined army and abundant resources, had begun to tell. Washington, fighting stubbornly, had been driven during the summer and autumn from Long Island up the Hudson, and New York had passed into the hands of the British. Then Forts Lee and Washington had been lost, and finally the Continental army had retreated to New Jersey. On the 2d of December Washington was at Princeton with some three thousand ragged soldiers, and had escaped destruction only by the rapidity of his movements. By the middle of the month General Howe felt that the American army, unable as he believed either to fight or

to withstand the winter, must soon dissolve, and, posting strong detachments at various points, he took up his winter quarters in New York. The British general had under his command in his various divisions twenty-five thousand well-disciplined soldiers, and the conclusion he had reached was not an unreasonable one; everything, in fact, seemed to confirm his opinion. Thousands of the colonists were coming in and accepting his amnesty. The American militia had left the field, and no more would turn out, despite Washington's earnest appeals. All that remained of the American Revolution was the little Continental army and the man who led it.

Yet even in this dark hour Washington did not despair. He sent in every direction for troops. Nothing was forgotten. Nothing that he could do was left undone. Unceasingly he urged action upon Congress, and at the same time with indomitable fighting spirit he planned to attack the British. It was a desperate undertaking in the face of such heavy odds, for in all his divisions he had only some six thousand men, and even these were scattered. The single hope was that by his own skill and courage he could snatch victory from a situation where victory seemed impossible. With the instinct of a great commander he saw that his only chance was to fight the British detachments suddenly, unexpectedly, and separately, and to do this not only required secrecy and perfect judgment, but also the cool, unwavering courage of which, under such circumstances, very few men have proved themselves capable. As Christmas approached his plans were ready. He determined to fall upon the British detachment of Hessians, under Colonel Rahl, at Trenton, and there strike his first blow. To each division of his little army a part in the attack was assigned with careful forethought.

Nothing was overlooked and nothing omitted, and then, for some reason good or bad, every one of the division commanders failed to do his part. As the general plan was arranged, Gates was to march from Bristol with two thousand men; Ewing was to cross at Trenton; Putnam was to come up from Philadelphia; and Griffin was to make a diversion against Donop. When the moment came, Gates, who disapproved the plan, was on his way to Congress; Griffin abandoned New Jersey and fled before Donop; Putnam did not attempt to leave Philadelphia; and Ewing made no effort to cross at Trenton. Cadwalader came down from Bristol, looked at the river and the floating ice, and then gave it up as desperate. Nothing remained except Washington himself with the main army, but he neither gave up, nor hesitated, nor stopped on account of the ice, or the river, or the perils which lay beyond. On Christmas Eve, when all the Christian world was feasting and rejoicing, and while the British were enjoying themselves in their comfortable quarters, Washington set out. With twenty-four hundred men he crossed the Delaware through the floating ice, his boats managed and rowed by the sturdy fishermen of Marblehead from Glover's regiment. The crossing was successful, and he landed about nine miles from Trenton. It was bitter cold, and the sleet and snow drove sharply in the faces of the troops. Sullivan, marching by the river, sent word that the arms of his soldiers were wet. "Tell your general," was Washington's reply to the message, "to use the bayonet, for the town must be taken." When they reached Trenton it was broad daylight. Washington, at the front and on the right of the line, swept down the Pennington road, and, as he drove back the Hessian pickets, he heard the shout of Sullivan's men as, with

Stark leading the van, they charged in from the river. A company of jaegers and of light dragoons slipped away. There was some fighting in the streets, but the attack was so strong and well calculated that resistance was useless. Colonel Rahl, the British commander, aroused from his revels, was killed as he rushed out to rally his men, and in a few moments all was over. A thousand prisoners fell into Washington's hands, and this important detachment of the enemy was cut off and destroyed.

The news of Trenton alarmed the British, and Lord Cornwallis with seven thousand of the best troops started at once from New York in hot pursuit of the American army. Washington, who had now rallied some five thousand men, fell back, skirmishing heavily, behind the Assunpink, and when Cornwallis reached the river he found the American army awaiting him on the other side of the stream. Night was falling, and Cornwallis, feeling sure of his prey, decided that he would not risk an assault until the next morning. Many lessons had not yet taught him that it was a fatal business to give even twelve hours to the great soldier opposed to him. During the night Washington, leaving his fires burning and taking a roundabout road which he had already reconnoitred, marched to Princeton. There he struck another British detachment. A sharp fight ensued, the British division was broken and defeated, losing some five hundred men, and Washington withdrew after this second victory to the highlands of New Jersey to rest and recruit.

Frederick the Great is reported to have said that this was the most brilliant campaign of the century. With a force very much smaller than that of the enemy, Washington had succeeded in striking the British at

two places with superior forces at each point of contact. At Trenton he had the benefit of a surprise, but the second time he was between two hostile armies. He was ready to fight Cornwallis when the latter reached the Assunpink, trusting to the strength of his position to make up for his inferiority of numbers. But when Cornwallis gave him the delay of a night, Washington, seeing the advantage offered by his enemy's mistake, at once changed his whole plan, and, turning in his tracks, fell upon the smaller of the two forces opposed to him, wrecking and defeating it before the outgeneralled Cornwallis could get up with the main army. Washington had thus shown the highest form of military skill, for there is nothing that requires so much judgment and knowledge, so much certainty of movement and quick decision, as to meet a superior enemy at different points, force the fighting, and at each point to outnumber and overwhelm him.

But the military part of this great campaign was not all. Many great soldiers have not been statesmen, and have failed to realize the political necessities of the situation. Washington presented the rare combination of a great soldier and a great statesman as well. He aimed not only to win battles, but by his operations in the field to influence the political situation and affect public opinion. The American Revolution was going to pieces. Unless some decisive victory could be won immediately, it would have come to an end in the winter of 1776–77. This Washington knew, and it was this which nerved his arm. The results justified his forethought. The victories of Trenton and Princeton restored the failing spirits of the people, and, what was hardly less important, produced a deep impression in Europe in favor of the colonies. The country, which

had lost heart, and become supine and almost hostile, revived. The militia again took the field. Outlying parties of the British were attacked and cut off, and recruits once more began to come in to the Continental army. The Revolution was saved. That the English colonies in North America would have broken away from the mother country sooner or later cannot be doubted, but that particular Revolution of 1776 would have failed within a year, had it not been for Washington. It is not, however, merely the fact that he was a great soldier and statesman which we should remember. The most memorable thing to us, and to all men, is the heroic spirit of the man, which rose in those dreary December days to its greatest height, under conditions so adverse that they had crushed the hope of every one else. Let it be remembered, also, that it was not a spirit of desperation or of ignorance, a reckless daring which did not count the cost. No one knew better than Washington—no one, indeed, so well—the exact state of affairs; for he, conspicuously among great men, always looked facts fearlessly in the face, and never deceived himself. He was under no illusions, and it was this high quality of mind as much as any other which enabled him to win victories.

How he really felt we know from what he wrote to Congress on December 20, when he said: "It may be thought that I am going a good deal out of the line of my duty to adopt these measures or to advise thus freely. A character to lose, an estate to forfeit, the inestimable blessing of liberty at stake, and a life devoted, must be my excuse." These were the thoughts in his mind when he was planning this masterly campaign. These same thoughts, we may readily believe, were with him when his boat was making its way through

the ice of the Delaware on Christmas Eve. It was a very solemn moment, and he was the only man in the darkness of that night who fully understood what was at stake; but then, as always, he was calm and serious, with a high courage which nothing could depress.

The familiar picture of a later day depicts Washington crossing the Delaware at the head of his soldiers. He is standing up in the boat, looking forward in the teeth of the storm. It matters little whether the work of the painter is in exact accordance with the real scene or not. The daring courage, the high resolve, the stern look forward and onward, which the artist strove to show in the great leader, are all vitally true. For we may be sure that the man who led that well-planned but desperate assault, surrounded by darker conditions than the storms of nature which gathered about his boat, and carrying with him the fortunes of his country, was at that moment one of the most heroic figures in history.

BENNINGTON

We are but warriors for the working-day;
Our gayness and our guilt are all besmirch'd
With rainy marching in the painful field;
There 's not a piece of feather in our host
(Good argument, I hope, we shall not fly),
And time hath worn us into slovenry.
But, by the mass, our hearts are in the trim,
And my poor soldiers tell me, yet ere night
They 'll be in fresher robes.

—*Henry V.*

THE battle of Saratoga is included by Sir Edward Creasy among his fifteen decisive battles which have, by their result, affected the history of the world. It is true that the American Revolution was saved by Washington in the remarkable Princeton and Trenton campaign, but it is equally true that the surrender of Burgoyne at Saratoga, in the following autumn, turned the scale decisively in favor of the colonists by the impression which it made in Europe. It was the destruction of Burgoyne's army which determined France to aid the Americans against England. Hence came the French alliance, the French troops, and, what was of far more importance, a French fleet, by which Washington was finally able to get control of the sea, and in this way cut off Cornwallis at Yorktown and bring the Revolution to a successful close. That which led, however, more directly than anything else to the final surrender at Saratoga was the fight at Bennington, by which Burgoyne's army was severely crippled and weakened, and by which also, the hardy militia of the northeastern States were led to turn out in large numbers and join the army of Gates.

The English ministry had built great hopes upon Burgoyne's expedition, and neither expense nor effort had been spared to make it successful. He was amply furnished with money and supplies as well as with English and German troops, the latter of whom were bought from their wretched little princes by the payment of generous subsidies. With an admirably equipped army of over seven thousand men, and accompanied by a large force of Indian allies, Burgoyne had started in May, 1777, from Canada. His plan was to make his way by the lakes to the headwaters of the Hudson, and thence southward along the river to New York, where he was to unite with Sir William Howe and the main army; in this way cutting the colonies in two, and separating New England from the rest of the country.

At first all went well. The Americans were pushed back from their posts on the lakes, and by the end of July Burgoyne was at the headwaters of the Hudson. He had already sent out a force, under St. Leger, to take possession of the valley of the Mohawk—an expedition which finally resulted in the defeat of the British by Herkimer, and the capture of Fort Stanwix. To aid St. Leger by a diversion, and also to capture certain magazines which were reported to be at Bennington, Burgoyne sent another expedition to the eastward. This force consisted of about five hundred and fifty white troops, chiefly Hessians, and one hundred and fifty Indians, all under the command of Colonel Baum. They were within four miles of Bennington on August 13, 1777, and encamped on a hill just within the boundaries of the State of New York. The news of the advance of Burgoyne had already roused the people of New York and New Hampshire, and the legislature of the latter State had ordered General Stark with a brigade of

militia to stop the progress of the enemy on the western frontier. Stark raised his standard at Charlestown on the Connecticut River, and the militia poured into his camp. Disregarding Schuyler's orders to join the main American army, which was falling back before Burgoyne, Stark, as soon as he heard of the expedition against Bennington, marched at once to meet Baum. He was within a mile of the British camp on August 14, and vainly endeavored to draw Baum into action. On the 15th it rained heavily, and the British forces occupied the time in intrenching themselves strongly upon the hill which they held. Baum meantime had already sent to Burgoyne for reinforcements, and Burgoyne had detached Colonel Breymann with over six hundred regular troops to go to Baum's assistance. On the 16th the weather cleared, and Stark, who had been reinforced by militia from western Massachusetts, determined to attack.

Early in the day he sent men, under Nichols and Herrick, to get into the rear of Baum's position. The German officer, ignorant of the country and of the nature of the warfare in which he was engaged, noticed small bodies of men in their shirt-sleeves, and carrying guns without bayonets, making their way to the rear of his intrenchments. With singular stupidity he concluded that they were Tory inhabitants of the country who were coming to his assistance, and made no attempt to stop them. In this way Stark was enabled to mass about five hundred men in the rear of the enemy's position. Distracting the attention of the British by a feint, Stark also moved about two hundred men to the right, and having thus brought his forces into position he ordered a general assault, and the Americans proceeded to storm the British intrenchments on every side. The

fight was a very hot one, and lasted some two hours. The Indians, at the beginning of the action, slipped away between the American detachments, but the British and German regulars stubbornly stood their ground. It is difficult to get at the exact numbers of the American troops, but Stark seems to have had between fifteen hundred and two thousand militia. He thus outnumbered his enemy nearly three to one, but his men were merely country militia, farmers of the New England States, very imperfectly disciplined, and armed only with muskets and fowling-pieces, without bayonets or side-arms. On the other side Baum had the most highly disciplined troops of England and Germany under his command, well armed and equipped, and he was moreover strongly intrenched with artillery well placed behind the breastworks. The advantage in the fight should have been clearly with Baum and his regulars, who merely had to hold an intrenched hill.

It was not a battle in which either military strategy or a scientific management of troops was displayed. All that Stark did was to place his men so that they could attack the enemy's position on every side, and then the Americans went at it, firing as they pressed on. The British and Germans stood their ground stubbornly, while the New England farmers rushed up to within eight yards of the cannon, and picked off the men who manned the guns. Stark himself was in the midst of the fray, fighting with his soldiers, and came out of the conflict so blackened with powder and smoke that he could hardly be recognized. One desperate assault succeeded another, while the firing on both sides was so incessant as to make, in Stark's own words, a "continuous roar." At the end of two hours the Americans finally swarmed over the intrenchments, beating down

the soldiers with their clubbed muskets. Baum ordered his infantry with the bayonet and the dragoons with their sabres to force their way through, but the Americans repulsed this final charge, and Baum himself fell mortally wounded. All was then over, and the British forces surrendered.

It was only just in time, for Breymann, who had taken thirty hours to march some twenty-four miles, came up just after Baum's men had laid down their arms. It seemed for a moment as if all that had been gained might be lost. The Americans, attacked by this fresh foe, wavered; but Stark rallied his line, and putting in Warner, with one hundred and fifty Vermont men who had just come on the field, stopped Breymann's advance, and finally forced him to retreat with a loss of nearly one-half his men. The Americans lost in killed and wounded some seventy men, and the Germans and British about twice as many, but the Americans took about seven hundred prisoners, and completely wrecked the forces of Baum and Breymann.

The blow was a severe one, and Burgoyne's army never recovered from it. Not only had he lost nearly a thousand of his best troops, besides cannon, arms, and munitions of war, but the defeat affected the spirits of his army and destroyed his hold over his Indian allies, who began to desert in large numbers. Bennington, in fact, was one of the most important fights of the Revolution, contributing as it did so largely to the final surrender of Burgoyne's whole army at Saratoga, and the utter ruin of the British invasion from the North. It is also interesting as an extremely gallant bit of fighting. As has been said, there was no strategy displayed, and there were no military operations of the higher kind. There stood the enemy strongly intrenched on a hill,

and Stark, calling his undisciplined levies about him, went at them. He himself was a man of the highest courage and a reckless fighter. It was Stark who held the rail fence at Bunker Hill, and who led the van when Sullivan's division poured into Trenton from the river road. He was admirably adapted for the precise work which was necessary at Bennington, and he and his men fought well their hand-to-hand fight on that hot August day, and carried the intrenchments filled with regular troops and defended by artillery. It was a daring feat of arms, as well as a battle which had an important effect upon the course of history and upon the fate of the British Empire in America.

KING'S MOUNTAIN

Our fortress is the good greenwood,
  Our tent the cypress tree;
We know the forest round us
  As seamen know the sea.
We know its walls of thorny vines,
  Its glades of reedy grass,
Its safe and silent islands
  Within the dark morass.

—*Bryant.*

THE close of the year 1780 was, in the Southern States, the darkest time of the Revolutionary struggle. Cornwallis had just destroyed the army of Gates at Camden, and his two formidable lieutenants, Tarlton the light horseman, and Ferguson the skilled rifleman, had destroyed or scattered all the smaller bands that had been fighting for the patriot cause. The red dragoons rode hither and thither, and all through Georgia and South Carolina none dared lift their heads to oppose them, while North Carolina lay at the feet of Cornwallis, as he started through it with his army to march into Virginia. There was no organized force against him, and the cause of the patriots seemed hopeless. It was at this hour that the wild backwoodsmen of the Western border gathered to strike a blow for liberty.

When Cornwallis invaded North Carolina he sent Ferguson into the western part of the State to crush out any of the patriot forces that might still be lingering among the foot-hills. Ferguson was a very gallant and able officer, and a man of much influence with the people wherever he went, so that he was peculiarly

fitted for this scrambling border warfare. He had under him a battalion of regular troops and several other battalions of Tory militia, in all eleven or twelve hundred men. He shattered and drove the small bands of Whigs that were yet in arms, and finally pushed to the foot of the mountain wall, till he could see in his front the high ranges of the Great Smokies. Here he learned for the first time that beyond the mountains there lay a few hamlets of frontiersmen, whose homes were on what were then called the Western Waters, that is, the waters which flowed into the Mississippi. To these he sent word that if they did not prove loyal to the king, he would cross their mountains, hang their leaders, and burn their villages.

Beyond the mountains, in the valleys of the Holston and Watauga, dwelt men who were stout of heart and mighty in battle, and when they heard the threats of Ferguson they burned with a sullen flame of anger. Hitherto the foes against whom they had warred had been not the British, but the Indian allies of the British, Creek, and Cherokee, and Shawnee. Now that the army of the king had come to their thresholds, they turned to meet it as fiercely as they had met his Indian allies. Among the backwoodsmen of this region there were at that time three men of special note: Sevier, who afterward became governor of Tennessee; Shelby, who afterward became governor of Kentucky; and Campbell, the Virginian, who died in the Revolutionary War. Sevier had given a great barbecue, where oxen and deer were roasted whole, while horse-races were run, and the backwoodsmen tried their skill as marksmen and wrestlers. In the midst of the feasting Shelby appeared, hot with hard riding, to tell of the approach of Ferguson and the British. Immediately the feast-

ing was stopped, and the feasters made ready for war. Sevier and Shelby sent word to Campbell to rouse the men of his own district and come without delay, and they sent messengers to and fro in their own neighborhood to summon the settlers from their log huts on the stump-dotted clearings and the hunters from their smoky cabins in the deep woods.

The meeting-place was at the Sycamore Shoals. On the appointed day the backwoodsmen gathered sixteen hundred strong, each man carrying a long rifle, and mounted on a tough, shaggy horse. They were a wild and fierce people, accustomed to the chase and to warfare with the Indians. Their hunting-shirts of buckskin or homespun were girded in by bead-worked belts, and the trappings of their horses were stained red and yellow. At the gathering there was a black-frocked Presbyterian preacher, and before they started he addressed the tall riflemen in words of burning zeal, urging them to stand stoutly in the battle, and to smite with the sword of the Lord and of Gideon. Then the army started, the backwoods colonels riding in front.

Two or three days later, word was brought to Ferguson that the Back-water men had come over the mountains; that the Indian fighters of the frontier, leaving unguarded their homes on the Western Waters, had crossed by wooded and precipitous defiles to the help of the beaten men of the plains. Ferguson at once fell back, sending out messengers for help. When he came to King's Mountain, a wooded, hog-back hill on the border-line between North and South Carolina, he camped on its top, deeming that there he was safe, for he supposed that before the backwoodsmen could come near enough to attack him help would reach him. But the backwoods leaders felt as keenly as he the need of

haste, and choosing out nine hundred picked men, the best warriors of their force, and the best mounted and armed, they made a long forced march to assail Ferguson before help could come to him. All night long they rode the dim forest trails and splashed across the fords of the rushing rivers. All the next day, October 16, they rode, until in mid-afternoon, just as a heavy shower cleared away, they came in sight of King's Mountain.

The little armies were about equal in numbers. Ferguson's regulars were armed with the bayonet, and so were some of his Tory militia, whereas the Americans had not a bayonet among them; but they were picked men, confident in their skill as riflemen, and they were so sure of victory that their aim was not only to defeat the British but to capture their whole force. The backwoods colonels, counselling together as they rode at the head of the column, decided to surround the mountain and assail it on all sides. Accordingly the bands of frontiersmen split one from the other, and soon circled the craggy hill where Ferguson's forces were encamped. They left their horses in the rear and immediately began the battle, swarming forward on foot, their commanders leading the attack.

The march had been so quick and the attack so sudden that Ferguson had barely time to marshal his men before the assault was made. Most of his militia he scattered around the top of the hill to fire down at the Americans as they came up, while with his regulars and with a few picked militia he charged with the bayonet in person, first down one side of the mountain and then down the other. Sevier, Shelby, Campbell, and the other colonels of the frontiersmen, led each his force of riflemen straight toward the summit. Each body in turn when charged by the regulars was forced to give

way, for there were no bayonets wherewith to meet the foe; but the backwoodsmen retreated only so long as the charge lasted, and the minute that it stopped they stopped too, and came back ever closer to the ridge and ever with a deadlier fire. Ferguson, blowing a silver whistle as a signal to his men, led these charges, sword in hand, on horseback. At last, just as he was once again rallying his men, the riflemen of Sevier and Shelby crowned the top of the ridge. The gallant British commander became a fair target for the backwoodsmen, and as for the last time he led his men against them, seven bullets entered his body and he fell dead. With his fall resistance ceased. The regulars and Tories huddled together in a confused mass, while the exultant Americans rushed forward. A flag of truce was hoisted, and all the British who were not dead surrendered.

The victory was complete, and the backwoodsmen at once started to return to their log hamlets and rough, lonely farms. They could not stay, for they dared not leave their homes at the mercy of the Indians. They had rendered a great service; for Cornwallis, when he heard of the disaster to his trusted lieutenant, abandoned his march northward, and retired to South Carolina. When he again resumed the offensive, he found his path barred by stubborn General Greene and his troops of the Continental line.

THE STORMING OF STONY POINT

In their ragged regimentals
Stood the old Continentals,
Yielding not,
When the grenadiers were lunging,
And like hail fell the plunging
Cannon-shot;
When the files
Of the isles
From the smoky night encampment bore the banner of the rampant Unicorn,
And grummer, grummer, grummer, rolled the roll of the drummer,
Through the morn!

Then with eyes to the front all,
And with guns horizontal,
Stood our sires;
And the balls whistled deadly,
And in streams flashing redly
Blazed the fires;
As the roar
On the shore
Swept the strong battle-breakers o'er the green-sodded acres
Of the plain;
And louder, louder, louder cracked the black gunpowder,
Cracked amain!

— *Guy Humphrey McMaster.*

One of the heroic figures of the Revolution was Anthony Wayne, major-general of the Continental line. With the exception of Washington, and perhaps Greene, he was the best general the Americans developed in the contest; and without exception he showed himself to be the hardest fighter produced on either side. He belongs, as regards this latter characteristic, with the men like Winfield Scott, Phil Kearney, Hancock, and For-

rest, who revelled in the danger and the actual shock of arms. Indeed, his eager love of battle, and splendid disregard of peril, have made many writers forget his really great qualities as a general. Soldiers are always prompt to recognize the prime virtue of physical courage, and Wayne's followers christened their daring commander "Mad Anthony," in loving allusion to his reckless bravery. It is perfectly true that Wayne had this courage, and that he was a born fighter; otherwise, he never would have been a great commander. A man who lacks the fondness for fighting, the eager desire to punish his adversary, and the willingness to suffer punishment in return, may be a great organizer, like McClellan, but can never become a great general or win great victories. There are, however, plenty of men who, though they possess these fine manly traits, yet lack the head to command an army; but Wayne had not only the heart and the hand but the head likewise. No man could dare as greatly as he did without incurring the risk of an occasional check; but he was an able and bold tactician, a vigilant and cautious leader, well fitted to bear the terrible burden of responsibility which rests upon a commander-in-chief.

Of course, at times he had some rather severe lessons. Quite early in his career, just after the battle of the Brandywine, when he was set to watch the enemy, he was surprised at night by the British general, Grey, a redoubtable fighter, who attacked him with the bayonet, killed a number of his men, and forced him to fall back some distance from the field of action. This mortifying experience had no effect whatever on Wayne's courage or self-reliance, but it did give him a valuable lesson in caution. He showed what he had learned by the skill with which, many years later, he conducted the famous

campaign in which he overthrew the northwestern Indians at the fight of the Fallen Timbers.

Wayne's favorite weapon was the bayonet, and, like Scott, he taught his troops, until they were able in the shock of hand-to-hand conflict to overthrow the renowned British infantry, who have always justly prided themselves on their prowess with cold steel. At the battle of Germantown it was Wayne's troops who, falling on with the bayonet, drove the Hessians and the British light infantry, and only retreated under orders when the attack had failed elsewhere. At Monmouth it was Wayne and his Continentals who first checked the British advance by repulsing the bayonet charge of the guards and grenadiers.

Washington, a true leader of men, was prompt to recognize in Wayne a soldier to whom could be intrusted any especially difficult enterprise which called for the exercise alike of intelligence and of cool daring. In the summer of 1780 he was very anxious to capture the British fort at Stony Point, which commanded the Hudson. It was impracticable to attack it by regular siege while the British frigates lay in the river, and the defenses were so strong that open assault by daylight was equally out of the question. Accordingly Washington suggested to Wayne that he try a night attack. Wayne eagerly caught at the idea. It was exactly the kind of enterprise in which he delighted. The fort was on a rocky promontory, surrounded on three sides by water, and on the fourth by a neck of land, which was for the most part mere morass. It was across this neck of land that any attacking column had to move. The garrison was six hundred strong. To deliver the assault Wayne took nine hundred men.

The American army was camped about fourteen miles

from Stony Point. One July afternoon Wayne started, and led his troops in single file along the narrow rocky roads, reaching the hills on the mainland near the fort after nightfall. He divided his force into two columns, to advance one along each side of the neck, detaching two companies of North Carolina troops to move in between the two columns and make a false attack. The rest of the force consisted of New Englanders, Pennsylvanians, and Virginians. Each attacking column was divided into three parts, a forlorn hope of twenty men leading, which was followed by an advance guard of one hundred and twenty, and then by the main body. At the time commanding officers still carried spontoons, and other old-time weapons, and Wayne, who himself led the right column, directed its movements spear in hand.

It was nearly midnight when the Americans began to press along the causeways toward the fort. Before they were near the walls they were discovered, and the British opened a heavy fire of great guns and musketry, to which the Carolinians, who were advancing between the two columns, responded in their turn, according to orders; but the men in the columns were forbidden to fire. Wayne had warned them that their work must be done with the bayonet, and their muskets were not even loaded. Moreover, so strict was the discipline that no one was allowed to leave the ranks, and when one of the men did so an officer promptly ran him through the body.

No sooner had the British opened fire than the charging columns broke into a run, and in a moment the forlorn hopes plunged into the abatis of fallen timber which the British had constructed just without the walls. On the left, the forlorn hope was very roughly

handled, no less than seventeen of the twenty men being either killed or wounded, but as the columns came up both burst through the down timber and swarmed up the long, sloping embankments of the fort. The British fought well, cheering loudly as their volleys rang, but the Americans would not be denied, and pushed silently on to end the contest with the bayonet. A bullet struck Wayne in the head. He fell, but struggled to his feet and forward, two of his officers supporting him. A rumor went among the men that he was dead, but it only impelled them to charge home more fiercely than ever.

With a rush the troops swept to the top of the wall. A fierce but short fight followed in the intense darkness, which was lit only by the flashes from the British muskets. The Americans did not fire, trusting solely to the bayonet. The two columns had kept almost equal pace, and they swept into the fort from opposite sides at the same moment. The three men who first got over the walls were all wounded, but one of them hauled down the British flag. The Americans had the advantage which always comes from delivering an attack that is thrust home. Their muskets were unloaded and they could not hesitate; so, running boldly into close quarters, they fought hand to hand with their foes and speedily overthrew them. For a moment the bayonets flashed and played; then the British lines broke as their assailants thronged against them, and the struggle was over. The Americans had lost a hundred in killed and wounded. Of the British sixty-three had been slain and very many wounded, every one of the dead or disabled having suffered from the bayonet. A curious coincidence was that the number of the dead happened to be exactly equal to the number of Wayne's men who had

been killed in the night attack by the English general, Grey.

There was great rejoicing among the Americans over the successful issue of the attack. Wayne speedily recovered from his wound, and in the joy of his victory it weighed but slightly. He had performed a most notable feat. No night attack of the kind was ever delivered with greater boldness, skill, and success. When the Revolutionary War broke out the American armies were composed merely of armed yeomen, stalwart men, of good courage, and fairly proficient in the use of their weapons, but entirely without the training which alone could enable them to withstand the attack of the British regulars in the open, or to deliver an attack themselves. Washington's victory at Trenton was the first encounter which showed that the Americans were to be feared when they took the offensive. With the exception of the battle of Trenton, and perhaps of Greene's fight at Eutaw Springs, Wayne's feat was the most successful illustration of daring and victorious attack by an American army that occurred during the war; and, unlike Greene, who was only able to fight a drawn battle, Wayne's triumph was complete. At Monmouth he had shown, as he afterward showed against Cornwallis, that his troops could meet the renowned British regulars on even terms in the open. At Stony Point he showed that he could lead them to a triumphant assault with the bayonet against regulars who held a fortified place of strength. No American commander has ever displayed greater energy and daring, a more resolute courage, or readier resource, than the chief of the hard-fighting Revolutionary generals, Mad Anthony Wayne.

GOUVERNEUR MORRIS

Paris. August 10, 1792

Justum et tenacem propositi virum
Non civium ardor prava jubentium,
  Non vultus instantis tyranni
    Mente quatit solidâ, neque Auster
Dux inquieti turbidus Hadriæ,
Nec fulminantis magna manus Jovis:
  Si fractus illabatur orbis,
    Impavidum ferient ruinæ.
—*Hor., Lib. III. Carm. III.*

THE 10th of August, 1792, was one of the most memorable days of the French Revolution. It was the day on which the French monarchy received its death-blow, and was accompanied by fighting and bloodshed which filled Paris with terror. In the morning before daybreak the tocsin had sounded, and not long after the mob of Paris, headed by the Marseillais, "Six hundred men not afraid to die," who had been summoned there by Barbaroux, were marching upon the Tuileries. The king, or rather the queen, had at last determined to make a stand and to defend the throne. The Swiss Guards were there at the palace, well posted to protect the inner court; and there, too, were the National Guards, who were expected to uphold the government and guard the king. The tide of people poured on through the streets, gathering strength as they went—the Marseillais, the armed bands, the Sections, and a vast floating mob. The crowd drew nearer and nearer, but the squadrons of the National Guards, who were to check the advance, did not stir. It is not apparent, in-

deed, that they made any resistance, and the king and his family at eight o'clock lost heart and deserted the Tuileries, to take refuge with the National Convention. The multitude then passed into the court of the Carrousel, unchecked by the National Guards, and were face to face with the Swiss. Deserted by their king, the Swiss knew not how to act, but still stood their ground. There was some parleying, and at last the Marseillais fired a cannon. Then the Swiss fired. They were disciplined troops, and their fire was effective. There was a heavy slaughter and the mob recoiled, leaving their cannon, which the Swiss seized. The revolutionists, however, returned to the charge, and the fight raged on both sides, the Swiss holding their ground firmly.

Suddenly, from the legislative hall, came an order from the king to the Swiss to cease firing. It was their death-warrant. Paralyzed by the order, they knew not what to do. The mob poured in, and most of the gallant Swiss were slaughtered where they stood. Others escaped from the Tuileries only to meet their death in the street. The palace was sacked and the raging mob was in possession of the city. No man's life was safe, least of all those who were known to be friends of the king, who were nobles, or who had any connection with the court. Some of these people whose lives were thus in peril at the hands of the blood-stained and furious mob had been the allies of the United States, and had fought under Washington in the war for American independence. In their anguish and distress their thoughts recurred to the country which they had served in its hour of trial, three thousand miles away. They sought the legation of the United States and turned to the American minister for protection.

Such an exercise of humanity at that moment was not a duty that any man craved. In those terrible days in Paris, the representatives of foreign governments were hardly safer than any one else. Many of the ambassadors and ministers had already left the country, and others were even then abandoning their posts, which it seemed impossible to hold at such a time. But the American minister stood his ground. Gouverneur Morris was not a man to shrink from what he knew to be his duty. He had been a leading patriot in our revolution; he had served in the Continental Congress, and with Robert Morris in the difficult work of the Treasury, when all our resources seemed to be at their lowest ebb. In 1788 he had gone abroad on private business, and had been much in Paris, where he had witnessed the beginning of the French Revolution and had been consulted by men on both sides. In 1790, by Washington's direction, he had gone to London and had consulted the ministry there as to whether they would receive an American minister. Thence he had returned to Paris, and at the beginning of 1792 Washington appointed him minister of the United States to France.

As an American, Morris's sympathies had run strongly in favor of the movement to relieve France from the despotism under which she was sinking, and to give her a better and more liberal government. But, as the Revolution progressed, he became outraged and disgusted by the methods employed. He felt a profound contempt for both sides. The inability of those who were conducting the Revolution to carry out intelligent plans or maintain order, and the feebleness of the king and his advisers, were alike odious to the man with American conceptions of ordered liberty. He was

especially revolted by the bloodshed and cruelty, constantly gathering in strength, which were displayed by the revolutionists, and he had gone to the very verge of diplomatic propriety in advising the ministers of the king in regard to the policies to be pursued, and, as he foresaw what was coming, in urging the king himself to leave France. All his efforts and all his advice, like those of other intelligent men who kept their heads during the whirl of the Revolution, were alike vain.

On August 10 the gathering storm broke with full force, and the populace rose in arms to sweep away the tottering throne. Then it was that these people, fleeing for their lives, came to the representative of the country for which many of them had fought, and on both public and private grounds besought the protection of the American minister. Let me tell what happened in the words of an eye-witness, an American gentleman who was in Paris at that time, and who published the following account of his experiences:

"On the ever memorable 10th of August, after viewing the destruction of the Royal Swiss Guards and the dispersion of the Paris militia by a band of foreign and native incendiaries, the writer thought it his duty to visit the Minister, who had not been out of his hotel since the insurrection began, and, as was to be expected, would be anxious to learn what was passing without doors. He was surrounded by the old Count d'Estaing, and about a dozen other persons of distinction, of different sexes, who had, from their connection with the United States, been his most intimate acquaintances at Paris, and who had taken refuge with him for protection from the bloodhounds which, in the forms of men and women, were prowling in the streets at the time. All was silence here, except that silence was occasion-

ally interrupted by the crying of the women and children. As I retired, the Minister took me aside, and observed: 'I have no doubt, sir, but there are persons on the watch who would find fault with my conduct as Minister in receiving and protecting these people, but I call on you to witness the declaration which I now make, and that is that they were not invited to my house, but came of their own accord. Whether my house will be a protection to them or to me, God only knows, but I will not turn them out of it, let what will happen to me'; to which he added, 'You see, sir, they are all persons to whom our country is more or less indebted, and it would be inhuman to force them into the hands of the assassins, had they no such claim upon me.' "

Nothing can be added to this simple account, and no American can read it or repeat the words of Mr. Morris without feeling even now, a hundred years after the event, a glow of pride that such words were uttered at such a time by the man who represented the United States.

After August 10, when matters in Paris became still worse, Mr. Morris still stayed at his post. Let me give, in his own words, what he did and his reasons for it:

"The different ambassadors and ministers are all taking their flight, and if I stay I shall be alone. I mean, however, to stay, unless circumstances should command me away, because, in the admitted case that my letters of credence are to the monarchy, and not to the Republic of France, it becomes a matter of indifference whether I remain in this country or go to England during the time which may be needful to obtain your orders, or to produce a settlement of affairs here. Going hence, however, would look like taking

part against the late Revolution, and I am not only unauthorized in this respect, but I am bound to suppose that if the great majority of the nation adhere to the new form, the United States will approve thereof; because, in the first place, we have no right to prescribe to this country the government they shall adopt, and next, because the basis of our own Constitution is the indefeasible right of the people to establish it.

"Among those who are leaving Paris is the Venetian ambassador. He was furnished with passports from the Office of Foreign Affairs, but he was, nevertheless, stopped at the barrier, was conducted to the Hotel de Ville, was there questioned for hours, and his carriages examined and searched. This violation of the rights of ambassadors could not fail, as you may suppose, to make an impression. It has been broadly hinted to me that the honor of my country and my own require that I should go away. But I am of a different opinion, and rather think that those who give such hints are somewhat influenced by fear. It is true that the position is not without danger, but I presume that when the President did me the honor of naming me to this embassy, it was not for my personal pleasure or safety, but to promote the interests of my country. These, therefore, I shall continue to pursue to the best of my judgment, and as to consequences, they are in the hand of God."

He remained there until his successor arrived. When all others fled, he was faithful, and such conduct should never be forgotten. Mr. Morris not only risked his life, but he took a heavy responsibility, and laid himself open to severe attack for having protected defenseless people against the assaults of the mob. But his courageous humanity is something which should ever be remembered, and ought always to be characteristic

of the men who represent the United States in foreign countries. When we recall the French Revolution, it is cheering to think of that fearless figure of the American minister, standing firm and calm in the midst of those awful scenes, with sacked palaces, slaughtered soldiers, and a blood-stained mob about him, regardless of danger to himself, determined to do his duty to his country, and to those to whom his country was indebted.

THE BURNING OF THE "PHILADELPHIA"

> And say besides, that in Aleppo once,
> Where a malignant and a turban'd Turk
> Beat a Venetian and traduced the state,
> I took by the throat the circumcised dog
> And smote him, thus.
>
> —*Othello.*

It is difficult to conceive that there ever was a time when the United States paid a money tribute to anybody. It is even more difficult to imagine the United States paying blackmail to a set of small piratical tribes on the coast of Africa. Yet this is precisely what we once did with the Barbary powers, as they were called —the states of Morocco, Tunis, Tripoli, and Algiers, lying along the northern coast of Africa. The only excuse to be made for such action was that we merely followed the example of Christendom. The civilized people of the world were then in the habit of paying sums of money to these miserable pirates, in order to secure immunity for their merchant vessels in the Mediterranean. For this purpose Congress appropriated money, and treaties were made by the President and ratified by the Senate. On one occasion, at least, Congress actually revoked the authorization of some new ships for the navy, and appropriated more money than was required to build the men-of-war in order to buy off the Barbary powers. The fund for this disgraceful purpose was known as the "Mediterranean fund," and was intrusted to the secretary of state to be disbursed by him in his discretion. After we had our brush with France, however, in 1798, and after Truxtun's brilliant victory over the French frigate *L'Insurgente* in the fol-

lowing year, it occurred to our government that perhaps there was a more direct as well as a more manly way of dealing with the Barbary pirates than by feebly paying them tribute, and in 1801 a small squadron, under Commodore Dale, proceeded to the Mediterranean.

At the same time events occurred which showed strikingly the absurdity as well as the weakness of this policy of paying blackmail to pirates. The Bashaw of Tripoli, complaining that we had given more money to some of the Algerian ministers than we had to him, and also that we had presented Algiers with a frigate, declared war upon us, and cut down the flagstaff in front of the residence of the American consul. At the same time, and for the same reason, Morocco and Tunis began to grumble at the treatment which they had received. The fact was that, with nations as with individuals, when the payment of blackmail is once begun there is no end to it. The appearance, however, of our little squadron in the Mediterranean showed at once the superiority of a policy of force over one of cowardly submission. Morocco and Tunis immediately stopped their grumbling and came to terms with the United States, and this left us free to deal with Tripoli.

Commodore Dale had sailed before the declaration of war by Tripoli was known, and he was therefore hampered by his orders, which permitted him only to protect our commerce, and which forbade actual hostilities. Nevertheless, even under these limited orders, the *Enterprise*, of twelve guns, commanded by Lieutenant Sterrett, fought an action with the Tripolitan ship *Tripoli*, of fourteen guns. The engagement lasted three hours, when the *Tripoli* struck, having lost her mizzenmast, and with twenty of her crew killed and thirty wounded. Sterrett, having no orders to make captures,

threw all the guns and ammunition of the *Tripoli* overboard, cut away her remaining masts, and left her with only one spar and a single sail to drift back to Tripoli, as a hint to the Bashaw of the new American policy.

In 1803 the command of our fleet in the Mediterranean was taken by Commodore Preble, who had just succeeded in forcing satisfaction from Morocco for an attack made upon our merchantmen by a vessel from Tangier. He also proclaimed a blockade of Tripoli and was preparing to enforce it when the news reached him that the frigate *Philadelphia*, forty-four guns, commanded by Captain Bainbridge, and one of the best ships in our navy, had gone upon a reef in the harbor of Tripoli, while pursuing a vessel there, and had been surrounded and captured, with all her crew, by the Tripolitan gunboats, when she was entirely helpless either to fight or sail. This was a very serious blow to our navy and to our operations against Tripoli. It not only weakened our forces, but it was also a great help to the enemy. The Tripolitans got the *Philadelphia* off the rocks, towed her into the harbor, and anchored her close under the guns of their forts. They also replaced her batteries, and prepared to make her ready for sea, where she would have been a most formidable danger to our shipping.

Under these circumstances Stephen Decatur, a young lieutenant in command of the *Enterprise*, offered to Commodore Preble to go into the harbor and destroy the *Philadelphia*. Some delay ensued, as our squadron was driven by severe gales from the Tripolitan coast; but at last, in January, 1804, Preble gave orders to Decatur to undertake the work for which he had volunteered. A small vessel known as a ketch had been recently captured from the Tripolitans by Decatur, and

this prize was now named the *Intrepid*, and assigned to him for the work he had in hand. He took seventy men from his own ship, the *Enterprise*, and put them on the *Intrepid*, and then, accompanied by Lieutenant Stewart in the *Siren*, who was to support him, he set sail for Tripoli. He and his crew were very much cramped as well as badly fed on the little vessel which had been given to them, but they succeeded, nevertheless, in reaching Tripoli in safety, accompanied by the *Siren*.

For nearly a week they were unable to approach the harbor, owing to severe gales which threatened the loss of their vessel; but on February 16 the weather moderated and Decatur determined to go in. It is well to recall, briefly, the extreme peril of the attack which he was about to make. The *Philadelphia*, with forty guns mounted, double-shotted, and ready for firing, and manned by a full complement of men, was moored within half a gunshot of the Bashaw's castle, the mole and crown batteries, and within range of ten other batteries, mounting, altogether, one hundred and fifteen guns. Some Tripolitan cruisers, two galleys, and nineteen gunboats also lay between the *Philadelphia* and the shore. Into the midst of this powerful armament Decatur had to go with his little vessel of sixty tons, carrying four small guns and having a crew of seventy-five men.

The Americans, however, were entirely undismayed by the odds against them, and at seven o'clock Decatur went into the harbor between the reef and shoal which formed its mouth. He steered on steadily toward the *Philadelphia*, the breeze getting constantly lighter, and by half past nine was within two hundred yards of the frigate. As they approached Decatur stood at the helm with the pilot, only two or three men showing on deck and the rest of the crew lying hidden under the bul-

warks. In this way he drifted to within nearly twenty yards of the *Philadelphia*. The suspicions of the Tripolitans, however, were not aroused, and when they hailed the *Intrepid*, the pilot answered that they had lost their anchors in a gale, and asked that they might run a warp to the frigate and ride by her. While the talk went on the *Intrepid's* boat shoved off with the rope, and pulling to the forechains of the *Philadelphia*, made the line fast. A few of the crew then began to haul on the lines, and thus the *Intrepid* was drawn gradually toward the frigate.

The suspicions of the Tripolitans were now at last awakened. They raised the cry of "Americanos!" and ordered off the *Intrepid*, but it was too late. As the vessels came in contact, Decatur sprang up the mainchains of the *Philadelphia*, calling out the order to board. He was rapidly followed by his officers and men, and as they swarmed over the rails and came upon the deck, the Tripolitan crew gathered, panic-stricken, in a confused mass on the forecastle. Decatur waited a moment until his men were behind him, and then, placing himself at their head, drew his sword and rushed upon the Tripolitans. There was a very short struggle, and the Tripolitans, crowded together, terrified and surprised, were cut down or driven overboard. In five minutes the ship was cleared of the enemy.

Decatur would have liked to have taken the *Philadelphia* out of the harbor, but that was impossible. He therefore gave orders to burn the ship, and his men, who had been thoroughly instructed in what they were to do, dispersed into all parts of the frigate with the combustibles which had been prepared, and in a few minutes, so well and quickly was the work done, the flames broke out in all parts of the *Philadelphia*. As soon as

this was effected the order was given to return to the *Intrepid*. Without confusion the men obeyed. It was a moment of great danger, for fire was breaking out on all sides, and the *Intrepid* herself, filled as she was with powder and combustibles, was in great peril of sudden destruction. The rapidity of Decatur's movements, however, saved everything. The cables were cut, the sweeps got out, and the *Intrepid* drew rapidly away from the burning frigate. It was a magnificent sight as the flames burst out over the *Philadelphia* and ran rapidly and fiercely up the masts and rigging. As her guns became heated they were discharged, one battery pouring its shots into the town. Finally the cables parted, and then the *Philadelphia*, a mass of flames, drifted across the harbor and blew up. Meantime the batteries of the shipping and the castle had been turned upon the *Intrepid*, but although the shot struck all around her, she escaped successfully with only one shot through her mainsail, and, joining the *Siren*, bore away.

This successful attack was carried through by the cool courage of Decatur and the admirable discipline of his men. The hazard was very great, the odds were very heavy, and everything depended on the nerve with which the attack was made and the completeness of the surprise. Nothing miscarried, and no success could have been more complete. Nelson, at that time in the Mediterranean, and the best judge of a naval exploit as well as the greatest naval commander who has ever lived, pronounced it "the most bold and daring act of the age." We meet no single feat exactly like it in our own naval history, brilliant as that has been, until we come to Cushing's destruction of the *Albemarle* in the war of the rebellion. In the years that have elapsed, and among the great events that have occurred since

that time, Decatur's burning of the *Philadelphia* has been well-nigh forgotten; but it is one of those feats of arms which illustrate the high courage of American seamen, and which ought always to be remembered.

THE CRUISE OF THE "WASP"

A crash as when some swollen cloud
  Cracks o'er the tangled trees!
With side to side, and spar to spar,
  Whose smoking decks are these?
I know St. George's blood-red cross,
  Thou mistress of the seas,
But what is she whose streaming bars
  Roll out before the breeze?

Ah, well her iron ribs are knit,
  Whose thunders strive to quell
The bellowing throats, the blazing lips,
  That pealed the Armada's knell!
The mist was cleared, — a wreath of stars
  Rose o'er the crimsoned swell,
And, wavering from its haughty peak,
  The cross of England fell!

— *Holmes.*

In the War of 1812 the little American navy, including only a dozen frigates and sloops of war, won a series of victories against the English, the hitherto undoubted masters of the sea, that attracted an attention altogether out of proportion to the force of the combatants or the actual damage done. For one hundred and fifty years the English ships of war had failed to find fit rivals in those of any other European power, although they had been matched against each in turn; and when the unknown navy of the new nation growing up across the Atlantic did what no European navy had ever been able to do, not only the English and Americans, but the people of Continental Europe as well, regarded the feat as important out of all proportion to the material as-

pects of the case. The Americans first proved that the English could be beaten at their own game on the sea. They did what the huge fleets of France, Spain, and Holland had failed to do, and the great modern writers on naval warfare in Continental Europe—men like Jurien de la Gravière—have paid the same attention to these contests of frigates and sloops that they give to whole fleet actions of other wars.

Among the famous ships of the Americans in this war were two named the *Wasp*. The first was an eighteen-gun ship-sloop, which at the very outset of the war captured a British brig-sloop of twenty guns, after an engagement in which the British fought with great gallantry, but were knocked to pieces, while the Americans escaped comparatively unscathed. Immediately afterward a British seventy-four captured the victor. In memory of her the Americans gave the same name to one of the new sloops they were building. These sloops were stoutly made, speedy vessels which in strength and swiftness compared favorably with any ships of their class in any other navy of the day, for the American shipwrights were already as famous as the American gunners and seamen. The new *Wasp*, like her sister ships, carried twenty-two guns and a crew of one hundred and seventy men, and was ship-rigged. Twenty of her guns were thirty-two-pound carronades, while for bow-chasers she had two "long toms." It was in the year 1814 that the *Wasp* sailed from the United States to prey on the navy and commerce of Great Britain. Her commander was a gallant South Carolinian named Captain Johnson Blakeley. Her crew were nearly all native Americans, and were an exceptionally fine set of men. Instead of staying near the American coasts or of sailing the high seas, the *Wasp* at once headed boldly

for the English Channel, to carry the war to the very doors of the enemy.

At that time the English fleets had destroyed the navies of every other power of Europe, and had obtained such complete supremacy over the French that the French fleets were kept in port. Off these ports lay the great squadrons of the English ships of the line, never, in gale or in calm, relaxing their watch upon the rival war-ships of the French emperor. So close was the blockade of the French ports, and so hopeless were the French of making headway in battle with their antagonists, that not only the great French three-deckers and two-deckers, but their frigates and sloops as well, lay harmless in their harbors, and the English ships patrolled the seas unchecked in every direction. A few French privateers still slipped out now and then, and the far bolder and more formidable American privateersmen drove hither and thither across the ocean in their swift schooners and brigantines, and harried the English commerce without mercy.

The *Wasp* proceeded at once to cruise in the English Channel and off the coasts of England, France, and Spain. Here the water was traversed continually by English fleets and squadrons and single ships of war, which were sometimes convoying detachments of troops for Wellington's Peninsular army, sometimes guarding fleets of merchant vessels bound homeward, and sometimes merely cruising for foes. It was this spot, right in the teeth of the British naval power, that the *Wasp* chose for her cruising-ground. Hither and thither she sailed through the narrow seas, capturing and destroying the merchantmen, and by the seamanship of her crew and the skill and vigilance of her commander, escaping the pursuit of frigate and ship of the line. Be-

fore she had been long on the ground, one June morning, while in chase of a couple of merchant ships, she spied a sloop of war, the British brig *Reindeer*, of eighteen guns and a hundred and twenty men. The *Reindeer* was a weaker ship than the *Wasp*, her guns were lighter, and her men fewer; but her commander, Captain Manners, was one of the most gallant men in the splendid British navy, and he promptly took up the gage of battle which the *Wasp* threw down.

The day was calm and nearly still; only a light wind stirred across the sea. At one o'clock the *Wasp's* drum beat to quarters, and the sailors and marines gathered at their appointed posts. The drum of the *Reindeer* responded to the challenge, and with her sails reduced to fighting trim, her guns run out, and every man ready, she came down upon the Yankee ship. On her forecastle she had rigged a light carronade, and coming up from behind, she five times discharged this pointblank into the American sloop; then in the light air the latter luffed round, firing her guns as they bore, and the two ships engaged yard-arm to yard-arm. The guns leaped and thundered as the grimy gunners hurled them out to fire and back again to load, working like demons. For a few minutes the cannonade was tremendous, and the men in the tops could hardly see the decks for the wreck of flying splinters. Then the vessels ground together, and through the open ports the rival gunners hewed, hacked, and thrust at one another, while the black smoke curled up from between the hulls. The English were suffering terribly. Captain Manners himself was wounded, and realizing that he was doomed to defeat unless by some desperate effort he could avert it, he gave the signal to board. At the call the boarders gathered, naked to the waist, black with powder and

spattered with blood, cutlass and pistol in hand. But the Americans were ready. Their marines were drawn up on deck, the pikemen stood behind the bulwarks, and the officers watched, cool and alert, every movement of the foe. Then the British sea-dogs tumbled aboard, only to perish by shot or steel. The combatants slashed and stabbed with savage fury, and the assailants were driven back. Manners sprang to their head to lead them again himself, when a ball fired by one of the sailors in the American tops crashed through his skull, and he fell, sword in hand, with his face to the foe, dying as honorable a death as ever a brave man died in fighting against odds for the flag of his country. As he fell the American officers passed the word to board. With wild cheers the fighting sailormen sprang forward, sweeping the wreck of the British force before them, and in a minute the *Reindeer* was in their possession. All of her officers, and nearly two-thirds of the crew, were killed or wounded; but they had proved themselves as skilful as they were brave, and twenty-six of the Americans had been killed or wounded.

The *Wasp* set fire to her prize, and after retiring to a French port to refit, came out again to cruise. For some time she met no antagonist of her own size with which to wage war, and she had to exercise the sharpest vigilance to escape capture. Late one September afternoon, when she could see ships of war all around her, she selected one which was isolated from the others, and decided to run alongside her and try to sink her after nightfall. Accordingly she set her sails in pursuit, and drew steadily toward her antagonist, a big eighteen-gun brig, the *Avon*, a ship more powerful than the *Reindeer*. The *Avon* kept signalling to two other British war-vessels which were in sight—one an eighteen-gun brig and

the other a twenty-gun ship; they were so close that the *Wasp* was afraid they would interfere before the combat could be ended. Nevertheless, Blakeley persevered, and made his attack with equal skill and daring. It was after dark when he ran alongside his opponent, and they began forthwith to exchange furious broadsides. As the ships plunged and wallowed in the seas, the Americans could see the clusters of topmen in the rigging of their opponent, but they knew nothing of the vessel's name or of her force, save only so far as they felt it. The firing was fast and furious, but the British shot with bad aim, while the skilled American gunners hulled their opponent at almost every discharge. In a very few minutes the *Avon* was in a sinking condition, and she struck her flag and cried for quarter, having lost forty or fifty men, while but three of the Americans had fallen. Before the *Wasp* could take possession of her opponent, however, the two war-vessels to which the *Avon* had been signalling came up. One of them fired at the *Wasp*, and as the latter could not fight two new foes, she ran off easily before the wind. Neither of her new antagonists followed her, devoting themselves to picking up the crew of the sinking *Avon*.

It would be hard to find a braver feat more skilfully performed than this; for Captain Blakeley, with hostile foes all round him, had closed with and sunk one antagonist not greatly his inferior in force, suffering hardly any loss himself, while two of her friends were coming to her help.

Both before and after this the *Wasp* cruised hither and thither making prizes. Once she came across a convoy of ships bearing arms and munitions to Wellington's army, under the care of a great two-decker. Hovering about, the swift sloop evaded the two-decker's

movements, and actually cut out and captured one of the transports she was guarding, making her escape unharmed. Then she sailed for the high seas. She made several other prizes, and on October 9 spoke a Swedish brig.

This was the last that was ever heard of the gallant *Wasp*. She never again appeared, and no trace of any of those aboard her was ever found. Whether she was wrecked on some desert coast, whether she foundered in some furious gale, or what befell her none ever knew. All that is certain is that she perished, and that all on board her met death in some one of the myriad forms in which it must always be faced by those who go down to the sea in ships; and when she sank there sank one of the most gallant ships of the American navy, with as brave a captain and crew as ever sailed from any port of the New World.

THE "GENERAL ARMSTRONG" PRIVATEER

We have fought such a fight for a day and a night
As may never be fought again!
We have won great glory, my men!
And a day less or more
At sea or ashore,
We die — does it matter when?

— *Tennyson.*

In the Revolution, and again in the War of 1812, the seas were covered by swift-sailing American privateers, which preyed on the British trade. The hardy seamen of the New England coast, and of New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore, turned readily from their adventurous careers in the whalers that followed the giants of the ocean in every sea and every clime, and from trading voyages to the uttermost parts of the earth, to go into the business of privateering, which was more remunerative, and not so very much more dangerous, than their ordinary pursuits. By the end of the War of 1812, in particular, the American privateers had won for themselves a formidable position on the ocean. The schooners, brigs, and brigantines in which the privateersmen sailed were beautifully modelled, and were among the fastest craft afloat. They were usually armed with one heavy gun, the "long tom," as it was called, arranged on a pivot forward or amidships, and with a few lighter pieces of cannon. They carried strong crews of well-armed men, and their commanders were veteran seamen, used to brave every danger from the elements or from man. So boldly did they prey on the

British commerce, that they infested even the Irish Sea and the British Channel, and increased many times the rate of insurance on vessels passing across those waters. They also often did battle with the regular men-of-war of the British, being favorite objects for attack by cutting-out parties from the British frigates and ships of the line, and also frequently encountering in fight the smaller sloops of war. Usually, in these contests, the privateersmen were worsted, for they had not the training which is obtained only in a regular service, and they were in no way to be compared to the little fleet of regular vessels which in this same war so gloriously upheld the honor of the American flag. Nevertheless, here and there a privateer commanded by an exceptionally brave and able captain, and manned by an unusually well-trained crew, performed some feat of arms which deserves to rank with anything ever performed by the regular navy. Such a feat was the defense of the brig *General Armstrong*, in the Portuguese port of Fayal, of the Azores, against an overwhelming British force.

The *General Armstrong* hailed from New York, and her captain was named Reid. She had a crew of ninety men, and was armed with one heavy thirty-two-pounder and six lighter guns. In December, 1814, she was lying in Fayal, a neutral port, when four British war-vessels, a ship of the line, a frigate and two brigs, hove into sight, and anchored off the mouth of the harbor. The port was neutral, but Portugal was friendly to England, and Reid knew well that the British would pay no respect to the neutrality laws if they thought that at the cost of their violation they could destroy the privateer. He immediately made every preparation to resist an attack. The privateer was anchored close to the shore. The boarding-nettings were got ready, and

were stretched to booms thrust outward from the brig's side, so as to check the boarders as they tried to climb over the bulwarks. The guns were loaded and cast loose, and the men went to quarters armed with muskets, boarding-pikes, and cutlasses.

On their side the British made ready to carry the privateer by boarding. The shoals rendered it impossible for the heavy ships to approach, and the lack of wind and the baffling currents also interfered for the moment with the movements of the sloops of war. Accordingly recourse was had to a cutting-out party, always a favorite device with the British seamen of that age, who were accustomed to carry French frigates by boarding, and to capture in their boats the heavy privateers and armed merchantmen, as well as the lighter war-vessels of France and Spain.

The British first attempted to get possession of the brig by surprise, sending out but four boats. These worked down near to the brig, under pretense of sounding, trying to get close enough to make a rush and board her. The privateersmen were on their guard, and warned the boats off; and after the warning had been repeated once or twice unheeded, they fired into them, killing and wounding several men. Upon this the boats promptly returned to the ships.

This first check greatly irritated the British captains, and they decided to repeat the experiment that night with a force which would render resistance vain. Accordingly, after it became dark, a dozen boats were sent from the liner and the frigate, manned by four hundred stalwart British seamen, and commanded by the captain of one of the brigs of war. Through the night they rowed straight toward the little privateer lying dark and motionless in the gloom. As before, the privateers-

men were ready for their foe, and when they came within range opened fire upon them, first with the long gun and then with the lighter cannon; but the British rowed on with steady strokes, for they were seamen accustomed to victory over every European foe, and danger had no terrors for them. With fierce hurrahs they dashed through the shot-riven smoke and grappled the brig; and the boarders rose, cutlass in hand, ready to spring over the bulwarks. A terrible struggle followed. The British hacked at the boarding-nets and strove to force their way through to the decks of the privateer, while the Americans stabbed the assailants with their long pikes and slashed at them with their cutlasses. The darkness was lit by the flashes of flame from the muskets and the cannon, and the air was rent by the oaths and shouts of the combatants, the heavy trampling on the decks, the groans of the wounded, the din of weapon meeting weapon, and all the savage tumult of a hand-to-hand fight. At the bow the British burst through the boarding-netting, and forced their way to the deck, killing or wounding all three of the lieutenants of the privateer; but when this had happened the boats had elsewhere been beaten back, and Reid, rallying his grim sea-dogs, led them forward with a rush, and the boarding party were all killed or tumbled into the sea. This put an end to the fight. In some of the boats none but killed and wounded men were left. The others drew slowly off, like crippled wild fowl, and disappeared in the darkness toward the British squadron. Half of the attacking force had been killed or wounded, while of the Americans but nine had fallen.

The British commodore and all his officers were maddened with anger and shame over the repulse, and were bent upon destroying the privateer at all costs. Next

day, after much exertion, one of the war brigs was warped into position to attack the American, but she first took her station at long range, so that her carronades were not as effective as the pivot-gun of the privateer; and so well was the latter handled, that the British brig was repeatedly hulled, and finally was actually driven off. A second attempt was made, however, and this time the sloop of war got so close that she could use her heavy carronades, which put the privateer completely at her mercy. Then Captain Reid abandoned his brig and sank her, first carrying ashore the guns, and marched inland with his men. They were not further molested; and, if they had lost their brig, they had at least made their foes pay dear for her destruction, for the British had lost twice as many men as there were in the whole hard-fighting crew of the American privateer.

THE BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS

The heavy fog of morning
  Still hid the plain from sight,
When came a thread of scarlet
  Marked faintly in the white.
We fired a single cannon,
  And as its thunders rolled,
The mist before us lifted
  In many a heavy fold.
The mist before us lifted,
  And in their bravery fine
Came rushing to their ruin
  The fearless British line.

— *Thomas Dunn English.*

When, in 1814, Napoleon was overthrown and forced to retire to Elba, the British troops that had followed Wellington into southern France were left free for use against the Americans. A great expedition was organized to attack and capture New Orleans, and at its head was placed General Pakenham, the brilliant commander of the column that delivered the fatal blow at Salamanca. In December a fleet of British war-ships and transports, carrying thousands of victorious veterans from the Peninsula, and manned by sailors who had grown old in a quarter of a century's triumphant ocean warfare, anchored off the broad lagoons of the Mississippi delta. The few American gunboats were carried after a desperate hand-to-hand struggle, the troops were landed, and on December 23 the advance-guard of two thousand men reached the banks of the Mississippi, but ten miles below New Orleans, and there camped for the night.

It seemed as if nothing could save the Creole City from foes who had shown, in the storming of many a Spanish walled town, that they were as ruthless in victory as they were terrible in battle. There were no forts to protect the place, and the militia were ill armed and ill trained. But the hour found the man. On the afternoon of the very day when the British reached the banks of the river the vanguard of Andrew Jackson's Tennesseeans marched into New Orleans. Clad in hunting-shirts of buckskin or homespun, wearing wolf-skin and coonskin caps, and carrying their long rifles on their shoulders, the wild soldiery of the backwoods tramped into the little French town. They were tall men, with sinewy frames and piercing eyes. Under "Old Hickory's" lead they had won the bloody battle of the Horseshoe Bend against the Creeks; they had driven the Spaniards from Pensacola; and now they were eager to pit themselves against the most renowned troops of all Europe.

Jackson acted with his usual fiery, hasty decision. It was absolutely necessary to get time in which to throw up some kind of breastworks or defenses for the city, and he at once resolved on a night attack against the British. As for the British, they had no thought of being molested. They did not dream of an assault from inferior numbers of undisciplined and ill-armed militia, who did not possess so much as bayonets to their guns. They kindled fires along the levees, ate their supper, and then, as the evening fell, noticed a big schooner drop down the river in ghostly silence and bring up opposite to them. The soldiers flocked to the shore, challenging the stranger, and finally fired one or two shots at her. Then suddenly a rough voice was heard, "Now give it to them, for the honor of America!" and a shower

of shell and grape fell on the British, driving them off the levee. The stranger was an American man-of-war schooner. The British brought up artillery to drive her off, but before they succeeded Jackson's land troops burst upon them, and a fierce, indecisive struggle followed. In the night all order was speedily lost, and the two sides fought singly or in groups in the utmost confusion. Finally a fog came up and the combatants separated. Jackson drew off four or five miles and camped.

The British had been so roughly handled that they were unable to advance for three or four days, until the entire army came up. When they did advance, it was only to find that Jackson had made good use of the time he had gained by his daring assault. He had thrown up breastworks of mud and logs from the swamp to the river. At first the British tried to batter down these breastworks with their cannon, for they had many more guns than the Americans. A terrible artillery duel followed. For an hour or two the result seemed in doubt; but the American gunners showed themselves to be far more skilful than their antagonists, and gradually getting the upper hand, they finally silenced every piece of British artillery. The Americans had used cotton bales in the embrasures, and the British hogsheads of sugar; but neither worked well, for the cotton caught fire and the sugar hogsheads were ripped and splintered by the round shot, so that both were abandoned. By the use of red-hot shot the British succeeded in setting on fire the American schooner which had caused them such annoyance on the evening of the night attack; but she had served her purpose, and her destruction caused little anxiety to Jackson.

Having failed in his effort to batter down the American breastworks, and the British artillery having been

fairly worsted by the American, Pakenham decided to try open assault. He had ten thousand regular troops, while Jackson had under him but little over five thousand men, who were trained only as he had himself trained them in his Indian campaigns. Not a fourth of them carried bayonets. Both Pakenham and the troops under him were fresh from victories won over the most renowned marshals of Napoleon, and over soldiers that had proved themselves on a hundred stricken fields the masters of all others in Continental Europe. At Toulouse they had driven Marshal Soult from a position infinitely stronger than that held by Jackson, and yet Soult had under him a veteran army. At Badajoz, Ciudad Rodrigo, and San Sebastian they had carried by open assault fortified towns whose strength made the intrenchments of the Americans seem like the mud walls built by children, though these towns were held by the best soldiers of France. With such troops to follow him, and with such victories behind him in the past, it did not seem possible to Pakenham that the assault of the terrible British infantry could be successfully met by rough backwoods riflemen fighting under a general as wild and untrained as themselves.

He decreed that the assault should take place on the morning of the 8th. Throughout the previous night the American officers were on the alert, for they could hear the rumbling of artillery in the British camp, the muffled tread of the battalions as they were marched to their points in the line, and all the smothered din of the preparation for assault. Long before dawn the riflemen were awake and drawn up behind the mud walls, where they lolled at ease, or, leaning on their long rifles, peered out through the fog toward the camp of their foes. At last the sun rose and the fog lifted, showing the scarlet ar-

ray of the splendid British infantry. As soon as the air was clear Pakenham gave the word, and the heavy columns of red-coated grenadiers and kilted Highlanders moved steadily forward. From the American breastworks the great guns opened, but not a rifle cracked. Three-fourths of the distance was covered, and the eager soldiers broke into a run; then sheets of flame burst from the breastworks in their front as the wild riflemen of the backwoods rose and fired, line upon line. Under the sweeping hail the head of the British advance was shattered, and the whole column stopped. Then it surged forward again, almost to the foot of the breastworks; but not a man lived to reach them, and in a moment more the troops broke and ran back. Mad with shame and rage, Pakenham rode among them to rally and lead them forward, and the officers sprang around him, smiting the fugitives with their swords and cheering on the men who stood. For a moment the troops halted, and again came forward to the charge; but again they were met by a hail of bullets from the backwoods rifles. One shot struck Pakenham himself. He reeled and fell from the saddle, and was carried off the field. The second and third in command fell also, and then all attempts at further advance were abandoned, and the British troops ran back to their lines. Another assault had meanwhile been made by a column close to the river, the charging soldiers rushing to the top of the breastworks; but they were all killed or driven back. A body of troops had also been sent across the river, where they routed a small detachment of Kentucky militia; but they were, of course, recalled when the main assault failed.

At last the men who had conquered the conquerors of Europe had themselves met defeat. Andrew Jack-

son and his rough riflemen had worsted, in fair fight, a far larger force of the best of Wellington's veterans, and had accomplished what no French marshal and no French troops had been able to accomplish throughout the long war in the Spanish peninsula. For a week the sullen British lay in their lines; then, abandoning their heavy artillery, they marched back to the ships and sailed for Europe.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS AND THE RIGHT OF PETITION

He rests with the immortals; his journey has been long:
For him no wail of sorrow, but a pæan full and strong!
So well and bravely has he done the work he found to do,
To justice, freedom, duty, God, and man forever true.
— *Whittier.*

THE lot of ex-Presidents of the United States, as a rule, has been a life of extreme retirement, but to this rule there is one marked exception. When John Quincy Adams left the White House in March, 1829, it must have seemed as if public life could hold nothing more for him. He had had everything apparently that an American statesman could hope for. He had been minister to Holland and Prussia, to Russia and England. He had been a senator of the United States, secretary of state for eight years, and finally President. Yet, notwithstanding all this, the greatest part of his career, and his noblest service to his country, were still before him when he gave up the presidency.

In the following year (1830) he was told that he might be elected to the House of Representatives, and the gentleman who made the proposition ventured to say that he thought an ex-President, by taking such a position, "instead of degrading the individual would elevate the representative character." Mr. Adams replied that he had "in that respect no scruples whatever. No person can be degraded by serving the people as Representative in Congress, nor, in my opinion, would an ex-President of the United States be degraded by serv-

ing as a selectman of his town if elected thereto by the people." A few weeks later he was chosen to the House, and the district continued to send him every two years from that time until his death. He did much excellent work in the House, and was conspicuous in more than one memorable scene; but here it is possible to touch on only a single point, where he came forward as the champion of a great principle, and fought a battle for the right which will always be remembered among the great deeds of American public men.

Soon after Mr. Adams took his seat in Congress, the movement for the abolition of slavery was begun by a few obscure agitators. It did not at first attract much attention, but as it went on it gradually exasperated the overbearing temper of the Southern slaveholders. One fruit of this agitation was the appearance of petitions for the abolition of slavery in the House of Representatives. A few were presented by Mr. Adams without attracting much notice; but as the petitions multiplied, the Southern representatives became aroused. They assailed Mr. Adams for presenting them, and finally passed what was known as the gag rule, which prevented the reception of these petitions by the House. Against this rule Mr. Adams protested, in the midst of the loud shouts of the Southerners, as a violation of his constitutional rights. But the tyranny of slavery at that time was so complete that the rule was adopted and enforced, and the slaveholders undertook in this way to suppress free speech in the House, just as they also undertook to prevent the transmission through the mails of any writings adverse to slavery. With the wisdom of a statesman and a man of affairs, Mr. Adams addressed himself to the one practical point of the contest. He did not enter upon a discussion of slavery or of

its abolition, but turned his whole force toward the vindication of the right of petition. On every petition day he would offer, in constantly increasing numbers, petitions which came to him from all parts of the country for the abolition of slavery, in this way driving the Southern representatives almost to madness, despite their rule which prevented the reception of such documents when offered. Their hatred of Mr. Adams is something difficult to conceive, and they were burning to break him down, and, if possible, drive him from the House. On February 6, 1837, after presenting the usual petitions, Mr. Adams offered one upon which he said he should like the judgment of the Speaker as to its propriety, inasmuch as it was a petition from slaves. In a moment the House was in a tumult, and loud cries of "Expel him!" "Expel him!" rose in all directions. One resolution after another was offered looking toward his expulsion or censure, and it was not until February 9, three days later, that he was able to take the floor in his own defense. His speech was a masterpiece of argument, invective, and sarcasm. He showed, among other things, that he had not offered the petition, but had only asked the opinion of the Speaker upon it, and that the petition itself prayed that slavery should not be abolished. When he closed his speech, which was quite as savage as any made against him, and infinitely abler, no one desired to reply, and the idea of censuring him was dropped.

The greatest struggle, however, came five years later, when, on January 21, 1842, Mr. Adams presented the petition of certain citizens of Haverhill, Mass., praying for the dissolution of the Union on account of slavery. His enemies felt that now, at last, he had delivered himself into their hands. Again arose the cry for his ex-

pulsion, and again vituperation was poured out upon him, and resolutions to expel him freely introduced. When he got the floor to speak in his own defense, he faced an excited House, almost unanimously hostile to him, and possessing, as he well knew, both the will and the power to drive him from its walls. But there was no wavering in Mr. Adams. "If they say they will try me," he said, "they must try me. If they say they will punish me, they must punish me. But if they say that in peace and mercy they will spare me expulsion, I disdain and cast away their mercy, and I ask if they will come to such a trial and expel me. I defy them. I have constituents to go to, and they will have something to say if this House expels me, nor will it be long before the gentlemen will see me here again." The fight went on for nearly a fortnight, and on February 7 the whole subject was finally laid on the table. The sturdy, dogged fighter, single-handed and alone, had beaten all the forces of the South and of slavery. No more memorable fight has ever been made by one man in a parliamentary body, and after this decisive struggle the tide began to turn. Every year Mr. Adams renewed his motion to strike out the gag rule, and forced it to a vote. Gradually the majority against it dwindled, until at last, on December 3, 1844, his motion prevailed. Freedom of speech had been vindicated in the American House of Representatives, the right of petition had been won, and the first great blow against the slave power had been struck.

Four years later Mr. Adams fell, stricken with paralysis, at his place in the House, and a few hours afterward, with the words, "This is the last of earth; I am content," upon his lips, he sank into unconsciousness and died. It was a fit end to a great public career. His

fight for the right of petition is one to be studied and remembered, and Mr. Adams made it practically alone. The slaveholders of the South and the representatives of the North were alike against him. Against him, too, as his biographer, Mr. Morse, says, was the class in Boston to which he naturally belonged by birth and education. He had to encounter the bitter resistance in his own set of the "conscienceless respectability of wealth," but the great body of the New England people were with him, as were the voters of his own district. He was an old man, with the physical infirmities of age. His eyes were weak and streaming; his hands were trembling; his voice cracked in moments of excitement; yet in that age of oratory, in the days of Webster and Clay, he was known as the "old man eloquent." It was what he said, more than the way he said it, which told. His vigorous mind never worked more surely and clearly than when he stood alone in the midst of an angry House, the target of their hatred and abuse. His arguments were strong, and his large knowledge and wide experience supplied him with every weapon for defense and attack. Beneath the lash of his invective and his sarcasm the hottest of the slaveholders cowered away. He set his back against a great principle. He never retreated an inch, he never yielded, he never conciliated, he was always an assailant, and no man and no body of men had the power to turn him. He had his dark hours, he felt bitterly the isolation of his position, but he never swerved. He had good right to set down in his diary, when the gag rule was repealed: "Blessed, forever blessed, be the name of God."

FRANCIS PARKMAN

(1822–93)

He told the red man's story; far and wide
  He searched the unwritten annals of his race;
He sat a listener at the Sachem's side,
  He tracked the hunter through his wild-wood chase.

High o'er his head the soaring eagle screamed;
  The wolf's long howl rang nightly; through the vale
Tramped the lone bear; the panther's eyeballs gleamed;
  The bison's gallop thundered on the gale.

Soon o'er the horizon rose the cloud of strife,
  Two proud, strong nations battling for the prize:
Which swarming host should mould a nation's life;
  Which royal banner flout the western skies.

Long raged the conflict; on the crimson sod
  Native and alien joined their hosts in vain;
The lilies withered where the lion trod,
  Till Peace lay panting on the ravaged plain.

A nobler task was theirs who strove to win
  The blood-stained heathen to the Christian fold;
To free from Satan's clutch the slaves of sin;
  These labors, too, with loving grace he told.

Halting with feeble step, or bending o'er
  The sweet-breathed roses which he loved so well,
While through long years his burdening cross he bore,
  From those firm lips no coward accents fell.

A brave bright memory! His the stainless shield
  No shame defaces and no envy mars!
When our far future's record is unsealed,
  His name will shine among its morning stars. —*Holmes.*

THE stories in this volume deal, for the most part, with single actions, generally with deeds of war and

feats of arms. In this one I desire to give if possible the impression, for it can be no more than an impression, of a life which in its conflicts and its victories manifested throughout heroic qualities. Such qualities can be shown in many ways, and the field of battle is only one of the fields of human endeavor where heroism can be displayed.

Francis Parkman was born in Boston on September 16, 1823. He came of a well-known family, and was of a good Puritan stock. He was rather a delicate boy, with an extremely active mind and of a highly sensitive, nervous organization. Into everything that attracted him he threw himself with feverish energy. His first passion, when he was only about twelve years old, was for chemistry, and his eager boyish experiments in this direction were undoubtedly injurious to his health. The interest in chemistry was succeeded by a passion for the woods and the wilderness, and out of this came the longing to write the history of the men of the wilderness, and of the great struggle between France and England for the control of the North American continent. All through his college career this desire was with him, and while in secret he was reading widely to prepare himself for his task, he also spent a great deal of time in the forests and on the mountains. To quote his own words, he was "fond of hardships, and he was vain of enduring them, cherishing a sovereign scorn for every physical weakness or defect; but deceived, moreover, by the rapid development of frame and sinew, which flattered him into the belief that discipline sufficiently unsparing would harden him into an athlete, he slighted the precautions of a more reasonable woodcraft, tired old foresters with long marches, stopped neither for heat nor for rain, and slept on the earth without blan-

kets." The result was that his intense energy carried him beyond his strength, and while his muscles strengthened and hardened, his sensitive nervous organization began to give way. It was not merely because he led an active outdoor life. He himself protests against any such conclusion, and says that "if any pale student glued to his desk here seek an apology for a way of life whose natural fruit is that pallid and emasculate scholarship, of which New England has had too many examples, it will be far better that this sketch had not been written. For the student there is, in its season, no better place than the saddle, and no better companion than the rifle or the oar."

The evil that was done was due to Parkman's highly irritable organism, which spurred him to excess in everything he undertook. The first special sign of the mischief he was doing to himself and his health appeared in a weakness of sight. It was essential to his plan of historical work to study not only books and records but Indian life from the inside. Therefore, having graduated from college and the law school, he felt that the time had come for this investigation, which would enable him to gather material for his history and at the same time to rest his eyes. He went to the Rocky Mountains, and after great hardships, living in the saddle, as he said, with weakness and pain, he joined a band of Ogallalla Indians. With them he remained despite his physical suffering, and from them he learned, as he could not have learned in any other way, what Indian life really was.

The immediate result of the journey was his first book, instinct with the freshness and wildness of the mountains and the prairies, and called by him "The Oregon Trail." Unfortunately, the book was not the

only outcome. The illness incurred during his journey from fatigue and exposure was followed by other disorders. The light of the sun became insupportable, and his nervous system was entirely deranged. His sight was now so impaired that he was almost blind, and could neither read nor write. It was a terrible prospect for a brilliant and ambitious man, but Parkman faced it unflinchingly. He devised a frame by which he could write with closed eyes, and books and manuscripts were read to him. In this way he began the history of "The Conspiracy of Pontiac," and for the first half-year the rate of composition covered about six lines a day. His courage was rewarded by an improvement in his health, and a little more quiet in nerves and brain. In two and a half years he managed to complete the book.

He then entered upon his great subject of "France in the New World." The material was mostly in manuscript, and had to be examined, gathered, and selected in Europe and in Canada. He could not read, he could write only a very little and that with difficulty, and yet he pressed on. He slowly collected his material and digested and arranged it, using the eyes of others to do that which he could not do himself, and always on the verge of a complete breakdown of mind and body. In 1851 he had an effusion of water on the left knee, which stopped his outdoor exercise, on which he had always largely depended. All the irritability of the system then centred in the head, resulting in intense pain and in a restless and devouring activity of thought. He himself says: "The whirl, the confusion, and strange, undefined tortures attending this condition are only to be conceived by one who has felt them." The resources of surgery and medicine were exhausted in vain. The trouble in the head and eyes constantly recurred. In

1858 there came a period when for four years he was incapable of the slightest mental application, and the attacks varied in duration from four hours to as many months. When the pressure was lightened a little he went back to his work. When work was impossible, he turned to horticulture, grew roses, and wrote a book about the cultivation of those flowers which is a standard authority.

As he grew older the attacks moderated, although they never departed. Sleeplessness pursued him always, the slightest excitement would deprive him of the power of exertion, his sight was always sensitive, and at times he was bordering on blindness. In this hard-pressed way he fought the battle of life. He says himself that his books took four times as long to prepare and write as if he had been strong and able to use his faculties. That this should have been the case is little wonder, for those books came into being with failing sight and shattered nerves, with sleeplessness and pain, and the menace of insanity ever hanging over the brave man who, nevertheless, carried them through to an end.

Yet the result of those fifty years, even in amount, is a noble one, and would have been great achievement for a man who had never known a sick day. In quality, and subject, and method of narration, they leave little to be desired. There, in Parkman's volumes, is told vividly, strongly, and truthfully, the history of the great struggle between France and England for the mastery of the North American continent, one of the most important events of modern times. This is not the place to give any critical estimate of Mr. Parkman's work. It is enough to say that it stands in the front rank. It is a great contribution to history, and a still greater gift to the literature of this country. All Americans cer-

tainly should read the volumes in which Parkman has told that wonderful story of hardship and adventure, of fighting and of statesmanship, which gave this great continent to the English race and the English speech. But better than the literature or the history is the heroic spirit of the man, which triumphed over pain and all other physical obstacles, and brought a work of such value to his country and his time into existence. There is a great lesson as well as a lofty example in such a career, and in the service which such a man rendered by his life and work to literature and to his country. On the tomb of the conqueror of Quebec it is written: "Here lies Wolfe victorious." The same epitaph might with entire justice be carved above the grave of Wolfe's historian.

"REMEMBER THE ALAMO"

The muffled drum's sad roll has beat
  The soldier's last tattoo;
No more on life's parade shall meet
  That brave and fallen few.
On fame's eternal camping-ground
  Their silent tents are spread,
And glory guards with solemn round
  The bivouac of the dead.

. . . . . .

The neighing troop, the flashing blade,
  The bugle's stirring blast,
The charge, the dreadful cannonade,
  The din and shout are past;
Nor war's wild note, nor glory's peal
  Shall thrill with fierce delight
Those breasts that never more may feel
  The rapture of the fight.

— *Theodore O'Hara.*

"THERMOPYLÆ had its messengers of death, but the Alamo had none." These were the words with which a United States senator referred to one of the most resolute and effective fights ever waged by brave men against overwhelming odds in the face of certain death.

Soon after the close of the second war with Great Britain, parties of American settlers began to press forward into the rich, sparsely settled Territory of Texas, then a portion of Mexico. At first these immigrants were well received, but the Mexicans speedily grew jealous of them, and oppressed them in various ways. In consequence, when the settlers felt themselves strong enough, they revolted against Mexican rule, and declared Texas to be an independent republic. Immediately Santa Anna, the Dictator of Mexico, gathered

a large army, and invaded Texas. The slender forces of the settlers were unable to meet his hosts. They were pressed back by the Mexicans, and dreadful atrocities were committed by Santa Anna and his lieutenants.

In the United States there was great enthusiasm for the struggling Texans, and many bold backwoodsmen and Indian fighters swarmed to their help. Among them the two most famous were Sam Houston and David Crockett. Houston was the younger man, and had already led an extraordinary and varied career. When a mere lad he had run away from home and joined the Cherokees, living among them for some years; then he returned home. He had fought under Andrew Jackson in his campaigns against the Creeks, and had been severely wounded at the battle of the Horseshoe Bend. He had risen to the highest political honors in his State, becoming governor of Tennessee; and then suddenly, in a fit of moody longing for the life of the wilderness, he gave up his governorship, left the State, and crossed the Mississippi, going to join his old comrades, the Cherokees, in their new home along the waters of the Arkansas. Here he dressed, lived, fought, hunted, and drank precisely like any Indian, becoming one of the chiefs.

David Crockett was born soon after the Revolutionary War. He, too, had taken part under Jackson in the campaigns against the Creeks, and had afterward become a man of mark in Tennessee, and gone to Congress as a Whig; but he had quarrelled with Jackson, and been beaten for Congress, and in his disgust he left the State and decided to join the Texans. He was the most famous rifle-shot in all the United States, and the most successful hunter, so that his skill was a proverb all along the border.

David Crockett journeyed South, by boat and horse, making his way steadily toward the distant plains where the Texans were waging their life-and-death fight. Texas was a wild place in those days, and the old hunter had more than one hair-breadth escape from Indians, desperadoes, and savage beasts, ere he got to the neighborhood of San Antonio, and joined another adventurer, a bee-hunter, bent on the same errand as himself. The two had been in ignorance of exactly what the situation in Texas was; but they soon found that the Mexican army was marching toward San Antonio, whither they were going. Near the town was an old Spanish fort, the Alamo, in which the hundred and fifty American defenders of the place had gathered. Santa Anna had four thousand troops with him. The Alamo was a mere shell, utterly unable to withstand either a bombardment or a regular assault. It was evident, therefore, that those within it would be in the utmost jeopardy if the place were seriously assaulted, but old Crockett and his companion never wavered. They were fearless and resolute, and masters of woodcraft, and they managed to slip through the Mexican lines and join the defenders within the walls. The bravest, the hardiest, the most reckless men of the border were there; among them were Colonel Travis, the commander of the fort, and Bowie, the inventor of the famous bowie-knife. They were a wild and ill-disciplined band, little used to restraint or control, but they were men of iron courage and great bodily powers, skilled in the use of their weapons, and ready to meet with stern and uncomplaining indifference whatever doom fate might have in store for them.

Soon Santa Anna approached with his army, took possession of the town, and besieged the fort. The defenders knew there was scarcely a chance of rescue, and

that it was hopeless to expect that one hundred and fifty men, behind defenses so weak, could beat off four thousand trained soldiers, well armed and provided with heavy artillery; but they had no idea of flinching, and made a desperate defense. The days went by, and no help came, while Santa Anna got ready his lines, and began a furious cannonade. His gunners were unskilled, however, and he had to serve the guns from a distance; for when they were pushed nearer, the American riflemen crept forward under cover, and picked off the artillerymen. Old Crockett thus killed five men at one gun. But, by degrees, the bombardment told. The walls of the Alamo were battered and riddled; and when they had been breached so as to afford no obstacle to the rush of his soldiers, Santa Anna commanded that they be stormed.

The storm took place on March 6, 1836. The Mexican troops came on well and steadily, breaking through the outer defenses at every point, for the lines were too long to be manned by the few Americans. The frontiersmen then retreated to the inner building, and a desperate hand-to-hand conflict followed, the Mexicans thronging in, shooting the Americans with their muskets, and thrusting at them with lance and bayonet, while the Americans, after firing their long rifles, clubbed them, and fought desperately, one against many; and they also used their bowie-knives and revolvers with deadly effect. The fight reeled to and fro between the shattered walls, each American the centre of a group of foes; but, for all their strength and their wild fighting courage, the defenders were too few, and the struggle could have but one end. One by one the tall riflemen succumbed, after repeated thrusts with bayonet and lance, until but three or four were left.

Colonel Travis, the commander, was among them; and so was Bowie, who was sick and weak from a wasting disease, but who rallied all his strength to die fighting, and who, in the final struggle, slew several Mexicans with his revolver, and with his big knife, of the kind to which he had given his name. Then these fell too, and the last man stood at bay. It was old Davy Crockett. Wounded in a dozen places, he faced his foes with his back to the wall, ringed around by the bodies of the men he had slain. So desperate was the fight he waged, that the Mexicans who thronged round about him were beaten back for the moment, and no one dared to run in upon him. Accordingly, while the lancers held him where he was, for, weakened by wounds and loss of blood, he could not break through them, the musketeers loaded their carbines and shot him down. Santa Anna declined to give him mercy. Some say that when Crockett fell from his wounds, he was taken alive, and was then shot by Santa Anna's order; but his fate cannot be told with certainty, for not a single American was left alive. At any rate, after Crockett fell the fight was over. Every one of the hardy men who had held the Alamo lay still in death. Yet they died well avenged, for four times their number fell at their hands in the battle.

Santa Anna had but a short while in which to exult over his bloody and hard-won victory. Already a rider from the rolling Texas plains, going north through the Indian Territory, had told Houston that the Texans were up and were striving for their liberty. At once in Houston's mind there kindled a longing to return to the men of his race at the time of their need. Mounting his horse, he rode south by night and day, and was hailed by the Texans as a heaven-sent leader. He took com-

mand of their forces, eleven hundred stark riflemen, and at the battle of San Jacinto, he and his men charged the Mexican hosts with the cry of "Remember the Alamo." Almost immediately, the Mexicans were overthrown with terrible slaughter; Santa Anna himself was captured, and the freedom of Texas was won at a blow.

HAMPTON ROADS

Then far away to the south uprose
  A little feather of snow-white smoke,
And we knew that the iron ship of our foes
    Was steadily steering its course
    To try the force
  Of our ribs of oak.

Down upon us heavily runs,
  Silent and sullen, the floating fort;
Then comes a puff of smoke from her guns,
    And leaps the terrible death,
    With fiery breath,
  From her open port.

. . . . . .

Ho! brave hearts, that went down in the seas!
  Ye are at peace in the troubled stream;
Ho! brave land! with hearts like these,
    Thy flag, that is rent in twain,
    Shall be one again,
  And without a seam!

— *Longfellow.*

The naval battles of the Civil War possess an immense importance, because they mark the line of cleavage between naval warfare under the old, and naval warfare under the new, conditions. The ships with which Hull and Decatur and McDonough won glory in the War of 1812 were essentially like those with which Drake and Hawkins and Frobisher had harried the Spanish armadas two centuries and a half earlier. They were wooden sailing vessels, carrying many guns mounted in broadside, like those of De Ruyter and Tromp, of Blake and Nelson. Throughout this period

all the great admirals, all the famous single-ship fighters —whose skill reached its highest expression in our own navy during the War of 1812—commanded craft built and armed in a substantially similar manner, and fought with the same weapons and under much the same conditions. But in the Civil War weapons and methods were introduced which caused a revolution greater even than that which divided the sailing ship from the galley. The use of steam, the casing of ships in iron armor, and the employment of the torpedo, the ram, and the gun of high power, produced such radically new types that the old ships of the line became at one stroke as antiquated as the galleys of Hamilcar or Alcibiades. Some of these new engines of destruction were invented, and all were for the first time tried in actual combat, during our own Civil War. The first occasion on which any of the new methods were thoroughly tested was attended by incidents which made it one of the most striking of naval battles.

In Chesapeake Bay, near Hampton Roads, the United States had collected a fleet of wooden ships; some of them old-style sailing vessels, others steamers. The Confederates were known to be building a great iron-clad ram, and the wooden vessels were eagerly watching for her appearance when she should come out of Gosport Harbor. Her powers and capacity were utterly unknown. She was made out of the former United States steam-frigate *Merrimac*, cut down so as to make her fore and aft decks nearly flat, and not much above the water, while the guns were mounted in a covered central battery, with sloping flanks. Her sides, deck, and battery were coated with iron, and she was armed with formidable rifle-guns, and, most important of all,

with a steel ram thrust out under water forward from her bow. She was commanded by a gallant and efficient officer, Captain Buchanan.

It was March 8, 1862, when the ram at last made her appearance within sight of the Union fleet. The day was calm and very clear, so that the throngs of spectators on shore could see every feature of the battle. With the great ram came three light gunboats, all of which took part in the action, harassing the vessels which she assailed; but they were not factors of importance in the fight. On the Union side the vessels nearest were the sailing ships *Cumberland* and *Congress*, and the steam-frigate *Minnesota*. The *Congress* and *Cumberland* were anchored not far from each other; the *Minnesota* got aground, and was some distance off. Owing to the currents and shoals and the lack of wind, no other vessel was able to get up in time to take a part in the fight.

As soon as the ram appeared, out of the harbor, she turned and steamed toward the *Congress* and the *Cumberland*, the black smoke rising from her funnels, and the great ripples running from each side of her iron prow as she drove steadily through the still waters. On board of the *Congress* and *Cumberland* there was eager anticipation, but not a particle of fear. The officers in command, Captain Smith and Lieutenant Morris, were two of the most gallant men in a service where gallantry has always been too common to need special comment. The crews were composed of veterans, well trained, self-confident, and proud beyond measure of the flag whose honor they upheld. The guns were run out, and the men stood at quarters, while the officers eagerly conned the approaching ironclad. The *Congress* was the first to open fire; and, as her volleys flew, the men on the *Cumberland* were astounded to see the cannon-shot

bound off the sloping sides of the ram as hailstones bound from a window-pane. The ram answered, and her rifle-shells tore the sides of the *Congress;* but for her first victim she aimed at the *Cumberland*, and, firing her bow guns, came straight as an arrow at the little sloop of war, which lay broadside to her.

It was an absolutely hopeless struggle. The *Cumberland* was a sailing ship, at anchor, with wooden sides, and a battery of light guns. Against the formidable steam ironclad, with her heavy rifles and steel ram, she was as powerless as if she had been a rowboat; and from the moment the men saw the cannon-shot bound from the ram's sides they knew they were doomed. But none of them flinched. Once and again they fired their guns full against the approaching ram, and in response received a few shells from the great bow rifles of the latter. Then, forging ahead, the *Merrimac* struck her antagonist with her steel prow, and the sloop of war reeled and shuddered, and through the great rent in her side the black water rushed. She foundered in a few minutes; but her crew fought her to the last, cheering as they ran out the guns, and sending shot after shot against the ram as the latter backed off after delivering her blow. The rush of the water soon swamped the lower decks, but the men above continued to serve their guns until the upper deck also was awash, and the vessel had not ten seconds of life left. Then, with her flags flying, her men cheering, and her guns firing, the *Cumberland* sank. It was shallow where she settled down, so that her masts remained above the water. The glorious flag for which the brave men aboard her had died flew proudly in the wind all that day, while the fight went on, and throughout the night; and next morning it was still streaming over the beautiful bay, to

mark the resting-place of as gallant a vessel as ever sailed or fought on the high seas.

After the *Cumberland* sank, the ram turned her attention to the *Congress*. Finding it difficult to get to her in the shoal water, she began to knock her to pieces with her great rifle-guns. The unequal fight between the ironclad and the wooden ship lasted for perhaps half an hour. By that time the commander of the *Congress* had been killed, and her decks looked like a slaughter-house. She was utterly unable to make any impression on her foe, and finally she took fire and blew up. The *Minnesota* was the third victim marked for destruction, and the *Merrimac* began the attack upon her at once; but it was getting very late, and as the water was shoal and she could not get close, the ram finally drew back to her anchorage, to wait until next day before renewing and completing her work of destruction.

All that night there was the wildest exultation among the Confederates, while the gloom and panic of the Union men cannot be described. It was evident that the United States ships of war were as helpless as cockle-shells against their ironclad foe, and there was no question but that she could destroy the whole fleet with ease and with absolute impunity. This meant not only the breaking of the blockade, but the sweeping away at one blow of the North's naval supremacy, which was indispensable to the success of the war for the Union. It is small wonder that during that night the wisest and bravest should have almost despaired.

But in the hour of the nation's greatest need a champion suddenly appeared, in time to play the last scene in this great drama of sea warfare. The North, too, had been trying its hand at building ironclads. The most successful of them was the little *Monitor*, a flat-

decked, low, turreted ironclad, armed with a couple of heavy guns. She was the first experiment of her kind, and her absolutely flat surface, nearly level with the water, her revolving turret, and her utter unlikeness to any pre-existing naval type, had made her an object of mirth among most practical seamen; but her inventor, Ericsson, was not disheartened in the least by the jeers. Under the command of a gallant naval officer, Captain Worden, she was sent South from New York, and though she almost foundered in a gale she managed to weather it, and reached the scene of the battle at Hampton Roads at the moment when her presence was all-important.

Early the following morning the *Merrimac*, now under Captain Jones (for Buchanan had been wounded), again steamed forth to take up the work she had so well begun and to destroy the Union fleet. She steered straight for the *Minnesota;* but when she was almost there, to her astonishment a strange-looking little craft advanced from the side of the big wooden frigate and boldly barred the *Merrimac's* path. For a moment the Confederates could hardly believe their eyes. The *Monitor* was tiny, compared to their ship, for she was not one-fifth the size, and her queer appearance made them look at their new foe with contempt; but the first shock of battle did away with this feeling. The *Merrimac* turned on her foe her rifle-guns, intending to blow her out of the water, but the shot glanced from the thick iron turret of the *Monitor*. Then the *Monitor's* guns opened fire, and as the great balls struck the sides of the ram her plates started and her timbers gave. Had the *Monitor* been such a vessel as those of her type produced later in the war, the ram would have been sunk then and there; but as it was her shot were not quite

heavy enough to pierce the iron walls. Around and around the two strange combatants hovered, their guns bellowing without cessation, while the men on the frigates and on shore watched the result with breathless interest. Neither the *Merrimac* nor the *Monitor* could dispose of its antagonist. The ram's guns could not damage the turret, and the *Monitor* was able dexterously to avoid the stroke of the formidable prow. On the other hand, the shot of the *Monitor* could not penetrate the *Merrimac's* tough sides. Accordingly, fierce though the struggle was, and much though there was that hinged on it, it was not bloody in character. The *Merrimac* could neither destroy nor evade the *Monitor*. She could not sink her when she tried to, and when she abandoned her and turned to attack one of the other wooden vessels, the little turreted ship was thrown across her path, so that the fight had to be renewed. Both sides grew thoroughly exhausted, and finally the battle ceased by mutual consent.

Nothing more could be done. The ram was badly damaged, and there was no help for her save to put back to the port whence she had come. Twice afterward she came out, but neither time did she come near enough to the *Monitor* to attack her, and the latter could not move off where she would cease to protect the wooden vessels. The ram was ultimately blown up by the Confederates on the advance of the Union army.

Tactically, the fight was a drawn battle—neither ship being able to damage the other, and both ships being fought to a standstill; but the moral and material effects were wholly in favor of the *Monitor*. Her victory was hailed with exultant joy throughout the whole Union, and exercised a correspondingly depressing effect in the Confederacy; while every naval man throughout the

world, who possessed eyes to see, saw that the fight in Hampton Roads had inaugurated a new era in ocean warfare, and that the *Monitor* and *Merrimac*, which had waged so gallant and so terrible a battle, were the first ships of the new era, and that as such their names would be forever famous.

THE FLAG-BEARER

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift sword;
His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I can read his righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps;
His day is marching on.

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never beat retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before his judgment seat;
Oh! be swift, my soul, to answer him! be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.

—*Julia Ward Howe.*

In no war since the close of the great Napoleonic struggles has the fighting been so obstinate and bloody as in the Civil War. Much has been said in song and story of the resolute courage of the Guards at Inkerman, of the charge of the Light Brigade, and of the terrible fighting and loss of the German armies at Mars La Tour and Gravelotte. The praise bestowed upon the British and Germans for their valor, and for the loss that proved their valor, was well deserved; but there were over one hundred and twenty regiments, Union and Confederate, each of which, in some one battle of the Civil War, suffered a greater loss than any English regiment at Inkerman or at any other battle in the Crimea, a greater loss than was suffered by any German regiment at Gravelotte or at any other battle of the Franco-Prussian War. No European regiment in any recent struggle has suffered such losses as at Gettys-

burg befell the First Minnesota, when eighty-two per cent of the officers and men were killed and wounded; or the One Hundred and Forty-first Pennsylvania, which lost seventy-six per cent; or the Twenty-sixth North Carolina, which lost seventy-two per cent; such as at the second battle of Manassas befell the One Hundred and First New York, which lost seventy-four per cent, and the Twenty-first Georgia, which lost seventy-six per cent. At Cold Harbor the Twenty-fifth Massachusetts lost seventy per cent, and the Tenth Tennessee at Chickamauga sixty-eight per cent; while at Shiloh the Ninth Illinois lost sixty-three per cent, and the Sixth Mississippi seventy per cent; and at Antietam the First Texas lost eighty-two per cent. The loss of the Light Brigade in killed and wounded in its famous charge at Balaklava was but thirty-seven per cent.

These figures show the terrible punishment endured by these regiments, chosen at random from the head of the list which shows the slaughter-roll of the Civil War. Yet the shattered remnants of each regiment preserved their organization, and many of the severest losses were incurred in the hour of triumph, and not of disaster. Thus, the First Minnesota, at Gettysburg, suffered its appalling loss while charging a greatly superior force, which it drove before it; and the little huddle of wounded and unwounded men who survived their victorious charge actually kept both the flag they had captured and the ground from which they had driven their foes.

A number of the Continental regiments under Washington, Greene, and Wayne did valiant fighting and endured heavy punishment. Several of the regiments raised on the northern frontier in 1814 showed, under Brown and Scott, that they were able to meet the best

troops of Britain on equal terms in the open, and even to overmatch them in fair fight with the bayonet. The regiments which, in the Mexican War, under the lead of Taylor, captured Monterey, and beat back Santa Anna at Buena Vista, or which, with Scott as commander, stormed Molino Del Rey and Chapultepec, proved their ability to bear terrible loss, to wrest victory from overwhelming numbers, and to carry by open assault positions of formidable strength held by a veteran army. But in none of these three wars was the fighting so resolute and bloody as in the Civil War.

Countless deeds of heroism were performed by Northerner and by Southerner, by officer and by private, in every year of the great struggle. The immense majority of these deeds went unrecorded, and were known to few beyond the immediate participants. Of those that were noticed it would be impossible even to make a dry catalogue in ten such volumes as this. All that can be done is to choose out two or three acts of heroism, not as exceptions, but as examples of hundreds of others. The times of war are iron times, and bring out all that is best as well as all that is basest in the human heart. In a full recital of the Civil War, as of every other great conflict, there would stand out in naked relief feats of wonderful daring and self-devotion, and, mixed among them, deeds of cowardice, of treachery, of barbarous brutality. Sadder still, such a recital would show strange contrasts in the careers of individual men, men who at one time acted well and nobly, and at another time ill and basely. The ugly truths must not be blinked, and the lessons they teach should be set forth by every historian, and learned by every statesman and soldier; but, for our good fortune, the lessons best worth learning in the nation's past are lessons of heroism.

From immemorial time the armies of every warlike people have set the highest value upon the standards they bore to battle. To guard one's own flag against capture is the pride, to capture the flag of one's enemy the ambition, of every valiant soldier. In consequence, in every war between peoples of good military record, feats of daring performed by color-bearers are honorably common. The Civil War was full of such incidents. Out of very many two or three may be mentioned as noteworthy.

One occurred at Fredericksburg on the day when half the brigades of Meagher and Caldwell lay on the bloody slope leading up to the Confederate intrenchments. Among the assaulting regiments was the Fifth New Hampshire, and it lost one hundred and eighty-six out of three hundred men who made the charge. The survivors fell sullenly back behind a fence, within easy range of the Confederate rifle-pits. Just before reaching it the last of the color-guard was shot, and the flag fell in the open. A Captain Perry instantly ran out to rescue it, and as he reached it was shot through the heart; another, Captain Murray, made the same attempt and was also killed; and so was a third, Moore. Several private soldiers met a like fate. They were all killed close to the flag, and their dead bodies fell across one another. Taking advantage of this breastwork, Lieutenant Nettleton crawled from behind the fence to the colors, seized them, and bore back the blood-won trophy.

Another took place at Gaines's Mill, where Gregg's First South Carolina formed part of the attacking force. The resistance was desperate, and the fury of the assault unsurpassed. At one point it fell to the lot of this regiment to bear the brunt of carrying a certain

strong position. Moving forward at a run, the South Carolinians were swept by a fierce and searching fire. Young James Taylor, a lad of sixteen, was carrying the flag, and was killed after being shot down three times, twice rising and struggling onward with the colors. The third time he fell the flag was seized by George Cotchet, and when he, in turn, fell, by Shubrick Hayne. Hayne was also struck down almost immediately, and the fourth lad, for none of them were over twenty years old, grasped the colors, and fell mortally wounded across the body of his friend. The fifth, Gadsden Holmes, was pierced with no less than seven balls. The sixth man, Dominick Spellman, more fortunate, but not less brave, bore the flag throughout the rest of the battle.

Yet another occurred at Antietam. The Seventh Maine, then under the command of Major T. W. Hyde, was one of the hundreds of regiments that on many hard-fought fields established a reputation for dash and unyielding endurance. Toward the early part of the day at Antietam it merely took its share in the charging and long-range firing, together with the New York and Vermont regiments which were its immediate neighbors in the line. The fighting was very heavy. In one of the charges, the Maine men passed over what had been a Confederate regiment. The gray-clad soldiers were lying, both ranks, privates and officers, as they fell, for so many had been killed or disabled that it seemed as if the whole regiment was prone in death.

Much of the time the Maine men lay on the battlefield, hugging the ground, under a heavy artillery-fire, but beyond the reach of ordinary musketry. One of the privates, named Knox, was a wonderful shot, and had received permission to use his own special rifle, a weapon accurately sighted for very long range. While the regi-

ment thus lay under the storm of shot and shell, he asked leave to go to the front; and for an hour afterward his companions heard his rifle crack every few minutes. Major Hyde finally, from curiosity, crept forward to see what he was doing, and found that he had driven every man away from one section of a Confederate battery, tumbling over gunner after gunner as they came forward to fire. One of his victims was a general officer, whose horse he killed. At the end of an hour or so, a piece of shell took off the breech of his pet rifle, and he returned disconsolate; but after a few minutes he gathered three rifles that were left by wounded men, and went back again to his work.

At five o'clock in the afternoon the regiment was suddenly called upon to undertake a hopeless charge, owing to the blunder of the brigade commander, who was a gallant veteran of the Mexican War, but who was also given to drink. Opposite the Union lines at this point were some haystacks, near a group of farm-buildings. They were right in the centre of the Confederate position, and sharpshooters stationed among them were picking off the Union gunners. The brigadier, thinking that they were held by but a few skirmishers, rode to where the Seventh Maine was lying on the ground, and said: "Major Hyde, take your regiment and drive the enemy from those trees and buildings." Hyde saluted, and said that he had seen a large force of rebels go in among the buildings, probably two brigades in all. The brigadier answered, "Are you afraid to go, sir?" and repeated the order emphatically. "Give the order so the regiment can hear it, and we are ready, sir," said Hyde. This was done, and "Attention" brought every man to his feet. With the regiment were two young boys who carried the marking guidons, and Hyde or-

dered these to the rear. They pretended to go, but as soon as the regiment charged came along with it. One of them lost his arm, and the other was killed on the field. The colors were carried by the color corporal, Harry Campbell.

Hyde gave the orders to left face and forward, and the Maine men marched out in front of a Vermont regiment which lay beside them; then, facing to the front, they crossed a sunken road, which was so filled with dead and wounded Confederates that Hyde's horse had to step on them to get over.

Once across, they stopped for a moment in the trampled corn to straighten the line, and then charged toward the right of the barns. On they went at the double-quick, fifteen skirmishers ahead under Lieutenant Butler, Major Hyde on the right on his Virginia thoroughbred, and Adjutant Haskell to the left on a big white horse. The latter was shot down at once, as was his horse, and Hyde rode round in front of the regiment just in time to see a long line of men in gray rise from behind the stone wall of the Hagerstown pike, which was to their right, and pour in a volley; but it mostly went too high. He then ordered his men to left oblique.

Just as they were abreast a hill to the right of the barns, Hyde, being some twenty feet ahead, looked over its top and saw several regiments of Confederates, jammed close together and waiting at the ready; so he gave the order left flank, and, still at the double-quick, took his column past the barns and buildings toward an orchard on the hither side, hoping that he could get them back before they were cut off, for they were faced by ten times their number. By going through the orchard he expected to be able to take advantage of

a hollow, and partially escape the destructive flank fire on his return.

To hope to keep the barns from which they had driven the sharpshooters was vain, for the single Maine regiment found itself opposed to portions of no less than four Confederate brigades, at least a dozen regiments all told. When the men got to the orchard fence, Sergeant Benson wrenched apart the tall pickets to let through Hyde's horse. While he was doing this, a shot struck his haversack, and the men all laughed at the sight of the flying hardtack.

Going into the orchard there was a rise of ground, and the Confederates fired several volleys at the Maine men, and then charged them. Hyde's horse was twice wounded, but was still able to go on.

No sooner were the men in blue beyond the fence than they got into line and met the Confederates, as they came crowding behind, with a slaughtering fire, and then charged, driving them back. The color corporal was still carrying the colors, though one of his arms had been broken; but when half-way through the orchard, Hyde heard him call out as he fell, and turned back to save the colors, if possible.

The apple-trees were short and thick, and he could not see much, and the Confederates speedily got between him and his men. Immediately, with the cry of "Rally, boys, to save the Major," back surged the regiment, and a volley at arm's length again destroyed all the foremost of their pursuers; so they rescued both their commander and the flag, which was carried off by Corporal Ring.

Hyde then formed the regiment on the colors, sixty-eight men all told, out of two hundred and forty who had begun the charge, and they slowly marched back

toward their place in the Union line, while the New Yorkers and Vermonters rose from the ground cheering and waving their hats. Next day, when the Confederates had retired a little from the field, the color corporal, Campbell, was found in the orchard, dead, propped up against a tree, with his half-smoked pipe beside him.

THE DEATH OF STONEWALL JACKSON

Like a servant of the Lord, with his Bible and his sword,
Our general rode along us, to form us for the fight.
— *Macaulay.*

THE Civil War has left, as all wars of brother against brother must leave, terrible and heartrending memories; but there remains as an offset the glory which has accrued to the nation by the countless deeds of heroism performed by both sides in the struggle. The captains and the armies that, after long years of dreary campaigning and bloody, stubborn fighting, brought the war to a close, have left us more than a reunited realm. North and South, all Americans, now have a common fund of glorious memories. We are the richer for each grim campaign, for each hard-fought battle. We are the richer for valor displayed alike by those who fought so valiantly for the right, and by those who, no less valiantly, fought for what they deemed the right. We have in us nobler capacities for what is great and good because of the infinite woe and suffering, and because of the splendid ultimate triumph. We hold that it was vital to the welfare, not only of our people on this continent, but of the whole human race, that the Union should be preserved and slavery abolished; that one flag should fly from the Great Lakes to the Rio Grande; that we should all be free in fact as well as in name, and that the United States should stand as one nation—the greatest nation on the earth. But we recognize gladly that, South as well as North, when the fight was once on, the leaders of the armies, and the soldiers whom they

led, displayed the same qualities of daring and steadfast courage, of disinterested loyalty and enthusiasm, and of high devotion to an ideal.

The greatest general of the South was Lee, and his greatest lieutenant was Jackson. Both were Virginians, and both were strongly opposed to disunion. Lee went so far as to deny the right of secession, while Jackson insisted that the South ought to try to get its rights inside the Union, and not outside. But when Virginia joined the Southern Confederacy, and the war had actually begun, both men cast their lot with the South.

It is often said that the Civil War was in one sense a repetition of the old struggle between the Puritan and the Cavalier; but Puritan and Cavalier types were common to the two armies. In dash and light-hearted daring, Custer and Kearney stood as conspicuous as Stuart and Morgan; and, on the other hand, no Northern general approached the Roundhead type—the type of the stern, religious warriors who fought under Cromwell—so closely as Stonewall Jackson. He was a man of intense religious conviction, who carried into every thought and deed of his daily life the precepts of the faith he cherished. He was a tender and loving husband and father, kind-hearted and gentle to all with whom he was brought in contact; yet in the times that tried men's souls, he proved not only a commander of genius but a fighter of iron will and temper, who joyed in the battle, and always showed at his best when the danger was greatest. The vein of fanaticism that ran through his character helped to render him a terrible opponent. He knew no such word as falter, and when he had once put his hand to a piece of work, he did it thoroughly and with all his heart. It was quite in

keeping with his character that this gentle, high-minded, and religious man should, early in the contest, have proposed to hoist the black flag, neither take nor give quarter, and make the war one of extermination. No such policy was practical in the nineteenth century and in the American Republic; but it would have seemed quite natural and proper to Jackson's ancestors, the grim Scotch-Irish, who defended Londonderry against the forces of the Stuart king, or to their forefathers, the Covenanters of Scotland, and the Puritans who in England rejoiced at the beheading of King Charles I.

In the first battle in which Jackson took part, the confused struggle at Bull Run, he gained his name of Stonewall from the firmness with which he kept his men to their work and repulsed the attack of the Union troops. From that time until his death, less than two years afterward, his career was one of brilliant and almost uninterrupted success; whether serving with an independent command in the Valley, or acting under Lee as his right arm in the pitched battles with McClellan, Pope, and Burnside. Few generals as great as Lee have ever had as great a lieutenant as Jackson. He was a master of strategy and tactics, fearless of responsibility, able to instil into his men his own intense ardor in battle, and so quick in his movements, so ready to march as well as fight, that his troops were known to the rest of the army as the "foot cavalry."

In the spring of 1863 Hooker had command of the Army of the Potomac. Like McClellan, he was able to perfect the discipline of his forces and to organize them, and as a division commander he was better than McClellan, but he failed even more signally when given a great independent command. He had under him one hundred and twenty thousand men when, toward the

end of April, he prepared to attack Lee's army, which was but half as strong.

The Union army lay opposite Fredericksburg, looking at the fortified heights where they had received so bloody a repulse at the beginning of the winter. Hooker decided to distract the attention of the Confederates by letting a small portion of his force, under General Sedgwick, attack Fredericksburg, while he himself took the bulk of the army across the river to the right hand so as to crush Lee by an assault on his flank. All went well at the beginning, and on the 1st of May Hooker found himself at Chancellorsville, face to face with the bulk of Lee's forces; and Sedgwick, crossing the river and charging with the utmost determination, had driven out of Fredericksburg the Confederate division of Early; but when Hooker found himself in front of Lee he hesitated, faltered instead of pushing on, and allowed the consummate general to whom he was opposed to take the initiative.

Lee fully realized his danger, and saw that his only chance was, first to beat back Hooker, and then to turn and overwhelm Sedgwick, who was in his rear. He consulted with Jackson, and Jackson begged to be allowed to make one of his favorite flank attacks upon the Union army; attacks which could have been successfully delivered only by a skilled and resolute general, and by troops equally able to march and to fight. Lee consented, and Jackson at once made off. The country was thickly covered with a forest of rather small growth, for it was a wild region, in which there was still plenty of game. Shielded by the forest, Jackson marched his gray columns rapidly to the left along the narrow country roads until he was square on the flank of the Union right wing, which was held by the Eleventh Corps,

under Howard. The Union scouts got track of the movement and reported it at headquarters, but the Union generals thought the Confederates were retreating; and when finally the scouts brought word to Howard that he was menaced by a flank attack he paid no heed to the information, and actually let his whole corps be surprised in broad daylight. Yet all the while the battle was going on elsewhere, and Berdan's sharpshooters had surrounded and captured a Georgia regiment, from which information was received showing definitely that Jackson was not retreating, and must be preparing to strike a heavy blow.

The Eleventh Corps had not the slightest idea that it was about to be assailed. The men were not even in line. Many of them had stacked their muskets and were lounging about, some playing cards, others cooking supper, intermingled with the pack-mules and beef-cattle. While they were thus utterly unprepared Jackson's gray-clad veterans pushed straight through the forest and rushed fiercely to the attack. The first notice the troops of the Eleventh Corps received did not come from the pickets, but from the deer, rabbits, and foxes which, fleeing from their coverts at the approach of the Confederates, suddenly came running over and into the Union lines. In another minute the frightened pickets came tumbling back, and right behind them came the long files of charging, yelling Confederates. With one fierce rush Jackson's men swept over the Union lines, and at a blow the Eleventh Corps became a horde of panic-struck fugitives. Some of the regiments resisted for a few moments, and then they too were carried away in the flight.

For a while it seemed as if the whole army would be swept off; but Hooker and his subordinates exerted

every effort to restore order. It was imperative to gain time so that the untouched portions of the army could form across the line of the Confederate advance.

Keenan's regiment of Pennsylvania cavalry, but four hundred sabres strong, was accordingly sent full against the front of the ten thousand victorious Confederates.

Keenan himself fell, pierced by bayonets, and the charge was repulsed at once; but a few priceless moments had been saved, and Pleasanton had been given time to post twenty-two guns, loaded with double canister, where they would bear upon the enemy.

The Confederates advanced in a dense mass, yelling and cheering, and the discharge of the guns fairly blew them back across the works they had just taken. Again they charged, and again were driven back; and when the battle once more began the Union reinforcements had arrived.

It was about this time that Jackson himself was mortally wounded. He had been leading and urging on the advance of his men, cheering them with voice and gesture, his pale face flushed with joy and excitement, while from time to time as he sat on his horse he took off his hat and, looking upward, thanked heaven for the victory it had vouchsafed him. As darkness drew near he was in the front, where friend and foe were mingled in almost inextricable confusion. He and his staff were fired at, at close range, by the Union troops, and, as they turned, were fired at again, through a mistake, by the Confederates behind them. Jackson fell, struck in several places. He was put in a litter and carried back; but he never lost consciousness, and when one of his generals complained of the terrible effect of the Union cannonade he answered:

"You must hold your ground."

For several days he lingered, hearing how Lee beat Hooker, in detail, and forced him back across the river. Then the old Puritan died. At the end his mind wandered, and he thought he was again commanding in battle, and his last words were:

"Let us cross over the river and rest in the shade."

Thus perished Stonewall Jackson, one of the ablest of soldiers and one of the most upright of men, in the last of his many triumphs.

THE CHARGE AT GETTYSBURG

For the Lord
On the whirlwind is abroad;
In the earthquake he has spoken;
He has smitten with his thunder
The iron walls asunder,
And the gates of brass are broken!

—*Whittier.*

With bray of the trumpet,
And roll of the drum,
And keen ring of bugle
The cavalry come:
Sharp clank the steel scabbards,
The bridle-chains ring,
And foam from red nostrils
The wild chargers fling!

Tramp, tramp o'er the greensward
That quivers below,
Scarce held by the curb bit
The fierce horses go!
And the grim-visaged colonel,
With ear-rending shout,
Peals forth to the squadrons
The order, "Trot Out"!

—*Francis A. Durivage.*

The battle of Chancellorsville marked the zenith of Confederate good fortune. Immediately afterward, in June, 1863, Lee led the victorious army of northern Virginia into Pennsylvania. The South was now the invader, not the invaded, and its heart beat proudly with hopes of success; but these hopes went down in bloody wreck on July 4, when word was sent to the world that the high valor of Virginia had failed at last

on the field of Gettysburg, and that in the far West Vicksburg had been taken by the army of the "silent soldier."

At Gettysburg Lee had under him some seventy thousand men, and his opponent, Meade, about ninety thousand. Both armies were composed mainly of seasoned veterans, trained to the highest point by campaign after campaign and battle after battle; and there was nothing to choose between them as to the fighting power of the rank and file. The Union army was the larger, yet most of the time it stood on the defensive; for the difference between the generals, Lee and Meade, was greater than could be bridged by twenty thousand men. For three days the battle raged. No other battle of recent time has been so obstinate and so bloody. The victorious Union army lost a greater percentage in killed and wounded than the allied armies of England, Germany, and the Netherlands lost at Waterloo. Four of its seven corps suffered each a greater relative loss than befell the world-renowned British infantry on the day that saw the doom of the French emperor. The defeated Confederates at Gettysburg lost, relatively, as many men as the defeated French at Waterloo; but whereas the French army became a mere rabble, Lee withdrew his formidable soldiery with their courage unbroken, and their fighting power only diminished by their actual losses in the field.

The decisive moment of the battle, and perhaps of the whole war, was in the afternoon of the third day, when Lee sent forward his choicest troops in a last effort to break the middle of the Union line. The centre of the attacking force was Pickett's division, the flower of the Virginia infantry; but many other brigades took part in the assault, and the column, all told, numbered

over fifteen thousand men. At the same time, the Confederates attacked the Union left to create a diversion. The attack was preceded by a terrific cannonade, Lee gathering one hundred and fifteen guns, and opening a fire on the centre of the Union line. In response, Hunt, the Union chief of artillery, and Tyler, of the artillery reserves, gathered eighty guns on the crest of the gently sloping hill, where attack was threatened. For two hours, from one till three, the cannonade lasted, and the batteries on both sides suffered severely. In both the Union and Confederate lines caissons were blown up by the fire, riderless horses dashed hither and thither, the dead lay in heaps, and throngs of wounded streamed to the rear. Every man lay down and sought what cover he could. It was evident that the Confederate cannonade was but a prelude to a great infantry attack, and at three o'clock Hunt ordered the fire to stop, that the guns might cool, to be ready for the coming assault. The Confederates thought that they had silenced the hostile artillery, and for a few minutes their firing continued; then, suddenly, it ceased, and there was a lull.

The men on the Union side who were not at the point directly menaced peered anxiously across the space between the lines to watch the next move, while the men in the divisions which it was certain were about to be assaulted, lay hugging the ground and gripping their muskets, excited, but confident and resolute. They saw the smoke clouds rise slowly from the opposite crest, where the Confederate army lay, and the sunlight glinted again on the long line of brass and iron guns which had been hidden from view during the cannonade. In another moment, out of the lifting smoke there appeared, beautiful and terrible, the picked thousands of the Southern army coming on to the assault.

They advanced in three lines, each over a mile long, and in perfect order. Pickett's Virginians held the centre, with on their left the North Carolinians of Pender and Pettigrew, and on their right the Alabama regiments of Wilcox; and there were also Georgian and Tennessee regiments in the attacking force. Pickett's division, however, was the only one able to press its charge home. After leaving the woods where they started, the Confederates had nearly a mile and a half to go in their charge. As the Virginians moved, they bent slightly to the left, so as to leave a gap between them and the Alabamians on the right.

The Confederate lines came on magnificently. As they crossed the Emmetsburg Pike the eighty guns on the Union crest, now cool and in good shape, opened upon them, first with shot and then with shell. Great gaps were made every second in the ranks, but the gray-clad soldiers closed up to the centre, and the color-bearers leaped to the front, shaking and waving the flags. The Union infantry reserved their fire until the Confederates were within easy range, when the musketry crashed out with a roar, and the big guns began to fire grape and canister. On came the Confederates, the men falling by hundreds, the colors fluttering in front like a little forest; for as fast as a color-bearer was shot some one else seized the flag from his hand before it fell. The North Carolinians were more exposed to the fire than any other portion of the attacking force, and they were broken before they reached the line. There was a gap between the Virginians and the Alabama troops, and this was taken advantage of by Stannard's Vermont brigade and a demi-brigade under Gates, of the Twentieth New York, who were thrust forward into it. Stannard changed front with his regi-

ments and fell on Pickett's forces in flank, and Gates continued the attack. When thus struck in the flank, the Virginians could not defend themselves, and they crowded off toward the centre to avoid the pressure. Many of them were killed or captured; many were driven back; but two of the brigades, headed by General Armistead, forced their way forward to the stone wall on the crest, where the Pennsylvania regiments were posted under Gibbon and Webb.

The Union guns fired to the last moment, until of the two batteries immediately in front of the charging Virginians every officer but one had been struck. One of the mortally wounded officers was young Cushing, a brother of the hero of the *Albemarle* fight. He was almost cut in two, but holding his body together with one hand, with the other he fired his last gun, and fell dead, just as Armistead, pressing forward at the head of his men, leaped the wall, waving his hat on his sword. Immediately afterward the battle-flags of the foremost Confederate regiments crowned the crest; but their strength was spent. The Union troops moved forward with the bayonet, and the remnant of Pickett's division, attacked on all sides, either surrendered or retreated down the hill again. Armistead fell, dying, by the body of the dead Cushing. Both Gibbon and Webb were wounded. Of Pickett's command two-thirds were killed, wounded or captured, and every brigade commander and every field-officer, save one, fell. The Virginians tried to rally, but were broken and driven again by Gates, while Stannard repeated, at the expense of the Alabamians, the movement he had made against the Virginians, and, reversing his front, attacked them in flank. Their lines were torn by the batteries in front, and they fell back before the Vermonter's attack, and

Stannard reaped a rich harvest of prisoners and of battle-flags.

The charge was over. It was the greatest charge in any battle of modern times, and it had failed. It would be impossible to surpass the gallantry of those that made it, or the gallantry of those that withstood it. Had there been in command of the Union army a general like Grant, it would have been followed by a counter-charge, and in all probability the war would have been shortened by nearly two years; but no counter-charge was made.

As the afternoon waned, a fierce cavalry fight took place on the Union right. Stuart, the famous Confederate cavalry commander, had moved forward to turn the Union right, but he was met by Gregg's cavalry, and there followed a contest, at close quarters, with "the white arm." It closed with a desperate mêlée, in which the Confederates, charging under Generals Wade Hampton and Fitz Lee, were met in mid career by the Union generals Custer and McIntosh. All four fought, sabre in hand, at the head of their troopers, and every man on each side was put into the struggle. Custer, his yellow hair flowing, his face aflame with the eager joy of battle, was in the thick of the fight, rising in his stirrups as he called to his famous Michigan swordsmen: "Come on, you Wolverines, come on!" All that the Union infantry, watching eagerly from their lines, could see, was a vast dust-cloud where flakes of light shimmered as the sun shone upon the swinging sabres. At last the Confederate horsemen were beaten back, and they did not come forward again or seek to renew the combat; for Pickett's charge had failed, and there was no longer hope of Confederate victory.

When night fell, the Union flags waved in triumph

on the field of Gettysburg; but over thirty thousand men lay dead or wounded, strewn through wood and meadow, on field and hill, where the three days' fight had surged.

GENERAL GRANT AND THE VICKSBURG CAMPAIGN

What flag is this you carry
  Along the sea and shore?
The same our grandsires lifted up —
  The same our fathers bore.
In many a battle's tempest
  It shed the crimson rain —
What God has woven in his loom
  Let no man rend in twain.
To Canaan, to Canaan,
  The Lord has led us forth,
To plant upon the rebel towers
  The banners of the North. — *Holmes.*

On January 29, 1863, General Grant took command of the army intended to operate against Vicksburg, the last place held by the rebels on the Mississippi, and the only point at which they could cross the river and keep up communication with their armies and territory in the southwest. It was the first high ground below Memphis, was very strongly fortified, and was held by a large army under General Pemberton. The complete possession of the Mississippi was absolutely essential to the national government, because the control of that great river would cut the Confederacy in two, and do more, probably, than anything else, to make the overthrow of the Rebellion both speedy and certain.

The natural way to invest and capture so strong a place, defended and fortified as Vicksburg was, would have been, if the axioms of the art of war had been adhered to, by a system of gradual approaches. A strong base should have been established at Memphis, and then

the army and the fleet moved gradually forward, building storehouses and taking strong positions as they went. To do this, however, it first would have been necessary to withdraw the army from the positions it then held not far above Vicksburg, on the western bank of the river. But such a movement, at that time, would not have been understood by the country, and would have had a discouraging effect on the public mind, which it was most essential to avoid. The elections of 1862 had gone against the government, and there was great discouragement throughout the North. Voluntary enlistments had fallen off, a draft had been ordered, and the peace party was apparently gaining rapidly in strength. General Grant, looking at this grave political situation with the eye of a statesman, decided, as a soldier, that under no circumstances would he withdraw the army, but that, whatever happened, he would "press forward to a decisive victory." In this determination he never faltered, but drove straight at his object until, five months later, the great Mississippi stronghold fell before him.

Efforts were made through the winter to reach Vicksburg from the north by cutting canals, and by attempts to get in through the bayous and tributary streams of the great river. All these expedients failed, however, one after another, as Grant, from the beginning, had feared that they would. He, therefore, took another and widely different line, and determined to cross the river from the western to the eastern bank below Vicksburg, to the south. With the aid of the fleet, which ran the batteries successfully, he moved his army down the west bank until he reached a point beyond the possibility of attack, while a diversion by Sherman at Haines's Bluff, above Vicksburg, kept Pemberton in his

fortifications. On April 26, Grant began to move his men over the river and landed them at Bruinsburg. "When this was effected," he writes, "I felt a degree of relief scarcely ever equalled since. Vicksburg was not yet taken, it is true, nor were its defenders demoralized by any of our previous movements. I was now in the enemy's country, with a vast river and the stronghold of Vicksburg between me and my base of supplies, but I was on dry ground, on the same side of the river with the enemy."

The situation was this: The enemy had about sixty thousand men at Vicksburg, Haines's Bluff, and at Jackson, Miss., about fifty miles east of Vicksburg. Grant, when he started, had about thirty-three thousand men. It was absolutely necessary for success that Grant, with inferior numbers, should succeed in destroying the smaller forces to the eastward, and thus prevent their union with Pemberton and the main army at Vicksburg. His plan, in brief, was to fight and defeat a superior enemy separately and in detail. He lost no time in putting his plan into action, and pressing forward quickly, met a detachment of the enemy at Port Gibson and defeated them. Thence he marched to Grand Gulf, on the Mississippi, which he took, and which he had planned to make a base of supply. When he reached Grand Gulf, however, he found that he would be obliged to wait a month, in order to obtain the reinforcements which he expected from General Banks at Port Hudson. He, therefore, gave up the idea of making Grand Gulf a base, and Sherman having now joined him with his corps, Grant struck at once into the interior. He took nothing with him except ammunition, and his army was in the lightest marching order. This enabled him to move with great rapidity, but de-

prived him of his wagon-trains, and of all munitions of war except cartridges. Everything, however, in this campaign, depended on quickness, and Grant's decision, as well as all his movements, marked the genius of the great soldier, which consists very largely in knowing just when to abandon the accepted military axioms.

Pressing forward, Grant met the enemy, numbering between seven and eight thousand, at Raymond, and readily defeated them. He then marched on toward Jackson, fighting another action at Clinton, and at Jackson he struck General Joseph Johnston, who had arrived at that point to take command of all the rebel forces. Johnston had with him, at the moment, about eleven thousand men, and stood his ground. There was a sharp fight, but Grant easily defeated the enemy, and took possession of the town. This was an important point, for Jackson was the capital of the State of Mississippi, and was a base of military supplies. Grant destroyed the factories and the munitions of war which were gathered there, and also came into possession of the line of railroad which ran from Jackson to Vicksburg. While he was thus engaged, an intercepted message revealed to him the fact that Pemberton, in accordance with Johnston's orders, had come out of Vicksburg with twenty-five thousand men, and was moving eastward against him. Pemberton, however, instead of holding a straight line against Grant, turned at first to the south, with the view of breaking the latter's line of communication. This was not a success, for, as Grant says, with grim humor, "I had no line of communication to break"; and, moreover, it delayed Pemberton when delay was of value to Grant in finishing Johnston. After this useless turn to the southward Pemberton resumed his march to the east, as he should

have done in the beginning, in accordance with Johnston's orders; but Grant was now more than ready. He did not wait the coming of Pemberton. Leaving Jackson as soon as he heard of the enemy's advance from Vicksburg, he marched rapidly westward and struck Pemberton at Champion Hills. The forces were at this time very nearly matched, and the severest battle of the campaign ensued, lasting four hours. Grant, however, defeated Pemberton completely, and came very near capturing his entire force. With a broken army, Pemberton fell back on Vicksburg. Grant pursued without a moment's delay, and came up with the rear-guard at Big Black River. A sharp engagement followed, and the Confederates were again defeated. Grant then crossed the Big Black and the next day was before Vicksburg, with his enemy inside the works.

When Grant crossed the Mississippi at Bruinsburg and struck into the interior, he, of course, passed out of communication with Washington, and he did not hear from there again until May 11, when, just as his troops were engaging in the battle of Black River Bridge, an officer appeared from Port Hudson with an order from General Halleck to return to Grand Gulf and thence co-operate with Banks against Port Hudson. Grant replied that the order came too late. "The bearer of the despatch insisted that I ought to obey the order, and was giving arguments to support the position, when I heard a great cheering to the right of our line, and looking in that direction, saw Lawler, in his shirt-sleeves, leading a charge on the enemy. I immediately mounted my horse and rode in the direction of the charge, and saw no more of the officer who had delivered the message; I think not even to this day." When Grant reached Vicksburg, there was no further talk of re-

calling him to Grand Gulf or Port Hudson. The authorities at Washington then saw plainly enough what had been done in the interior of Mississippi, far from the reach of telegraphs or mail.

As soon as the National troops reached Vicksburg an assault was attempted, but the place was too strong, and the attack was repulsed, with heavy loss. Grant then settled down to a siege, and Lincoln and Halleck now sent him ample reinforcements. He no longer needed to ask for them. His campaign had explained itself, and in a short time he had seventy thousand men under his command. His lines were soon made so strong that it was impossible for the defenders of Vicksburg to break through them, and although Johnston had gathered troops again to the eastward, an assault from that quarter on the National army, now so largely reinforced, was practically out of the question. Tighter and tighter Grant drew his lines about the city, where, every day, the suffering became more intense. It is not necessary to give the details of the siege. On July 4, 1863, Vicksburg surrendered, the Mississippi was in control of the National forces from its source to its mouth, and the Confederacy was rent in twain. On the same day Lee was beaten at Gettysburg, and these two great victories really crushed the Rebellion, although much hard fighting remained to be done before the end was reached.

Grant's campaign against Vicksburg deserves to be compared with that of Napoleon which resulted in the fall of Ulm. It was the most brilliant single campaign of the war. With an inferior force, and abandoning his lines of communication, moving with a marvellous rapidity through a difficult country, Grant struck the superior forces of the enemy on the line from Jackson to Vicksburg. He crushed Johnston before Pemberton

could get to him, and he flung Pemberton back into Vicksburg before Johnston could rally from the defeat which had been inflicted. With an inferior force, Grant was superior at every point of contest, and he won every fight. Measured by the skill displayed and the result achieved, there is no campaign in our history which better deserves study and admiration.

ROBERT GOULD SHAW

Brave, good, and true,
I see him stand before me now,
And read again on that young brow,
Where every hope was new,
How sweet were life! Yet, by the mouth firm-set,
And look made up for Duty's utmost debt,
I could divine he knew
That death within the sulphurous hostile lines,
In the mere wreck of nobly-pitched designs,
Plucks heart's-ease, and not rue.

Right in the van,
On the red rampart's slippery swell,
With heart that beat a charge, he fell,
Foeward, as fits a man;
But the high soul burns on to light men's feet
Where death for noble ends makes dying sweet;
His life her crescent's span
Orbs full with share in their undarkening days
Who ever climbed the battailous steeps of praise
Since valor's praise began.

We bide our chance,
Unhappy, and make terms with Fate
A little more to let us wait;
He leads for aye the advance,
Hope's forlorn-hopes that plant the desperate good
For nobler Earths and days of manlier mood;
Our wall of circumstance
Cleared at a bound, he flashes o'er the fight,
A saintly shape of fame, to cheer the right
And steel each wavering glance.

I write of one,
While with dim eyes I think of three;
Who weeps not others fair and brave as he?

ROBERT GOULD SHAW

Ah, when the fight is won,
Dear Land, whom triflers now make bold to scorn
(Thee from whose forehead Earth awaits her morn),
How nobler shall the sun
Flame in thy sky, how braver breathe thy air,
That thou bred'st children who for thee could dare
And die as thine have done.

—*Lowell.*

Robert Gould Shaw was born in Boston on October 10, 1837, the son of Francis and Sarah Sturgis Shaw. When he was about nine years old, his parents moved to Staten Island, and he was educated there, and at school in the neighborhood of New York, until he went to Europe in 1853, where he remained travelling and studying for the next three years. He entered Harvard College in 1856, and left at the end of his third year, in order to accept an advantageous business offer in New York.

Even as a boy he took much interest in politics, and especially in the question of slavery. He voted for Lincoln in 1860, and at that time enlisted as a private in the New York Seventh Regiment, feeling that there was likelihood of trouble, and that there would be a demand for soldiers to defend the country. His foresight was justified only too soon, and on April 19, 1861, he marched with his regiment to Washington. The call for the Seventh Regiment was only for thirty days, and at the expiration of that service he applied for and obtained a commission as second lieutenant in the Second Massachusetts, and left with that regiment for Virginia in July, 1861. He threw himself eagerly into his new duties, and soon gained a good position in the regiment. At Cedar Mountain he was an aid on General Gordon's staff, and was greatly exposed in the performance of his duties during the action. He was also with his regiment

at Antietam, and was in the midst of the heavy fighting of that great battle.

Early in 1863, the government determined to form negro regiments, and Governor Andrew offered Shaw, who had now risen to the rank of captain, the colonelcy of one to be raised in Massachusetts, the first black regiment recruited under State authority. It was a great compliment to receive this offer, but Shaw hesitated as to his capacity for such a responsible post. He first wrote a letter declining, on the ground that he did not feel that he had ability enough for the undertaking, and then changed his mind, and telegraphed Governor Andrew that he would accept. It is not easy to realize it now, but his action then in accepting this command required high moral courage, of a kind quite different from that which he had displayed already on the field of battle. The prejudice against the blacks was still strong even in the North. There was a great deal of feeling among certain classes against enlisting black regiments at all, and the officers who undertook to recruit and lead negroes were exposed to much attack and criticism. Shaw felt, however, that this very opposition made it all the more incumbent on him to undertake the duty. He wrote on February 8:

"After I have undertaken this work, I shall feel that what I have to do is to prove that the negro can be made a good soldier. . . . I am inclined to think that the undertaking will not meet with so much opposition as was at first supposed. All sensible men in the army, of all parties, after a little thought, say that it is the best thing that can be done, and surely those at home who are not brave or patriotic enough to enlist should not ridicule or throw obstacles in the way of men who are going to fight for them. There is a great prejudice

against it, but now that it has become a government matter, that will probably wear away. At any rate I sha'n't be frightened out of it by its unpopularity. I feel convinced I shall never regret having taken this step, as far as I myself am concerned; for while I was undecided, I felt ashamed of myself as if I were cowardly."

Colonel Shaw went at once to Boston, after accepting his new duty, and began the work of raising and drilling the Fifty-fourth Regiment. He met with great success, for he and his officers labored heart and soul, and the regiment repaid their efforts. On March 30, he wrote: "The mustering officer who was here to-day is a Virginian, and has always thought it was a great joke to try to make soldiers of 'niggers,' but he tells me now that he has never mustered in so fine a set of men, though about twenty thousand had passed through his hands since September." On May 28, Colonel Shaw left Boston, and his march through the city was a triumph. The appearance of his regiment made a profound impression, and was one of the events of the war which those who saw it never forgot.

The regiment was ordered to South Carolina, and when they were off Cape Hatteras, Colonel Shaw wrote:

"The more I think of the passage of the 54th through Boston, the more wonderful it seems to me. Just remember our own doubts and fears, and other people's sneering and pitying remarks when we began last winter, and then look at the perfect triumph of last Thursday. We have gone quietly along, forming the first regiment, and at last left Boston amidst greater enthusiasm than has been seen since the first three months' troops left for the war. Truly, I ought to be thankful for all my happiness and my success in life so far; and

if the raising of colored troops prove such a benefit to the country and to the blacks as many people think it will, I shall thank God a thousand times that I was led to take my share in it."

He had, indeed, taken his share in striking one of the most fatal blows to the barbarism of slavery which had yet been struck. The formation of the black regiments did more for the emancipation of the negro and the recognition of his rights, than almost anything else. It was impossible, after that, to say that men who fought and gave their lives for the Union and for their own freedom were not entitled to be free. The acceptance of the command of a black regiment by such men as Shaw and his fellow officers was the great act which made all this possible.

After reaching South Carolina, Colonel Shaw was with his regiment at Port Royal and on the islands of that coast for rather more than a month, and on July 18 he was offered the post of honor in an assault upon Fort Wagner, which was ordered for that night. He had proved that the negroes could be made into a good regiment, and now the second great opportunity had come, to prove their fighting quality. He wanted to demonstrate that his men could fight side by side with white soldiers, and show to somebody beside their officers what stuff they were made of. He, therefore, accepted the dangerous duty with gladness. Late in the day the troops were marched across Folly and Morris islands and formed in line of battle within six hundred yards of Fort Wagner. At half past seven the order for the charge was given, and the regiment advanced. When they were within a hundred yards of the fort, the rebel fire opened with such effect that the first battalion hesitated and wavered. Colonel Shaw sprang to

the front, and waving his sword, shouted: "Forward, Fifty-fourth!" With another cheer, the men rushed through the ditch, and gained a parapet on the right. Colonel Shaw was one of the first to scale the walls. As he stood erect, a noble figure, ordering his men forward and shouting to them to press on, he was shot dead and fell into the fort. After his fall, the assault was repulsed.

General Haywood, commanding the rebel forces, said to a Union prisoner: "I knew Colonel Shaw before the war, and then esteemed him. Had he been in command of white troops, I should have given him an honorable burial. As it is, I shall bury him in the common trench, with the negroes that fell with him." He little knew that he was giving the dead soldier the most honorable burial that man could have devised, for the savage words told unmistakably that Robert Shaw's work had not been in vain. The order to bury him with his "niggers," which ran through the North and remained fixed in our history, showed, in a flash of light, the hideous barbarism of a system which made such things and such feelings possible. It also showed that slavery was wounded to the death, and that the brutal phrase was the angry snarl of a dying tiger. Such words rank with the action of Charles Stuart, when he had the bones of Oliver Cromwell and Robert Blake torn from their graves and flung on dunghills or fixed on Temple Bar.

Robert Shaw fell in battle at the head of his men, giving his life to his country, as did many another gallant man during those four years of conflict. But he did something more than this. He faced prejudice and hostility in the North, and confronted the blind and savage rage of the South, in order to demonstrate to the world that the human beings who were held in

bondage could vindicate their right to freedom by fighting and dying for it. He helped mightily in the great task of destroying human slavery, and in uplifting an oppressed and downtrodden race. He brought to this work the qualities which were particularly essential for his success. He had all that birth and wealth, breeding, education, and tradition could give. He offered up, in full measure, all those things which make life most worth living. He was handsome and beloved. He had a serene and beautiful nature, and was at once brave and simple. Above all things, he was fitted for the task which he performed and for the sacrifice which he made. The call of the country and of the time came to him, and he was ready. He has been singled out for remembrance from among many others of equal sacrifice, and a monument is rising to his memory in Boston, because it was his peculiar fortune to live and die for a great principle of humanity, and to stand forth as an ideal and beautiful figure in a struggle where the onward march of civilization was at stake. He lived in those few and crowded years a heroic life, and he met a heroic death. When he fell, sword in hand, on the parapet of Wagner, leading his black troops in a desperate assault, we can only say of him as Bunyan said of "Valiant for Truth": "And then he passed over, and all the trumpets sounded for him on the other side."

CHARLES RUSSELL LOWELL

Wut 's wurds to them whose faith an' truth
  On war's red techstone rang true metal,
Who ventered life an' love an' youth
  For the gret prize o' death in battle?
To him who, deadly hurt, agen
  Flashed on afore the charge's thunder,
Tippin' with fire the bolt of men
  Thet rived the rebel line asunder?

—*Lowell.*

Charles Russell Lowell was born in Boston, January 2, 1835. He was the eldest son of Charles Russell and Anna Cabot (Jackson) Lowell, and the nephew of James Russell Lowell. He bore the name, distinguished in many branches, of a family which was of the best New England stock. Educated in the Boston public schools, he entered Harvard College in 1850. Although one of the youngest members of his class, he went rapidly to the front, and graduated not only the first scholar of his year, but the foremost man of his class. He was, however, much more than a fine scholar, for even then he showed unusual intellectual qualities. He read widely and loved letters. He was a student of philosophy and religion, a thinker, and, best of all, a man of ideals—"the glory of youth," as he called them in his valedictory oration. But he was something still better and finer than a mere idealist; he was a man of action, eager to put his ideals into practice and bring them to the test of daily life. With his mind full of plans for raising the condition of working men while he made his own career, he entered the iron-mills of the Ames Company, at Chicopee. Here he remained as a working

man for six months, and then received an important post in the Trenton Iron Works of New Jersey. There his health broke down. Consumption threatened him, and all his bright hopes and ambitions were overcast and checked. He was obliged to leave his business and go to Europe, where he travelled for two years, fighting the dread disease that was upon him. In 1858 he returned, and took a position on a Western railroad. Although the work was new to him, he manifested the same capacity that he had always shown, and more especially his power over other men and his ability in organization. In two years his health was re-established, and in 1860 he took charge of the Mount Savage Iron Works, at Cumberland, Md. He was there when news came of the attack made by the mob upon the Sixth Massachusetts Regiment, in Baltimore. Two days later he had made his way to Washington, one of the first comers from the North, and at once applied for a commission in the regular army. While he was waiting, he employed himself in looking after the Massachusetts troops, and also, it is understood, as a scout for the government, dangerous work which suited his bold and adventurous nature.

In May he received his commission as captain in the United States cavalry. Employed at first in recruiting and then in drill, he gave himself up to the study of tactics and the science of war. The career above all others to which he was suited had come to him. The field, at last, lay open before him, where all his great qualities of mind and heart—his high courage, his power of leadership and of organization, and his intellectual powers—could find full play. He moved rapidly forward, just as he had already done in college and in business. His regiment, in 1862, was under Stoneman

in the Peninsula, and was engaged in many actions, where Lowell's cool bravery made him constantly conspicuous. At the close of the campaign he was brevetted major, for distinguished services at Williamsburg and Slatersville.

In July, Lowell was detailed for duty as an aid to General McClellan. At Malvern Hill and South Mountain his gallantry and efficiency were strongly shown, but it was at Antietam that he distinguished himself most. Sent with orders to General Sedgwick's division, he found it retreating in confusion, under a hot fire. He did not stop to think of orders, but rode rapidly from point to point of the line, rallying company after company by the mere force and power of his word and look, checking the rout, while the storm of bullets swept all round him. His horse was shot under him, a ball passed through his coat, another broke his sword-hilt, but he came off unscathed, and his service was recognized by his being sent to Washington with the captured flags of the enemy.

The following winter he was ordered to Boston, to recruit a regiment of cavalry, of which he was appointed colonel. While the recruiting was going on, a serious mutiny broke out, but the man who, like Cromwell's soldiers, "rejoiced greatly" in the day of battle was entirely capable of meeting this different trial. He shot the ringleader dead, and by the force of his own strong will quelled the outbreak completely and at once.

In May, he went to Virginia with his regiment, where he was engaged in resisting and following Mosby, and the following summer he was opposed to General Early in the neighborhood of Washington. On July 14, when on a reconnoissance, his advance-guard was surprised, and he met them retreating in wild confusion, with the

enemy at their heels. Riding into the midst of the fugitives, Lowell shouted: "Dismount!" The sharp word of command, the presence of the man himself, and the magic of discipline prevailed. The men sprang down, drew up in line, received the enemy with a heavy fire, and as the assailants wavered, Lowell advanced at once, and saved the day.

In July, he was put in command of the "Provisional Brigade," and joined the Army of the Shenandoah, of which in August General Sheridan took command. He was so struck with Lowell's work during the next month that in September he put him in command of the "Reserved Brigade," a very fine body of cavalry and artillery. In the fierce and continuous fighting that ensued Lowell was everywhere conspicuous, and in thirteen weeks he had as many horses shot under him. But he now had scope to show more than the dashing gallantry which distinguished him always and everywhere. His genuine military ability, which surely would have led him to the front rank of soldiers had his life been spared, his knowledge, vigilance, and nerve all now became apparent. One brilliant action succeeded another, but the end was drawing near. It came at last on the famous day of Cedar Creek, when Sheridan rode down from Winchester and saved the battle. Lowell had advanced early in the morning on the right, and his attack prevented the disaster on that wing which fell upon the surprised army. He then moved to cover the retreat, and around to the extreme left, where he held his position near Middletown against repeated assaults. Early in the day his last horse was shot under him, and a little later, in a charge at one o'clock, he was struck in the right breast by a spent ball, which embedded itself in the muscles of the chest. Voice and strength left him.

"It is only my poor lung," he announced, as they urged him to go to the rear; "you would not have me leave the field without having shed blood." As a matter of fact, the "poor" lung had collapsed, and there was an internal hemorrhage. He lay thus, under a rude shelter, for an hour and a half, and then came the order to advance along the whole line, the victorious advance of Sheridan and the rallied army. Lowell was helped to his saddle. "I feel well now," he whispered, and, giving his orders through one of his staff, had his brigade ready first. Leading the great charge, he dashed forward, and, just when the fight was hottest, a sudden cry went up: "The colonel is hit!" He fell from the saddle, struck in the neck by a ball which severed the spine, and was borne by his officers to a house in the village, where, clear in mind and calm in spirit, he died a few hours afterward.

"I do not think there was a quality," said General Sheridan, "which I could have added to Lowell. He was the perfection of a man and a soldier." On October 19, the very day on which he fell, his commission was signed to be a brigadier-general.

This was a noble life and a noble death, worthy of much thought and admiration from all men. Yet this is not all. It is well for us to see how such a man looked upon what he was doing, and what it meant to him. Lowell was one of the silent heroes so much commended by Carlyle. He never wrote of himself or his own exploits. As some one well said, he had "the impersonality of genius." But in a few remarkable passages in his private letters, we can see how the meaning of life and of that great time unrolled itself before his inner eyes. In June, 1861, he wrote:

"I cannot say I take any great pleasure in the con-

templation of the future. I fancy you feel much as I do about the profitableness of a soldier's life, and would not think of trying it, were it not for a muddled and twisted idea that somehow or other this fight was going to be one in which decent men ought to engage for the sake of humanity,—I use the word in its ordinary sense. It seems to me that within a year the slavery question will again take a prominent place, and that many cases will arise in which we may get fearfully in the wrong if we put our cause wholly in the hands of fighting men and foreign legions."

In June, 1863, he wrote:

"I wonder whether my theories about self-culture, etc., would ever have been modified so much, whether I should ever have seen what a necessary failure they lead to, had it not been for this war. Now I feel every day, more and more, that a man has no right to himself at all; that, indeed, he can do nothing useful unless he recognizes this clearly."

Here again, on July 3, is a sentence which it is well to take to heart, and for all men to remember when their ears are deafened with the cry that war, no matter what the cause, is the worst thing possible, because it interferes with comfort, trade, and money-making. "Wars are bad," Lowell writes, "but there are many things far worse. Anything immediately comfortable in our affairs I don't see; but comfortable times are not the ones that make a nation great." On July 24, he says:

"Many nations fail, that one may become great; ours will fail, unless we gird up our loins and do humble and honest days' work, without trying to do the thing by the job, or to get a great nation made by a patent process. It is not safe to say that we shall not have victories till we are ready for them. We shall have vic-

tories, and whether or no we are ready for them depends upon ourselves; if we are not ready, we shall fail,— *voilà tout.* If you ask, what if we do fail? I have nothing to say; I shouldn't cry over a nation or two, more or less, gone under."

Finally, on September 10, a little more than a month before his death, he wrote to a disabled officer:

"I hope that you are going to live like a plain republican, mindful of the beauty and of the duty of simplicity. Nothing fancy now, sir, if you please; it's disreputable to spend money when the government is so hard up, and when there are so many poor officers. I hope that you have outgrown all foolish ambitions, and are now content to become a 'useful citizen.' Don't grow rich; if you once begin, you will find it much more difficult to be a useful citizen. Don't seek office, but don't 'disremember' that the 'useful citizen' always holds his time, his trouble, his money, and his life ready at the hint of his country. The useful citizen is a mighty, unpretending hero; but we are not going to have any country very long, unless such heroism is developed. There, what a stale sermon I'm preaching. But, being a soldier, it does seem to me that I should like nothing so well as being a useful citizen. Well, trying to be one, I mean. I shall stay in the service, of course, till the war is over, or till I'm disabled; but then I look forward to a pleasanter career.

"I believe I have lost all my ambitions. I don't think I would turn my hand to be a distinguished chemist or a famous mathematician. All I now care about is to be a useful citizen, with money enough to buy bread and fire-wood, and to teach my children to ride on horseback, and look strangers in the face, especially Southern strangers."

There are profound and lofty lessons of patriotism and conduct in these passages, and a very noble philosophy of life and duty both as a man and as a citizen of a great republic. They throw a flood of light on the great underlying forces which enabled the American people to save themselves in that time of storm and stress. They are the utterances of a very young man, not thirty years old when he died in battle, but much beyond thirty in head and heart, tried and taught as he had been in a great war. What precisely such young men thought they were fighting for is put strikingly by Lowell's younger brother James, who was killed at Glendale, July 4, 1862. In 1861, James Lowell wrote to his classmates, who had given him a sword:

"Those who died for the cause, not of the Constitution and the laws,—a superficial cause, the rebels have now the same,—but of civilization and law, and the self-restrained freedom which is their result. As the Greeks at Marathon and Salamis, Charles Martel and the Franks at Tours, and the Germans at the Danube, saved Europe from Asiatic barbarism, so we, at places to be famous in future times, shall have saved America from a similar tide of barbarism; and we may hope to be purified and strengthened ourselves by the struggle."

This is a remarkable passage and a deep thought. Coming from a young fellow of twenty-four, it is amazing. But the fiery trial of the times taught fiercely and fast, and James Lowell, just out of college, could see in the red light around him that not merely the freedom of a race and the saving of a nation were at stake, but that behind all this was the forward movement of civilization, brought once again to the arbitrament of the sword. Slavery was barbarous and barbarizing. It had dragged down the civilization of the South to a level

from which it would take generations to rise up again. Was this barbarous force now to prevail in the United States in the nineteenth century? Was it to destroy a great nation, and fetter human progress in the New World? That was the great question back of, beyond, and above all. Should this force of barbarism sweep conquering over the land, wrecking an empire in its onward march, or should it be flung back as Miltiades flung back Asia at Marathon, and Charles Martel stayed the coming of Islam at Tours? The brilliant career, the shining courage, best seen always where the dead were lying thickest, the heroic death of Charles Lowell, are good for us all to know and to remember. Yet this imperfect story of his life has not been placed here for these things alone. Many thousand others, officers and soldiers alike, in the great Civil War gave their lives as freely as he, and brought to the service of their country the best that was in them. He was a fine example of many who, like him, offered up all they had for their country. But Lowell was also something more than this. He was a high type of a class, and a proof of certain very important things, and this is a point worthy of much consideration.

The name of John Hampden stands out in the history of the English-speaking people, admired and unquestioned. He was neither a great statesman, nor a great soldier; he was not a brilliant orator, nor a famous writer. He fell bravely in an unimportant skirmish at Chalgrove Field, fighting for freedom and what he believed to be right. Yet he fills a great place in the past, both for what he did and what he was, and the reason for this is of high importance. John Hampden was a gentleman, with all the advantages that the accidents of birth could give. He was rich, educated, well born,

of high traditions. English civilization of that day could produce nothing better. The memorable fact is that, when the time came for the test, he did not fail. He was a type of what was best among the English people, and when the call sounded, he was ready. He was brave, honest, high-minded, and he gave all, even his life, to his country. In the hour of need, the representative of what was best and most fortunate in England was put to the touch, and proved to be current gold. All men knew what that meant, and Hampden's memory is one of the glories of the English-speaking people.

Charles Lowell has the same meaning for us when rightly understood. He had all that birth, breeding, education, and tradition could give. The resources of our American life and civilization could produce nothing better. How would he and such men as he stand the great ordeal when it came? If wealth, education, and breeding were to result in a class who could only carp and criticise, accumulate money, give way to self-indulgence, and cherish low foreign ideals, then would it have appeared that there was a radical unsoundness in our society, refinement would have been proved to be weakness, and the highest education would have been shown to be a curse, rather than a blessing. But Charles Lowell, and hundreds of others like him, in greater or less degree, all over the land, met the great test and emerged triumphant. The Harvard men may be taken as fairly representing the colleges and universities of America. Harvard had, in 1860, four thousand one hundred and fifty-seven living graduates, and eight hundred and twenty-three students, presumably over eighteen years old. Probably three thousand of her students and graduates were of military age, and not physically disqualified for military service. Of this

number, one thousand two hundred and thirty entered the Union army or navy. One hundred and fifty-six died in service, and sixty-seven were killed in action. Many did not go who might have gone, unquestionably, but the record is a noble one. Nearly one man of every two Harvard men came forward to serve his country when war was at our gates, and this proportion holds true, no doubt, of the other universities of the North. It is well for the country, well for learning, well for our civilization, that such a record was made at such a time. Charles Lowell, and those like him, showed, once for all, that the men to whom fortune had been kindest were capable of the noblest patriotism, and shrank from no sacrifices. They taught the lesson which can never be heard too often—that the man to whom the accidents of birth and fortune have given most is the man who owes most to his country. If patriotism should exist anywhere, it should be strongest with such men as these, and their service should be ever ready. How nobly Charles Lowell in this spirit answered the great question, his life and death, alike victorious, show to all men.

SHERIDAN AT CEDAR CREEK

Inspired repulsed battalions to engage,
And taught the doubtful battle where to rage.
— *Addison.*

General Sheridan took command of the Army of the Shenandoah in August, 1864. His coming was the signal for aggressive fighting, and for a series of brilliant victories over the rebel army. He defeated Early at Winchester and again at Fisher's Hill, while General Torbert whipped Rosser in a subsequent action, where the rout of the rebels was so complete that the fight was known as the "Woodstock races." Sheridan's plan after this was to terminate his campaign north of Staunton, and, returning thence, to desolate the Valley, so as to make it untenable for the Confederates, as well as useless as a granary or storehouse, and then move the bulk of his army through Washington, and unite them with General Grant in front of Petersburg. Grant, however, and the authorities at Washington, were in favor of Sheridan's driving Early into eastern Virginia, and following up that line, which Sheridan himself believed to be a false move. This important matter was in debate until October 16, when Sheridan, having left the main body of his army at Cedar Creek under General Wright, determined to go to Washington, and discuss the question personally with General Halleck and the secretary of war. He reached Washington on the morning of the 17th about eight o'clock, left there at twelve, and got back to Martinsburg the same night about dark. At Martinsburg he spent the night, and

the next day, with his escort, rode to Winchester, reaching that point between three and four o'clock in the afternoon of the 18th. He there heard that all was quiet at Cedar Creek and along the front, and went to bed, expecting to reach his headquarters and join the army the next day.

About six o'clock, on the morning of the 19th, it was reported to him that artillery firing could be heard in the direction of Cedar Creek, but as the sound was stated to be irregular and fitful, he thought it only a skirmish. He, nevertheless, arose at once, and had just finished dressing when another officer came in, and reported that the firing was still going on in the same direction, but that it did not sound like a general battle. Still Sheridan was uneasy, and, after breakfasting, mounted his horse between eight and nine o'clock, and rode slowly through Winchester. When he reached the edge of the town he halted a moment, and then heard the firing of artillery in an unceasing roar. He now felt confident that a general battle was in progress, and, as he rode forward, he was convinced, from the rapid increase of the sound, that his army was falling back. After he had crossed Mill Creek, just outside Winchester, and made the crest of the rise beyond the stream, there burst upon his view the spectacle of a panic-stricken army. Hundreds of slightly wounded men, with hundreds more unhurt, but demoralized, together with baggage wagons and trains, were all pressing to the rear, in hopeless confusion.

There was no doubt now that a disaster had occurred at the front. A fugitive told Sheridan that the army was broken and in full retreat, and that all was lost. Sheridan at once sent word to Colonel Edwards, commanding a brigade at Winchester, to stretch his troops

across the valley, and stop all fugitives. His first idea was to make a stand there, but, as he rode along, a different plan flashed into his mind. He believed that his troops had great confidence in him, and he determined to try to restore their broken ranks, and, instead of merely holding the ground at Winchester, to rally his army, and lead them forward again to Cedar Creek. He had hardly made up his mind to this course, when news was brought to him that his headquarters at Cedar Creek were captured, and the troops dispersed. He started at once, with about twenty men as an escort, and rode rapidly to the front. As he passed along, the unhurt men, who thickly lined the road, recognized him, and, as they did so, threw up their hats, shouldered their muskets, and followed him as fast as they could on foot. His officers rode out on either side to tell the stragglers that the general had returned, and, as the news spread, the retreating men in every direction rallied, and turned their faces toward the battlefield they had left.

In his memoirs, Sheridan says, in speaking of his ride through the retreating troops: "I said nothing, except to remark, as I rode among them, 'If I had been with you this morning, this disaster would not have happened. We must face the other way. We will go back and recover our camp.' " Thus he galloped on over the twenty miles, with the men rallying behind him, and following him in ever-increasing numbers. As he went by, the panic of retreat was replaced by the ardor of battle. Sheridan had not overestimated the power of enthusiasm or his own ability to rouse it to fighting pitch. He pressed steadily on to the front, until at last he came up to Getty's division of the Sixth Corps, which, with the cavalry, were the only troops who held

their line and were resisting the enemy. Getty's division was about a mile north of Middletown on some slightly rising ground, and was skirmishing with the enemy's pickets. Jumping a rail fence, Sheridan rode to the crest of the hill, and, as he took off his hat, the men rose up from behind the barricades with cheers of recognition.

It is impossible to follow in detail Sheridan's actions from that moment, but he first brought up the Nineteenth Corps and the two divisions of Wright to the front. He then communicated with Colonel Lowell, who was fighting near Middletown with his men dismounted, and asked him if he could hold on where he was, to which Lowell replied in the affirmative. All this and many similar quickly given orders consumed a great deal of time, but still the men were getting into line, and at last, seeing that the enemy were about to renew the attack, Sheridan rode along the line so that the men could all see him. He was received with the wildest enthusiasm as he rode by, and the spirit of the army was restored. The rebel attack was made shortly after noon, and was repulsed by General Emory.

This done, Sheridan again set to work to getting his line completely restored, while General Merritt charged and drove off an exposed battery of the Confederates. By half past three Sheridan was ready to attack. The fugitives of the morning, whom he had rallied as he rode from Winchester, were again in their places, and the different divisions were all disposed in their proper positions. With the order to advance, the whole line pressed forward. The Confederates at first resisted stubbornly, and then began to retreat. On they went past Cedar Creek, and there, where the pike made a sharp turn to the west toward Fisher's Hill, Merritt

and Custer fell on the flank of the retreating columns, and the rebel army fell back, routed and broken, up the Valley. The day had begun in rout and defeat; it ended in a great victory for the Union army.

How near we had been to a terrible disaster can be realized by recalling what had happened before the general galloped down from Winchester.

In Sheridan's absence, Early, soon after dawn, had made an unexpected attack on our army at Cedar Creek. Surprised by the assault, the national troops had given way in all directions, and a panic had set in. Getty's division with Lowell's cavalry held on at Middletown, but, with this exception, the rout was complete. When Sheridan rode out of Winchester, he met an already beaten army. His first thought was the natural one to make a stand at Winchester and rally his troops about him there. His second thought was the inspiration of the great commander. He believed his men would rally as soon as they saw him. He believed that enthusiasm was one of the great weapons of war, and that this was the moment of all others when it might be used with decisive advantage. With this thought in his mind he abandoned the idea of forming his men at Winchester, and rode bareheaded through the fugitives, swinging his hat, straight for the front, and calling on his men as he passed to follow him. As the soldiers saw him, they turned and rushed after him. He had not calculated in vain upon the power of personal enthusiasm, but, at the same time, he did not rely upon any wild rush to save the day. The moment he reached the field of battle, he set to work with the coolness of a great soldier to make all the dispositions, first, to repel the enemy, and then to deliver an attack which could not be resisted. One division after another was rapidly brought into

line and placed in position, the thin ranks filling fast with the soldiers who had recovered from their panic, and followed Sheridan and the black horse all the way down from Winchester. He had been already two hours on the field when, at noon, he rode along the line, again formed for battle. Most of the officers and men then thought he had just come, while in reality it was his own rapid work which had put them in the line along which he was riding.

Once on the field of battle, the rush and hurry of the desperate ride from Winchester came to an end. First the line was reformed, then the enemy's assault was repulsed, and it was made impossible for them to again take the offensive. But Sheridan, undazzled by his brilliant success up to this point, did not mar his work by overhaste. Two hours more passed before he was ready, and then, when all was prepared, with his ranks established and his army ranged in position, he moved his whole line forward, and won one of the most brilliant battles of the war, having, by his personal power over his troops, and his genius in action, snatched a victory from a day which began in surprise, disaster, and defeat.

LIEUTENANT CUSHING AND THE RAM "ALBEMARLE"

God give us peace! Not such as lulls to sleep,
But sword on thigh, and brow with purpose knit!
And let our Ship of State to harbor sweep,
Her ports all up, her battle-lanterns lit,
And her leashed thunders gathering for their leap!
—*Lowell.*

THE great Civil War was remarkable in many ways, but in no way more remarkable than for the extraordinary mixture of inventive mechanical genius and of resolute daring shown by the combatants. After the first year, when the contestants had settled down to real fighting, and the preliminary mob work was over, the battles were marked by their extraordinary obstinacy and heavy loss. In no European conflict since the close of the Napoleonic wars has the fighting been anything like as obstinate and as bloody as was the fighting in our own Civil War. In addition to this fierce and dogged courage, this splendid fighting capacity, the contest also brought out the skilled inventive power of engineer and mechanician in a way that few other contests have ever done.

This was especially true of the navy. The fighting under and against Farragut and his fellow admirals revolutionized naval warfare. The Civil War marks the break between the old style and the new. Terrible encounters took place when the terrible new engines of war were brought into action for the first time; and one of these encounters has given an example which,

for heroic daring combined with cool intelligence, is unsurpassed in all time.

The Confederates showed the same skill and energy in building their great ironclad rams as the men of the Union did in building the monitors which were so often pitted against them. Both sides, but especially the Confederates, also used stationary torpedoes, and, on a number of occasions, torpedo-boats likewise. These torpedo-boats were sometimes built to go under the water. One such, after repeated failures, was employed by the Confederates, with equal gallantry and success, in sinking a Union sloop of war off Charleston harbor, the torpedo-boat itself going down to the bottom with its victim, all on board being drowned. The other type of torpedo-boat was simply a swift, ordinary steam-launch, operated above water.

It was this last type of boat which Lieutenant W. B. Cushing brought down to Albemarle Sound to use against the great Confederate ram *Albemarle*. The ram had been built for the purpose of destroying the Union blockading forces. Steaming downriver, she had twice attacked the federal gunboats, and in each case had sunk or disabled one or more of them, with little injury to herself. She had retired up the river again to lie at her wharf and refit. The gunboats had suffered so severely as to make it a certainty that when she came out again, thoroughly fitted to renew the attack, the wooden vessels would be destroyed; and while she was in existence, the Union vessels could not reduce the forts and coast towns. Just at this time Cushing came down from the North with his swift little torpedo-boat, an open launch, with a spar rigged out in front, the torpedo being placed at the end. The crew of the launch consisted of fifteen men, Cushing being in command. He

not only guided his craft, but himself handled the torpedo by means of two small ropes, one of which put it in place, while the other exploded it. The action of the torpedo was complicated, and it could not have been operated in a time of tremendous excitement save by a man of the utmost nerve and self-command; but Cushing had both. He possessed precisely that combination of reckless courage, presence of mind, and high mental capacity necessary to the man who leads a forlorn hope under peculiarly difficult circumstances.

On the night of October 27, 1864, Cushing slipped away from the blockading fleet, and steamed upriver toward the wharf, a dozen miles distant, where the great ram lay. The Confederates were watchful to guard against surprise, for they feared lest their foes should try to destroy the ram before she got a chance to come down and attack them again in the Sound. She lay under the guns of a fort, with a regiment of troops ready at a moment's notice to turn out and defend her. Her own guns were kept always clear for action, and she was protected by a great boom of logs thrown out roundabout; of which last defense the Northerners knew nothing.

Cushing went upstream with the utmost caution, and by good luck passed, unnoticed, a Confederate lookout below the ram.

About midnight he made his assault. Steaming quietly on through the black water, and feeling his way cautiously toward where he knew the town to be, he finally made out the loom of the *Albemarle* through the night, and at once drove at her. He was almost upon her before he was discovered; then the crew and the soldiers on the wharf opened fire, and, at the same moment, he was brought-to by the boom, the existence of

which he had not known. The rifle-balls were singing round him as he stood erect, guiding his launch, and he heard the bustle of the men aboard the ram, and the noise of the great guns as they were got ready. Backing off, he again went all steam ahead, and actually surged over the slippery logs of the boom. Meanwhile, on the *Albemarle* the sailors were running to quarters, and the soldiers were swarming down to aid in her defense; and the droning bullets came always thicker through the dark night. Cushing still stood upright in his little craft, guiding and controlling her by voice and signal, while in his hands he kept the ropes which led to the torpedo. As the boat slid forward over the boom, he brought the torpedo full against the sombre side of the huge ram, and instantly exploded it, almost at the same time that the pivot-gun of the ram, loaded with grape, was fired pointblank at him not ten yards off.

At once the ram settled, the launch sinking at the same moment, while Cushing and his men swam for their lives. Most of them sank or were captured, but Cushing reached midstream. Hearing something splashing in the darkness, he swam toward it, and found that it was one of his crew. He went to his rescue, and they kept together for some time, but the sailor's strength gave out, and he finally sank. In the pitch darkness Cushing could form no idea where he was; and when, chilled through, and too exhausted to rise to his feet, he finally reached shore, shortly before dawn, he found that he had swum back and landed but a few hundred feet below the sunken ram. All that day he remained within easy musket-shot of where his foes were swarming about the fort and the great drowned ironclad. He hardly dared move, and until the afternoon he lay without food, and without protection from the

heat or venomous insects. Then he managed to slip unobserved into the dense swamp, and began to make his way to the fleet. Toward evening he came out on a small stream, near a camp of Confederate soldiers. They had moored to the bank a skiff, and, with equal stealth and daring, he managed to steal this and to paddle downstream. Hour after hour he paddled on through the fading light, and then through the darkness. At last, utterly worn out, he found the squadron, and was picked up. At once the ships weighed; and they speedily captured every coast town and fort, for their dreaded enemy was no longer in the way. The fame of Cushing's deed went all over the North, and his name will stand forever among the brightest on the honor-roll of the American navy.

FARRAGUT AT MOBILE BAY

Ha, old ship, do they thrill,
The brave two hundred scars
You got in the river wars?
That were leeched with clamorous skill
(Surgery savage and hard),
At the Brooklyn Navy Yard.

. . . . . .

How the guns, as with cheer and shout,
Our tackle-men hurled them out,
Brought up in the waterways
. . . As we fired, at the flash
'T was lightning and black eclipse
With a bellowing sound and crash.

. . . . . .

The Dahlgrens are dumb,
Dumb are the mortars;
Never more shall the drum
Beat to colors and quarters —
The great guns are silent.

—*Henry Howard Brownell.*

During the Civil War our navy produced, as it has always produced in every war, scores of capable officers, of brilliant single-ship commanders, of men whose daring courage made them fit leaders in any hazardous enterprise. In this respect the Union seamen in the Civil War merely lived up to the traditions of their service. In a service with such glorious memories it was a difficult thing to establish a new record in feats of personal courage or warlike address. Biddle, in the Revolutionary War, fighting his little frigate against a ship of the line until she blew up with all on board, after inflicting severe loss on her huge adversary; Decatur,

heading the rush of the boarders in the night attack when they swept the wild Moorish pirates from the decks of their anchored prize; Lawrence, dying with the words on his lips, "Don't give up the ship"; and Perry, triumphantly steering his bloody sloop of war to victory with the same words blazoned on his banner—men like these, and like their fellows, who won glory in desperate conflicts with the regular war-ships and heavy privateers of England and France, or with the corsairs of the Barbary States, left behind a reputation which was hardly to be dimmed, though it might be emulated, by later feats of mere daring.

But vital though daring is, indispensable though desperate personal prowess and readiness to take chances are to the make-up of a fighting navy, other qualities are needed in addition to fit a man for a place among the great sea-captains of all time. It was the good fortune of the navy in the Civil War to produce one admiral of renown, one peer of all the mighty men who have ever waged war on the ocean. Farragut was not only the greatest admiral since Nelson, but, with the sole exception of Nelson, he was as great an admiral as ever sailed the broad or the narrow seas.

David Glasgow Farragut was born in Tennessee. He was appointed to the navy while living in Louisiana, but when the war came he remained loyal to the Union flag. This puts him in the category of those men who deserved best of their country in the Civil War; the men who were Southern by birth, but who stood loyally by the Union; the men like General Thomas of Virginia, and like Farragut's own flag-captain at the battle of Mobile Bay, Drayton of South Carolina. It was an easy thing in the North to support the Union, and it was a double disgrace to be, like Vallandigham and the

Copperheads, against it; and in the South there were a great multitude of men, as honorable as they were brave, who, from the best of motives, went with their States when they seceded, or even advocated secession. But the highest and loftiest patriots, those who deserved best of the whole country, were the men from the South who possessed such heroic courage, and such lofty fealty to the high ideal of the Union, that they stood by the flag when their fellows deserted it, and unswervingly followed a career devoted to the cause of the whole nation and of the whole people. Among all those who fought in this, the greatest struggle for righteousness which the present century has seen, these men stand pre-eminent; and among them Farragut stands first. It was his good fortune that by his life he offered an example, not only of patriotism, but of supreme skill and daring in his profession. He belongs to that class of commanders who possess in the highest degree the qualities of courage and daring, of readiness to assume responsibility, and of willingness to run great risks; the qualities without which no commander, however cautious and able, can ever become really great. He possessed also the unwearied capacity for taking thought in advance, which enabled him to prepare for victory before the day of battle came; and he added to this an inexhaustible fertility of resource and presence of mind under no matter what strain.

His whole career should be taught every American schoolboy, for when that schoolboy becomes a voter he should have learned the lesson that the United States, while it ought not to become an overgrown military power, should always have a first-class navy, formidable from the number of its ships, and formidable still more from the excellence of the individual ships and the

high character of the officers and men. Farragut saw the War of 1812, in which, though our few frigates and sloops fought some glorious actions, our coasts were blockaded and insulted, and the Capitol at Washington burned, because our statesmen and our people had been too short-sighted to build a big fighting navy; and Farragut was able to perform his great feats on the Gulf coast because, when the Civil War broke out, we had a navy which, though too small in point of numbers, was composed of ships as good as any afloat.

Another lesson to be learned by a study of his career is that no man in a profession so highly technical as that of the navy can win a great success unless he has been brought up in and specially trained for that profession, and has devoted his life to the work. This fact was made plainly evident in the desperate hurly-burly of the night battle with the Confederate flotilla below New Orleans—the incidents of this hurly-burly being, perhaps, best described by the officer who, in his report of his own share in it, remarked that "all sorts of things happened." Of the Confederate rams there were two, commanded by trained officers formerly in the United States navy, Lieutenants Kennon and Warley. Both of these men handled their little vessels with remarkable courage, skill, and success, fighting them to the last, and inflicting serious and heavy damage upon the Union fleet. The other vessels of the flotilla were commanded by men who had not been in the regular navy, who were merely Mississippi River captains, and the like. These men were, doubtless, naturally as brave as any of the regular officers; but, with one or two exceptions, they failed ignobly in the time of trial, and showed a fairly startling contrast with the regular naval officers beside or against whom they fought. This is a fact

which may well be pondered by the ignorant or unpatriotic people who believe that the United States does not need a navy, or that it can improvise one, and improvise officers to handle it, whenever the moment of need arises.

When a boy, Farragut had sailed as a midshipman on the *Essex* in her famous cruise to the South Pacific, and lived through the murderous fighting which, after losing three-fifths of her crew, she was captured by two British vessels. Step by step he rose in his profession, but never had an opportunity of distinguishing himself until, when he was sixty years old, the Civil War broke out. He was then made flag-officer of the Gulf squadron; and the first success which the Union forces met with in the southwest was scored by him, when one night he burst the iron chains which the Confederates had stretched across the Mississippi, and, stemming the swollen flood with his splendidly handled steam-frigates, swept past the forts, sank the rams and gunboats that sought to bar his path, and captured the city of New Orleans. After further exciting service on the Mississippi, service in which he turned a new chapter in the history of naval warfare by showing the possibilities of heavy sea-going vessels when used on great rivers, he again went back to the Gulf, and, in the last year of the war, was allotted the task of attempting the capture of Mobile, the only important port still left open to the Confederates.

In August, 1864, Farragut was lying with his fleet off Mobile Bay. For months he had been eating out his heart while undergoing the wearing strain of the blockade; sympathizing, too, with every detail of the doubtful struggle on land. "I get right sick, every now and then, at the bad news," he once wrote home; and then

again: "The victory of the *Kearsarge* over the *Alabama* raised me up; I would sooner have fought that fight than any ever fought on the ocean." As for himself, all he wished was a chance to fight, for he had the fighting temperament, and he knew that, in the long run, an enemy can only be beaten by being outfought, as well as outmanœuvred. He possessed a splendid self-confidence, and scornfully threw aside any idea that he would be defeated, while he utterly refused to be daunted by the rumors of the formidable nature of the defenses against which he was to act. "I mean to be whipped or to whip my enemy, and not to be scared to death," he remarked in speaking of these rumors.

The Confederates who held Mobile used all their skill in preparing for defense, and all their courage in making that defense good. The mouth of the bay was protected by two fine forts, heavily armed, Morgan and Gaines. The winding channels were filled with torpedoes, and, in addition, there was a flotilla consisting of three gunboats, and, above all, a big ironclad ram, the *Tennessee*, one of the most formidable vessels then afloat. She was not fast, but she carried six high-power rifled guns, and her armor was very powerful, while, being of light draft, she could take a position where Farragut's deep-sea ships could not get at her.

Farragut made his attack with four monitors—two of them, the *Tecumseh* and *Manhattan*, of large size, carrying fifteen-inch guns, and the other two, the *Winnebago* and *Chickasaw*, smaller and lighter, with eleven-inch guns—and the wooden vessels, fourteen in number. Seven of these were big sloops of war, of the general type of Farragut's own flag-ship, the *Hartford*. She was a screw steamer, but was a full-rigged ship likewise, with twenty-two nine-inch-shell guns, arranged

in broadside, and carrying a crew of three hundred men. The other seven were light gunboats. When Farragut prepared for the assault, he arranged to make the attack with his wooden ships in double column. The seven most powerful were formed on the right, in line ahead, to engage Fort Morgan, the heaviest of the two forts, which had to be passed close inshore to the right. The light vessels were lashed each to the left of one of the heavier ones. By this arrangement each pair of ships was given a double chance to escape, if rendered helpless by a shot in the boiler or other vital part of the machinery. The heaviest ships led in the fighting column, the first place being taken by the *Brooklyn* and her gunboat consort, while the second position was held by Farragut himself in the *Hartford*, with the little *Metacomet* lashed alongside. He waited to deliver the attack until the tide and the wind should be favorable, and made all his preparations with the utmost care and thoughtfulness. Pre-eminently a man who could inspire affection in others, both the officers and men of the fleet regarded him with fervent loyalty and absolute trust.

The attack was made early on the morning of August 5. Soon after midnight the weather became hot and calm, and at three the admiral learned that a light breeze had sprung up from the quarter he wished, and he at once announced: "Then we will go in this morning." At daybreak he was at breakfast when the word was brought that the ships were all lashed in couples. Turning quietly to his captain, he said, "Well, Drayton, we might as well get under way"; and at half past six the monitors stood down to their stations, while the column of wooden ships was formed, all with the United States flag hoisted, not only at the peak, but also at

every masthead. The four monitors, trusting in their iron sides, steamed in between the wooden ships and the fort. Every man in every craft was thrilling with the fierce excitement of battle; but in the minds of most there lurked a vague feeling of unrest over one danger. For their foes who fought in sight, for the forts, the gunboats, and the great ironclad ram, they cared nothing; but all, save the very boldest, were at times awed, and rendered uneasy by the fear of the hidden and the unknown. Danger which is great and real, but which is shrouded in mystery, is always very awful; and the ocean veterans dreaded the torpedoes—the mines of death—which lay, they knew not where, thickly scattered through the channels along which they were to thread their way.

The tall ships were in fighting trim, with spars housed and canvas furled. The decks were strewn with sawdust; every man was in his place; the guns were ready, and except for the song of the sounding-lead there was silence in the ships as they moved forward through the glorious morning. It was seven o'clock when the battle began, as the *Tecumseh*, the leading monitor, fired two shots at the fort. In a few minutes Fort Morgan was ablaze with the flash of her guns, and the leading wooden vessels were sending back broadside after broadside. Farragut stood in the port main-rigging, and as the smoke increased he gradually climbed higher, until he was close by the maintop, where the pilot was stationed for the sake of clearer vision. The captain, fearing lest by one of the accidents of battle the great admiral should lose his footing, sent aloft a man with a lasher, and had a turn or two taken around his body in the shrouds, so that he might not fall if wounded; for the shots were flying thick.

At first the ships used only their bow guns, and the Confederate ram, with her great steel rifles, and her three consorts, taking station where they could rake the advancing fleet, caused much loss. In twenty minutes after the opening of the fight the ships of the van were fairly abreast of the fort, their guns leaping and thundering; and under the weight of their terrific fire that of the fort visibly slackened. All was now uproar and slaughter, the smoke drifting off in clouds. The decks were reddened and ghastly with blood, and the wreck of flying splinters drove across them at each discharge. The monitor *Tecumseh* alone was silent. After firing the first two shots, her commander, Captain Craven, had loaded his two big guns with steel shot, and, thus prepared, reserved himself for the Confederate ironclad, which he had set his heart upon taking or destroying single-handed. The two columns of monitors and the wooden ships lashed in pairs were now approaching the narrowest part of the channel, where the torpedoes lay thickest; and the guns of the vessels fairly overbore and quelled the fire from the fort. All was well, provided only the two columns could push straight on without hesitation; but just at this moment a terrible calamity befell the leader of the monitors. The *Tecumseh*, standing straight for the *Tennessee*, was within two hundred yards of her foe, when a torpedo suddenly exploded beneath her. The monitor was about five hundred yards from the *Hartford*, and from the maintop Farragut, looking at her, saw her reel violently from side to side, lurch heavily over, and go down head foremost, her screw revolving wildly in the air as she disappeared. Captain Craven, one of the gentlest and bravest of men, was in the pilot-house with the pilot at the time. As she sank, both rushed to the narrow door, but there was time for

only one to get out. Craven was ahead, but drew to one side, saying: "After you, pilot." As the pilot leaped through, the water rushed in, and Craven and all his crew, save two men, settled to the bottom in their iron coffin.

None of the monitors were awed or daunted by the fate of their consort, but drew steadily onward. In the bigger monitors the captains, like the crews, had remained within the iron walls; but on the two light crafts the commanders had found themselves so harassed by their cramped quarters, that they both stayed outside on the deck. As these two steamed steadily ahead, the men on the flag-ship saw Captain Stevens, of the *Winnebago,* pacing calmly, from turret to turret, on his unwieldy iron craft, under the full fire of the fort. The captain of the *Chickasaw,* Perkins, was the youngest commander in the fleet, and as he passed the *Hartford,* he stood on top of the turret, waving his hat and dancing about in wildest excitement and delight.

But, for a moment, the nerve of the commander of the *Brooklyn* failed him. The awful fate of the *Tecumseh* and the sight of a number of objects in the channel ahead, which seemed to be torpedoes, caused him to hesitate. He stopped his ship, and then backed water, making sternway to the *Hartford,* so as to stop her also. It was the crisis of the fight and the crisis of Farragut's career. The column was halted in a narrow channel, right under the fire of the forts. A few moments' delay and confusion, and the golden chance would have been past, and the only question remaining would have been as to the magnitude of the disaster. Ahead lay terrible danger, but ahead lay also triumph. It might be that the first ship to go through would be sacrificed to the torpedoes; it might be that others would be sacrificed;

but go through the fleet must. Farragut signalled to the *Brooklyn* to go ahead, but she still hesitated. Immediately, the admiral himself resolved to take the lead. Backing hard he got clear of the *Brooklyn*, twisted his ship's prow short round, and then, going ahead fast, he dashed close under the *Brooklyn's* stern, straight at the line of buoys in the channel. As he thus went by the *Brooklyn*, a warning cry came from her that there were torpedoes ahead. "Damn the torpedoes!" shouted the admiral; "go ahead, full speed"; and the *Hartford* and her consort steamed forward. As they passed between the buoys, the cases of the torpedoes were heard knocking against the bottom of the ship; but for some reason they failed to explode, and the *Hartford* went safely through the gates of Mobile Bay, passing the forts. Farragut's last and hardest battle was virtually won. After a delay which allowed the flag-ship to lead nearly a mile, the *Brooklyn* got her head round, and came in, closely followed by all the other ships. The *Tennessee* strove to interfere with the wooden craft as they went in, but they passed, exchanging shots, and one of them striving to ram her, but inflicting only a glancing blow. The ship on the fighting side of the rear couple had been completely disabled by a shot through her boiler.

As Farragut got into the bay he gave orders to slip the gunboats, which were lashed to each of the Union ships of war, against the Confederate gunboats, one of which he had already disabled by his fire, so that she was run ashore and burnt. Jouett, the captain of the *Metacomet*, had been eagerly waiting this order, and had his men already standing at the hawsers, hatchet in hand. When the signal for the gunboats to chase was hoisted, the order to Jouett was given by word of

mouth, and as his hearty "Aye, aye, sir," came in answer, the hatchets fell, the hawsers parted, and the *Metacomet* leaped forward in pursuit. A thick rain-squall came up, and rendered it impossible for the rear gunboats to know whither the Confederate flotilla had fled. When it cleared away, the watchers on the fleet saw that one of the two which were uninjured had slipped off to Fort Morgan, while the other, the *Selma*, was under the guns of the *Metacomet*, and was promptly carried by the latter.

Meanwhile the ships anchored in the bay, about four miles from Fort Morgan, and the crews were piped to breakfast; but almost as soon as it was begun, the look-outs reported that the great Confederate ironclad was steaming down, to do battle, single-handed, with the Union fleet. She was commanded by Buchanan, a very gallant and able officer, who had been on the *Merrimac*, and who trusted implicitly in his invulnerable sides, his heavy rifle-guns, and his formidable iron beak. As the ram came on, with splendid courage, the ships got under way, while Farragut sent word to the monitors to attack the *Tennessee* at once. The fleet surgeon, Palmer, delivered these orders. In his diary he writes:

"I came to the *Chickasaw;* happy as my friend Perkins habitually is, I thought he would turn a somerset with joy, when I told him, 'The admiral wants you to go at once and fight the *Tennessee*.' "

At the same time, the admiral directed the wooden vessels to charge the ram, bow on, at full speed, as well as to attack her with their guns.

The monitors were very slow, and the wooden vessels began the attack. The first to reach the hostile ironclad was the *Monongahela*, which struck her square amidships; and five minutes later the *Lackawanna*, go-

ing at full speed, delivered another heavy blow. Both the Union vessels fired such guns as would bear as they swung round, but the shots glanced harmlessly from the armor, and the blows of the ship produced no serious injury to the ram, although their own stems were crushed in several feet above and below the water-line. The *Hartford* then struck the *Tennessee*, which met her bows on. The two antagonists scraped by, their port sides touching. As they rasped past, the *Hartford's* guns were discharged against the ram, their muzzles only half a dozen feet distant from her ironclad sides; but the shot made no impression. While the three ships were circling to repeat the charge, the *Lackawanna* ran square into the flag-ship, cutting the vessel down to within two feet of the water. For a moment the ship's company thought the vessel sinking, and almost as one man they cried: "Save the admiral! get the admiral on board the *Lackawanna*." But Farragut, leaping actively into the chains, saw that the ship was in no present danger, and ordered her again to be headed for the *Tennessee*. Meanwhile, the monitors had come up, and the battle raged between them and the great ram. Like the rest of the Union fleet, they carried smoothbores, and their shot could not break through her iron plates; but by sustained and continuous hammering, her frame could be jarred and her timbers displaced. Two of the monitors had been more or less disabled already, but the third, the *Chickasaw*, was in fine trim, and Perkins got her into position under the stern of the *Tennessee*, just after the latter was struck by the *Hartford;* and there he stuck to the end, never over fifty yards distant, and keeping up a steady rapping of eleven-inch shot upon the iron walls, which they could not penetrate, but which they racked and shattered. The

Chickasaw fired fifty-two times at her antagonist, shooting away the exposed rudder-chains and the smoke-stack, while the commander of the ram, Buchanan, was wounded by an iron splinter which broke his leg. Under the hammering, the *Tennessee* became helpless. She could not be steered, and was unable to bring a gun to bear, while many of the shutters of the ports were jammed. For twenty minutes she had not fired a shot. The wooden vessels were again bearing down to ram her; and she hoisted the white flag.

Thus ended the battle of Mobile Bay, Farragut's crowning victory. Less than three hours elapsed from the time that Fort Morgan fired its first gun to the moment when the *Tennessee* hauled down her flag. Three hundred and thirty-five men had been killed or wounded in the fleet, and one vessel, the *Tecumseh*, had gone down; but the Confederate flotilla was destroyed, the bay had been entered, and the forts around it were helpless to do anything further. One by one they surrendered, and the port of Mobile was thus sealed against blockade-runners, so that the last source of communication between the Confederacy and the outside world was destroyed. Farragut had added to the annals of the Union the page which tells of the greatest sea-fight in our history.

LINCOLN

O captain. My captain. Our fearful trip is done;
The ship has weathered every rack, the prize we sought is won;
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring:
But O heart! Heart! Heart!
Leave you not the little spot,
Where on the deck my captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

O captain. My captain. Rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up — for you the flag is flung — for you the bugle trills;
For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths — for you the shores a-crowding;
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;
O captain. Dear father.
This arm I push beneath you;
It is some dream that on the deck,
You 've fallen cold and dead.

My captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still;
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will:
But the ship, the ship is anchor'd safe, its voyage closed and done;
From fearful trip, the victor ship, comes in with object won:
Exult O shores, and ring, O bells.
But I with silent tread,
Walk the spot the captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead. — *Walt Whitman.*

As Washington stands to the Revolution and the establishment of the government, so Lincoln stands as the hero of the mightier struggle by which our Union was saved. He was born in 1809, ten years after Washington, his work done, had been laid to rest at Mount Vernon. No great man ever came from beginnings

which seemed to promise so little. Lincoln's family, for more than one generation, had been sinking, instead of rising, in the social scale. His father was one of those men who were found on the frontier in the early days of the Western movement, always changing from one place to another, and dropping a little lower at each remove. Abraham Lincoln was born into a family who were not only poor, but shiftless, and his early days were days of ignorance, and poverty, and hard work. Out of such inauspicious surroundings, he slowly and painfully lifted himself. He gave himself an education, he took part in an Indian war, he worked in the fields, he kept a country store, he read and studied, and, at last, he became a lawyer. Then he entered into the rough politics of the newly settled State. He grew to be a leader in his county, and went to the legislature. The road was very rough, the struggle was very hard and very bitter, but the movement was always upward.

At last he was elected to Congress, and served one term in Washington as a Whig with credit, but without distinction. Then he went back to his law and his politics in Illinois. He had, at last, made his position. All that was now needed was an opportunity, and that came to him in the great antislavery struggle.

Lincoln was not an early Abolitionist. His training had been that of a regular party man, and as a member of a great political organization, but he was a lover of freedom and justice. Slavery, in its essence, was hateful to him, and when the conflict between slavery and freedom was fairly joined, his path was clear before him. He took up the antislavery cause in his own State, and made himself its champion against Douglas, the great leader of the Northern Democrats. He stumped Illinois in opposition to Douglas, as a candidate for the

Senate, debating the question which divided the country in every part of the State. He was beaten at the election, but, by the power and brilliancy of his speeches, his own reputation was made. Fighting the antislavery battle within constitutional lines, concentrating his whole force against the single point of the extension of slavery to the Territories, he had made it clear that a new leader had arisen in the cause of freedom. From Illinois his reputation spread to the East, and soon after his great debate he delivered a speech in New York which attracted wide attention. At the Republican Convention of 1856, his name was one of those proposed for Vice-President.

When 1860 came, he was a candidate for the first place on the national ticket. The leading candidate was William H. Seward, of New York, the most conspicuous man of the country on the Republican side, but the convention, after a sharp struggle, selected Lincoln, and then the great political battle came at the polls. The Republicans were victorious, and, as soon as the result of the voting was known, the South set to work to dissolve the Union. In February Lincoln made his way to Washington, at the end coming secretly from Harrisburg to escape a threatened attempt at assassination, and on March 4, 1861, assumed the presidency.

No public man, no great popular leader, ever faced a more terrible situation. The Union was breaking, the Southern States were seceding, treason was rampant in Washington, and the government was bankrupt. The country knew that Lincoln was a man of great capacity in debate, devoted to the cause of antislavery and to the maintenance of the Union. But what his ability was to deal with the awful conditions by which he was surrounded, no one knew. To follow him through the

four years of civil war which ensued is, of course, impossible here. Suffice it to say that no greater, no more difficult, task has ever been faced by any man in modern times, and no one ever met a fierce trial and conflict more successfully.

Lincoln put to the front the question of the Union, and let the question of slavery drop, at first, into the background. He used every exertion to hold the border States by moderate measures, and, in this way, prevented the spread of the rebellion. For this moderation, the antislavery extremists in the North assailed him, but nothing shows more his far-sighted wisdom and strength of purpose than his action at this time. By his policy at the beginning of his administration, he held the border States, and united the people of the North in defense of the Union.

As the war went on, he went on, too. He had never faltered in his feelings about slavery. He knew, better than any one, that the successful dissolution of the Union by the slave power meant, not only the destruction of an empire, but the victory of the forces of barbarism. But he also saw, what very few others at the moment could see, that, if he was to win, he must carry his people with him, step by step. So when he had rallied them to the defense of the Union, and checked the spread of secession in the border States, in the autumn of 1862 he announced that he would issue a proclamation freeing the slaves. The extremists had doubted him in the beginning, the conservative and the timid doubted him now, but when the Emancipation Proclamation was issued, on January 1, 1863, it was found that the people were with him in that, as they had been with him when he staked everything upon the maintenance of the Union. The war went on to victory, and

in 1864 the people showed at the polls that they were with the President, and re-elected him by overwhelming majorities. Victories in the field went hand in hand with success at the ballot-box, and, in the spring of 1865, all was over. On April 9, 1865, Lee surrendered at Appomattox, and five days later, on April 14, a miserable assassin crept into the box at the theatre where the President was listening to a play, and shot him. The blow to the country was terrible beyond words, for then men saw, in one bright flash, how great a man had fallen.

Lincoln died a martyr to the cause to which he had given his life, and both life and death were heroic. The qualities which enabled him to do his great work are very clear now to all men. His courage and his wisdom, his keen perception and his almost prophetic foresight, enabled him to deal with all the problems of that distracted time as they arose around him. But he had some qualities, apart from those of the intellect, which were of equal importance to his people and to the work he had to do. His character, at once strong and gentle, gave confidence to every one, and dignity to his cause. He had an infinite patience, and a humor that enabled him to turn aside many difficulties which could have been met in no other way. But most important of all was the fact that he personified a great sentiment, which ennobled and uplifted his people, and made them capable of the patriotism which fought the war and saved the Union. He carried his people with him, because he knew, instinctively, how they felt and what they wanted. He embodied, in his own person, all their highest ideals, and he never erred in his judgment.

He is not only a great and commanding figure among the great statesmen and leaders of history, but he per-

sonifies, also, all the sadness and the pathos of the war, as well as its triumphs and its glories. No words that any one can use about Lincoln can, however, do him such justice as his own, and I will close this volume with two of Lincoln's speeches, which show what the war and all the great deeds of that time meant to him, and through which shines the great soul of the man himself. On November 19, 1863, he spoke as follows at the dedication of the National Cemetery on the battle-field of Gettysburg:

"Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

"Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

"But in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate—we cannot consecrate—we cannot hallow—this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note or long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who have fought here, have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us —that from the honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full

measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

On March 4, 1865, when he was inaugurated the second time, he made the following address:

"Fellow Countrymen: At this second appearing to take the oath of presidential office, there is less occasion for an extended address than there was at the first. Then a statement, somewhat in detail, of a course to be pursued, seemed proper. Now, at the expiration of four years, during which public declarations have been constantly called forth on every point and phase of the great contest which still absorbs the attention and engrosses the energies of the nation, little that is new could be presented. The progress of our arms, upon which all else chiefly depends, is as well known to the public as to myself; and it is, I trust, reasonably satisfactory and encouraging to all. With high hope for the future, no prediction in regard to it is ventured.

"On the occasion corresponding to this four years ago, all thoughts were anxiously directed to an impending civil war. All dreaded it—all sought to avert it. While the inaugural address was being delivered from this place, devoted altogether to saving the Union without war, insurgent agents were in the city seeking to destroy it without war—seeking to dissolve the Union, and divide effects, by negotiation. Both parties deprecated war; but one of them would make war rather than let it perish. And the war came.

"One-eighth of the whole population were colored slaves, not distributed generally over the Union, but localized in the southern part of it. These slaves con-

stituted a peculiar and powerful interest. All knew that this interest was, somehow, the cause of the war. To strengthen, perpetuate, and extend this interest was the object for which the insurgents would rend the Union, even by war; while the government claimed no right to do more than to restrict the Territorial enlargement of it. Neither party expected for the war the magnitude or the duration which it has already attained. Neither anticipated that the cause of the conflict might cease with, or even before, the conflict itself should cease. Each looked for an easier triumph, and a result less fundamental and astounding. Both read the same Bible, and pray to the same God; and each invokes his aid against the other. It may seem strange that any man should dare to ask a just God's assistance in wringing their bread from the sweat of other men's faces; but let us judge not, that we be not judged. The prayers of both could not be answered—that of neither has been answered fully.

"The Almighty has his own purposes. 'Woe unto the world because of offenses, for it must needs be that offenses come; but woe to that man by whom the offense cometh.' If we shall suppose that American slavery is one of those offenses which, in the providence of God, must needs come, but which, having continued through his appointed time, he now wills to remove, and that he gives to both North and South this terrible war, as the woe due to those by whom the offenses come, shall we discern therein any departure from those divine attributes which the believers in a living God always ascribe to him? Fondly do we hope—fervently do we pray—that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet, if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondman's two hundred and fifty years of

unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, 'The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.'

"With malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow, and his orphan—to do all which may achieve and cherish a just, a lasting, peace among ourselves and with all nations."

NEW YORK

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

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xvii, 232 pp., maps, 12mo, red cloth.

Written specially for the HISTORIC TOWNS series and not published in magazine form. Issued simultaneously in New York and London. The second edition, which appeared in 1895, contains a postscript bringing the history down to that year. It has been frequently reprinted.

ROOSEVELT, CITIZEN OF NEW YORK*

By Julian Street

I

In the reissue of Roosevelt's "History of New York" in this year 1924, there is a most suitable coincidence, this being the year of the Tercentenary of the founding of the city—his city. For however much the West may claim Roosevelt because of his ranch life, his "The Winning of the West," his leadership of the Rough Riders, and his strong feeling of kinship with the men and the women of the West, and however much the South may claim him because of his sympathetic understanding of its strong sectional feeling and because his mother was of the Bulloch family of Georgia, and however much the whole country may claim him as a great national figure, he was in fact a New Yorker by birth and by descent, and his political career began when a New York City district elected him to represent it in the State Assembly.

In 1886, three years before the publication of the history contained in this volume, Roosevelt ran for mayor of New York, but was heavily defeated by Abram S. Hewitt. Robert Underwood Johnson, in his "Remembered Yesterdays," gives his recollection of a talk with Roosevelt two days after the election. He quotes Roosevelt as saying, "I do not disguise from myself that this is the end of my political career," and adds that he cannot remember having seen a man so cast down after a political defeat.

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This, it must be said, is not in accordance with the record of Roosevelt's attitude in defeat at other times, and times of far greater defeat. Nor does it harmonize with the much more characteristic utterance Mr. Hermann Hagedorn finds him making after the mayoralty campaign: "But anyway I had a bully time."

> I cannot remember to have seen a man so cast down after a political defeat. Of course it was temperamental and he soon regained his equilibrium. . . .

Mr. Robert Adamson, who managed the mayoralty campaigns of William J. Gaynor and John Purroy Mitchel, and was Fire Commissioner in the Mitchel administration (called by Roosevelt "the best municipal administration New York ever had"), has suggested a view of Roosevelt's defeat exactly opposite to that described by Mr. Johnson as having been Roosevelt's own view at the time.

"I have always thought," Mr. Adamson declares, "that one of the most important things that happened to him was that defeat. Perhaps if he had been elected mayor he would have suffered the fate of all men who have been mayors of New York, namely official extinction."

Counter to this theory, however, runs the theory that Roosevelt was a man of destiny, as exampled by his emergence, later, from the supposed political extinction of the Vice-Presidency. Destiny assisted Roosevelt in certain instances, but he himself continually assisted destiny to assist him. If I were attempting an allegory of his life I should not picture Destiny as a robed figure leading him on, but rather as a horse ridden by him with the spur, over jumps such as it had never expected to attempt.

The Roosevelt I knew was not the Roosevelt described by Mr. Johnson, for I well remember seeing him at the time of a defeat much more important, and he carried himself magnificently.

In June, 1916, I attended, at Chicago, the Republican National Convention, and the simultaneous Convention of the Progressive Party. The hope of the Progressives was that by nominating Roosevelt for the Presidency they could force the Republicans also to nominate him in order to beat Wilson, who was being run on the slogan "He kept us out of war." But Roosevelt knew the Republican machine too well to have illusions on this subject. Repeatedly in conversations with his friends and in letters he prophesied failure. "I do not believe there is any real chance of nominating me," he wrote in April, 1916. "I am just one of Abraham Lincoln's 'splashed and battered pioneers'!"

His explicit refusal to accept the Progressive nomination amounted to disbanding the Party. He was willing to batter at stone walls with his head if some good purpose might possibly be served thereby, but to have accepted the nomination would have served no good purpose, but would, upon the contrary, have made permanent the split in the Republican Party, and thereby assured Mr. Wilson's election. Probably, too, there was in Roosevelt's renunciation some faint shadow of a forlorn hope that by bending the knee to the Republicans he might secure the nomination, and with it the leadership of that part of our citizenry to whom President Wilson's equivocations were becoming increasingly repugnant.

The popular enthusiasm for Roosevelt at the Republican Convention in Chicago was far greater than for any other candidate, but little difference did that

make. Roosevelt was not to be forgiven. The Republican machine was set to roll over him, and over him it rolled. Mr. Hughes, for whom enthusiasm was notably lacking, was nominated, and, after a timid campaign, defeated.

I happened to be the first among Roosevelt's friends who had attended the Convention, to see him after it was over. On the train coming east I read in the newspapers that he had looked depressed when seen by reporters after receiving the final news, but I found him in good spirits, telling amusing stories. That some of the Progressives felt hurt he regretted, but his great concern thenceforward was that Mr. Hughes should take a strong attitude, and that Mr. Wilson should be beaten.

II

Readers of Mr. Hermann Hagedorn's delightful book "Roosevelt in the Bad Lands" will remember how the story of Roosevelt's ranching days is permeated with the presence and activities of Mr. A. T. Packard, now of Chicago, then proprietor and editor of a little newspaper called *The Bad Lands Cowboy*. Mr. Hagedorn gives a racy description of Mr. Packard's arrival in Medora, and a copy of the *Cowboy* still in existence records one of the first meetings between Roosevelt and Mr. Packard in June, 1884:

> Theodore Roosevelt, the young New York reformer, made us a very pleasant call Monday in full cowboy regalia. New York will certainly lose him for a time at least, as he is perfectly charmed with our free Western life and is now figuring on a trip to the Big Horn country.

One fancies one detects in the little item a jocular wink, as it were, at the expense of the newly arrived

tenderfoot in his bright new costume of fringed buckskin, but Roosevelt and the young editor became fast friends, and throughout the former's life remained so, wherefore Mr. Packard's recollections of him in that early contact with the West are of great value.

According to this witness, Roosevelt was not in those days at heart really a Westerner, but remained a transplanted New Yorker whose chief interest was even then in statesmanship, whether he himself fully realized the fact or not. And Mr. Packard goes further, declaring that though Roosevelt had in his later years "a love for the West which instinctively gave it first place in his consideration," his profound attachment for that section really began with his command of the Rough Riders in the Spanish War, although he had an unconscious tendency, thereafter, to date back his adoption of the West to the Medora days.

I am indebted to Mr. Packard for a letter on the subject, from which I quote:

To tell the honest truth, Roosevelt did not fit in at all when he came to the Bad Lands. I do not believe that at that time he even was a good mixer. He was very much of an idealist. He made my office his headquarters when in town and I honestly do not remember a real conversation we had about local conditions until the necessity of forming the Montana Stranglers became manifest. Our talk was almost wholly, as I remember it, on national subjects, and I early came to recognize that he had reached sound decisions on questions that I had also mulled over somewhat at length. His zeal on the subject must have been intense as it was not kept alive by disagreements with me. I do not remember that we ever disagreed on any subject.

I am sure there came a time in the Bad Lands when Roosevelt recognized he was an outsider and deliberately set himself to learning how to be a good mixer. He dropped many

of his fringed-hunting-shirt ways and became much more of a real leader than he had been.

With the exception of the Marquis de Mores, Roosevelt probably was the only man in the Bad Lands who did not refer to the country as his home. Except for the life of adventure and the hope of making a fortune in cattle, all his thoughts centred in the East. He was never accepted in the cattle fraternity until he had a disagreement with the Marquis, in which the right was entirely with Roosevelt.

My memory is very clear that our first real talks about the Bad Lands came after he had become Governor and Vice-President and then President. He always called upon me when he came to Chicago and we had a talkfest on the Bad Lands after he had quizzed me on local political conditions. Always, after the Bad Lands days, he called me "The Bad Lands Cowboy."

Roosevelt was a born and bred aristocrat. His saving grace was his love of adventure and the out-of-doors. His brain matured much faster than his body until the time came when he fully appreciated what "mens sana in corpore sano" meant. Then he gave as full rein as possible to his love of exercise and really brought his body up to the standard of his mind. I think his real love for the West began when he and the Rough Riders went joy-riding up San Juan hill—undoubtedly the most thrilling time of Roosevelt's life up to then.

To me this is an intensely interesting and psychologically plausible theory, and I advance it here speculatively because of those values in it.

Mr. Hagedorn likes Mr. Packard's subtle point, and has urged me to present it here, but he is at the same time concerned about getting a true balance into the picture.

Perhaps he is right [observes Mr. Hagedorn], perhaps he is wrong. I wouldn't dare say. The letters Roosevelt wrote from the West were full of real enthusiasm for the life there.

In more than one letter he speaks of his reluctance to return to the East to live. But he certainly never was a thoroughgoing cow-man; he always had one foot in the East; he always looked at the West objectively, as something from which he himself was removed. He had a very boyish streak in him; it rejoiced his soul to think he could hold his own in the rough-and-tumble of the frontier, and his insistence on counting himself among the Westerners may have been due in some degree to the same little touch of delightful boyish vanity which made him insist on his kinship with railroad men, because he had in the old days walked the tops of freight-trains in storms when he was taking cattle to Chicago, and made him emphasize in all his talks to veterans that he too had once been in a war. In connection with what Mr. Packard says about his not remembering "a real conversation we had about local conditions until the necessity of forming the Montana Stranglers became manifest," you must remember that that was within a few weeks of the time Roosevelt settled out there as a ranchman in June, 1884; for his trip to Dakota the preceding autumn was purely a hunting trip ending quite unexpectedly for him in the purchase of cattle; and Packard himself did not arrive at Medora until some time after Roosevelt had gone back East.

My own belief is that Roosevelt's love for the West, great as it was, was never so great as to make him think of himself as aught but a New Yorker. The roots of his ancestry and his affection sunk deep into the rock of Manhattan Island, and I remember that when he was campaigning for Mayor Mitchel, in 1917, he frequently, in fact I think always, spoke as if he were a resident of the city of New York, although of course his home was actually in Oyster Bay. Repeatedly he mentioned the fine administration Mitchel had given "us," or declared that "we" should put Mitchel in for another term.

III

The "History of New York," Roosevelt's seventh book, was written in New York and Washington in 1890 when, at the age of thirty-one, Roosevelt was Civil Service Commissioner. The reader will observe that the author, in his preface, makes acknowledgment to Brander Matthews, and I have from Mr. Matthews a memorandum containing the following information:

> In 1888 I became the literary adviser of Longmans, Green & Co.'s American branch. L., G. & Co. were issuing a series of "Historic Towns" edited by E. A. Freeman, the historian, and I persuaded Lodge to write Boston and T. R. to write N. Y. The "N. Y." did not sell—and T. R. added a new chapter 2 or 3 years after the first issue. Remember that in 1890 he was not yet a celebrity.

Though not Roosevelt's greatest work, this history is a most valuable one and is strongly and interestingly stamped with the author's qualities. Roosevelt was an insatiable student of history and might have been a great teacher of history had he not preferred to be a great maker of it.

In my old copy of the book I find many passages which I marked either because of their historic interest or because they remind me so much of the man who wrote them.

As an example of simple, masterly analysis and statement, consider, for instance, the following:

> The history of New York deserves to be studied for more than one reason. It is the history of the largest English-speaking city which the English conquered but did not found, and in which though the English law and governmental system have ever been supreme, yet the bulk of the

population, composed as it is and ever has been of many shifting strains, has never been English. Again, for the past hundred years, it is the history of a wonderfully prosperous trading city, the largest in the world in which the democratic plan has ever been faithfully tried for so long a time; and the trial, made under some exceptional advantages and some equally exceptional disadvantages, is of immense interest, alike for the measure in which it has succeeded and for the measure in which it has failed.

All through the book the balance and fairness of his mind is illustrated in his characterizations. He is not one of those biassed historians whose characters, like those of some novelists, are either unsullied heroes or black villains. The historic figures Roosevelt draws for us are human beings with the virtues and the failings of human beings, and the historian's effort has obviously been not to exercise his prejudices upon them, but to give them the full justice he believed in alike for the living and the dead.

So also with his characterizations of the city itself. In his references to the city's materialism, to the snobbery and Anglomania of a certain social group, and to other failings, he is merciless, yet always he sees strength and nobility beneath "the somewhat coarse-grained and not always attractive surface of the community."

Those who thought him an opportunist when during the war he preached what Lord Charnwood calls his "cherished Americanism," may gain a better understanding of him here, for he makes more than one reference to the great problem of hyphenation. Indeed the book opens and closes on this very note.

At the end he declares:

Grim dangers confront us in the future, yet there is more ground to believe that we shall succeed than that we shall

fail in overcoming them. Taking into account the enormous mass of immigrants, utterly unused to self-government of any kind, who have been thrust into our midst, and are even yet not assimilated, the wonder is not that universal suffrage has worked so badly, but that it has worked so well. We are better, not worse, off than we were a generation ago. There is much gross civic corruption and commercial and social selfishness and immorality, upon which we are in honor bound to wage active and relentless war. But honesty and moral cleanliness are the rule; and under the laws order is well preserved, and all men are kept secure in the possession of life, liberty, and property. The sons and grandsons of the immigrants of fifty years back have as a whole become good Americans, and have prospered wonderfully, both as regards their moral and material well-being. There is no reason to suppose that the condition of the working classes as a whole has grown worse, though there are enormous bodies of them whose condition is certainly very bad. There are grave social dangers and evils to meet, but there are plenty of earnest men and women who devote their minds and energies to meeting them. With many very serious shortcomings and defects, the average New Yorker yet possesses courage, energy, business capacity, much generosity of a practical sort, and shrewd, humorous common sense. The greedy tyranny of the unscrupulous rich and the anarchic violence of the vicious and ignorant poor are ever threatening dangers; but though there is every reason why we should realize the gravity of the perils ahead of us, there is none why we should not face them with confident and resolute hope, if only each of us, according to the measure of his capacity, will with manly honesty and good faith do his full share of the all-important duties incident to American citizenship. . . .

Even more significant is this paragraph from the preface:

Above all, the one essential for success in every political movement which is to do lasting good, is that our citizens should act as Americans; not as Americans with a prefix and

a qualification—not as Irish-Americans, German-Americans, Native Americans—but as Americans pure and simple.

The foregoing, be it remembered, was written in 1890, a quarter of a century before the European War, and a like utterance exists in a speech made in 1886. Indeed, the more one reads Roosevelt's works the more one realizes that there was never anything really new about his principles and opinions. He seemed to have been born with them. True, he took up new subjects as they needed to be taken up; true, he invented new words and phrases to fit them; but the foundation work of everything he said and did was the same. He saw life simply and was majestically consistent.

IV

When in 1915 I first came to know Theodore Roosevelt and attempted a brief study of him which I brought out as a small book, I refrained from calling my book "The Greatest American," but, with a desire to lead rather than antagonize persons hostile to him, gave the little volume the title "The Most Interesting American," feeling that even his enemies would find it difficult to dispute the accuracy of the characterization.

I believed then, however—and I believe it more profoundly now—that to have known Roosevelt is to have known the greatest man of his time; and though I first met him only three and a half years before his death, I came to know him very well, and I should be assuming a false attitude were I to attempt concealment of my pride in the friendship that he gave me.

The fact that he was not in office and that he had little or no thought of political future for himself, but was concerned only with the honor and the welfare of

the country, brought me, I think, closer to him; at all events my feeling for him was, and is, a feeling of strong personal affection, and this declaration must stand as my apology for what may be a tone too autobiographical in these introductory pages.

Roosevelt is one of two men whose departure on the Great Adventure left with me that sense of emptiness that accompanies great bereavements, and I always feel that it was through this other friend of whom I speak that I met Roosevelt, though by a seeming paradox the two were unacquainted at the time.

In the spring of 1915 I went to Fort Oglethorpe, Georgia, to pay a visit to my friends Major and Mrs. Francis Cutler Marshall. The Eleventh Cavalry, to which Marshall was then attached, was an excellent regiment for a civilian interested in army life to visit, for besides several "characters," including Indian fighters of the "old army," it contained at least four officers of the type that made possible the transition of the old army into what was then called the new army, and later, the expansion of that small force of regulars into the National Army.

Aside from Marshall, the three officers I most distinctly remember at Oglethorpe are Lieutenant-Colonel Henry T. Allen, Major Robert L. Howze, and Captain Frank Parker. Less than four years afterward Allen was in command of an army corps in France, Howze and Parker of divisions, and Marshall—called back from the Philippines and arriving in France later than the others—of a brigade; Marshall, Allen, and Parker led their commands through the Meuse-Argonne offensive and into Germany, and Howze commanded the Third Division in its advance into Germany.

That is what happens to efficient officers when war

comes, and that is what Roosevelt was forever trying to make the American people understand. The life of an army officer may be likened to that of a sprinter who instead of running frequently, trains through long years for one great race. Training is tiresome work; under the dull grind of military routine only the most ambitious and steadfast men retain their enthusiasm for the soldier's profession, and these in war time advance with tremendous rapidity.

Marshall, a splendid-looking officer with something of the American eagle in his fine, soldierly face, never ceased to remember what the purpose of an army is; I never knew a man more ready for emergency; and in those days at Oglethorpe, riding in manœuvres through the Tennessee hills back of the post, I found his mind continually on the European War. Even before the *Lusitania* was sunk he believed we could not avoid entering the war; and his great concern was over the fact that while we ought to be preparing, the White House and the War Department were apparently opposed to any such idea. Pacifism was rampant; politicians were truckling to disloyal groups of citizens; President Wilson in his annual message and his speeches presented arguments designed to puzzle our people and keep them from trying to prepare, and was echoed by a Cabinet suggesting a row of dolls controlled by a masterly ventriloquist.

As I came to know other able army officers I saw that Marshall's views were shared by them. The theory that unreadiness for war could prevent war, and that polished phrases could fill the place of men and guns was to them perfectly apparent sophistry; they knew that unless steps were taken to prepare the army it would not be ready, and that this would in turn lead

either to tragic delay or to the sending forth of unfit soldiers to be slaughtered. British, French, and German military leaders were handling whole divisions in the field as few American commanders had ever had a chance to handle companies. Europe was playing a new game, and no one understood better than our own officers that it was a game we did not know how to play, but must learn to play if disaster was to be avoided; yet no move was made by the War Department to hold manœuvres on a large scale; our artillery and airplanes were pathetic, and our troops were not even properly armed and equipped. Moreover, officers of the army and the navy had been officially muzzled, so that the views of the men whose lives were dedicated to the defense of the nation were not getting to the people.

On leaving Fort Oglethorpe I promised Marshall that I should write an article embodying the information he and others had given me, but before doing so I spent some time on an investigation of conditions in the navy, where I found a parallel situation. I shall never forget one naval officer, noted as a gunnery expert, whose eyes filled with tears as he told me of some of the damaging policies of the Department under Secretary Daniels. "It would be worth two battleships to the navy if we could get rid of him," he declared with fervor.

The publication of my article in *Collier's Weekly*, then edited by Mark Sullivan, brought attacks from some sources and praise from others, but the best thing it brought was a congratulatory letter from Theodore Roosevelt. As many another writer can testify, Roosevelt, busy as he was, read an amazing number of current books and periodicals, and was quick with praise where he thought it was deserved.

It is pleasant to me now to remember that finally I

brought the two together. In the spring of 1918, a day or two before Marshall was to sail for France with his brigade, we went together to Sagamore Hill in his automobile with its very new brigadier-general's flag. At luncheon both Roosevelt and Marshall were highly entertaining, for they were the kind of men to stimulate enthusiasm in each other; both were soldiers with a world view-point; both were hunters, with intimate knowledge of our own West, of the Indians, and of the Medora country and its inhabitants.

Roosevelt had always been a hero of Marshall's, and there was no need for him to tell me he had enjoyed himself, but I remember an expression he used in a letter concerning our visit to Sagamore Hill, which he wrote me on the eve of sailing. "It is a day to date time from," he declared.

In the fall of the same year it came about that Marshall was appointed to command the second brigade of the famous First Division, and one of the colonels under him in the St. Mihiel and Meuse-Argonne operations was Theodore Roosevelt, Jr. From Marshall's letters I know that his opinion of the young officer was very high.

In a letter to his wife, dated "Hq. 2nd Inf. Brigade, Montabaur, Germany, Jan. 7, 1919," he wrote as follows:

I had, last night, the sad duty of telling Colonel Roosevelt of the death of his father. We had been visiting together at my quarters during the early part of the evening. I had had a letter from his father, acknowledging one I'd written him of our final operation before Sedan, and he came to see it. We spend many such evenings together. He left about ten—and at ten-thirty I had a phone from the Chief of Staff, reading me the news of Col. Roosevelt's death! I ordered my car and went out to the young Colonel's billet

—six miles away—and told him. . . . And then we went together to his brother's—Kermit, a captain in the 7th F.A. —where I left him.

The letter from the elder Roosevelt clearly indicates that Marshall's letter, to which it was a reply, was not confined entirely to a description of "our final operation before Sedan." It is dated from the New York office of the *Kansas City Star*, December 12, 1918—about three weeks before Roosevelt's death.

My dear General Marshall:

Surely there is no need of my telling you the pride and the joy and interest with which I read your letter. There is no father alive that would not feel that such praise as you have given my son Ted is enough to make the father himself feel that his life has been crowned by a great success, and my dear sir, only a gallant and able and generous man would himself bestow such praise. It was well said of Nelson that the qualities which made him speak of his Captains as a band of brothers, and feel intense pride in them, were the qualities which made them do more for him than any one of them would do under any one else. I thank you from my heart.

Moreover, I am immensely interested in what you write me. You have given me just the information I wished. I was particularly anxious to know just how our people were doing in those last few days which did usher in the armistice by which Germany announced herself beaten, and which would have ushered in the greatest military disaster in her history if the armistice had not come. I need hardly say how eagerly I look forward to seeing you as soon as you return. It is not my affair I suppose, but I cannot help hoping that we shall not do too much in the effort of policing Germany, Russia, and the Balkan States. It would open an endless vista of work for which those benefited would be profoundly ungrateful.

With renewed and most hearty thanks,

Faithfully yours,

T. Roosevelt.

The armistice prevented Marshall's promotion to the rank of major-general, for which General Pershing had recommended him. He returned unscathed from Germany, to be killed in December, 1922, when his airplane fell in the Sierras.

V

To meet a friend in a book where one has not looked for him gives one a pleasure akin to that one feels on meeting a friend unexpectedly in a strange city. In modern biography, of which I have lately read a great deal, I have had, with almost every book, the pleasant experience of turning a corner, as it were, and coming face to face with Roosevelt. This applies not only to the books of statesmen, soldiers, diplomatists, and journalists, but to biographies of other kinds. I find him, for example, in John Drew's book, in Brander Matthews's book, and in Augustus Thomas's—though I recall that the distinguished playwright was an ardent supporter of Woodrow Wilson, who is not mentioned in his book. People like to write about Roosevelt. I take up Carl Akeley's fascinating book "In Brightest Africa," and following the naturalist through the jungle presently share his pleasure in meeting the Roosevelt expedition. He is as ubiquitous in books as he was in life. Again I find him in Thomas Beer's splendidly done life of Stephen Crane, for of course Crane saw Roosevelt in Cuba during the Spanish War.

> Say, this fellow worked for his troopers like a cider-press. He tried to feed them. He helped build latrines. He cursed the quartermasters and the—"dogs"—on the transports to get quinine and grub for them. Let him be a politician if he likes. He was a gentleman down there.

As to the reference to Roosevelt's cursing I am inclined to doubt even so keen an observer as Stephen Crane. I never heard him use strong language and there is a mass of testimony to justify the belief that he never did use it. It is my theory that his indescribably vigorous manner of speaking was at times confused with the actual text of what he said. He could say "*Crea*-ture!" in a manner to make the earth heave and the heavens rock.

Just as one meets him unexpectedly in turning the pages of a book, one meets all over the world with fellow members of the unchartered Roosevelt Brotherhood. Lately there came to me, almost simultaneously, letters from a peer of England and a peer of Japan, both about Roosevelt.

Wrote the English scholar:

> One of the keen disappointments of my life is that when I was in New York he was not well enough to see me. While I was still quite young I conceived a sort of hero-worship for him. Having considered pretty attentively the fairly abundant evidence about his acts and ways which is easily available, I now love him.

Wrote the Japanese statesman:

> At the time of the earthquake we were at our seashore cottage, a few servants being left in Tokyo to take care of the city home, which stood fairly well against the shocks. But when the fire broke out, soon after, it caused a whirlwind and nearly the whole city was enveloped in flames against which the fire-engines were powerless because the water-works had been destroyed by the quake.
>
> I cannot help feeling sorry for the loss of my family treasures, the books I collected in my Harvard days, the documents containing the history of our Japanese Constitution

with the original drafts and the opinions and criticisms of the scholars and statesmen with whom I discussed it in Europe and America, and all my papers of the Russo-Japanese War as well as the letters from Theodore Roosevelt.

A gallant servant of mine however rushed into the burning house and brought out the pictures of the late Emperor and Empress, and of Roosevelt, which were hanging in my parlor. These are the only things saved from my house which was reduced to ashes.

VI

After my first call on Roosevelt at his office on Fourth Avenue, I made notes of my impressions, and as his acts rather than his appearance and manner are most likely to be discussed in future, it may not be inappropriate here to make some mention of his physical attributes as they struck me then.

I did not, of course, expect to find him costumed as a cowboy or Rough Rider, or to be armed, as in the cartoons, but I did expect him to be wilder-looking. Sitting behind his desk he made me think of some conservative banker of Amsterdam or The Hague.

The famous smile, however, met all specifications. He advanced briskly to greet me, showing his hard, white teeth, wrinkling his red, weather-beaten face, and squinting his eyes behind the heavy lenses of his spectacles, in suggestion, as it seemed to me, of a large, amiable lion wishing to show friendliness.

I was astonished to find that his grip in shaking hands was not firm. He had to shake hands so much that he had acquired a trick of turning one's hand out of his without coming to grips. His hand was rather small (like his feet) and felt fat through the palm, but it looked strong and was of about the color of a brown

glove. His torso was like a barrel, his neck short and powerful, and his hair, as he himself said, was "like rope."

Reporters came in while I was there, to interview him about one of those carefully calculated "indiscretions," of which he knew so well how and when to be guilty. For this particular "indiscretion" he had been severely criticised by some of that morning's papers, and now he dictated a statement to the reporters.

While giving them the first paragraphs he remained seated at his desk, but as he warmed to the task he rose and paced slowly back and forth, speaking in a measured tone, enunciating with exaggerated distinctness, forming each syllable elaborately with his lips, the movements of which caused his mustache to gyrate interestingly. All these mannerisms were exhibited in his casual conversations but were magnified when he made a statement or spoke in public.

After having made the statement he resumed his seat and discussed certain aspects of his "indiscretion" informally with the reporters. For the most part he spoke to them gravely while they stood around his desk with their eyes fixed upon him, and their faces grave, like his. But when he became ironical, turning on his highly specialized smile, they immediately smiled. The expressions of their faces always reflected the expression of his. To watch them was like watching the faces of an audience at a play: when the hero was indignant they became indignant; when he sneered they sneered; when he was amused they seemed fairly to quiver with merriment.

Once when I felt I knew him well enough to ask it, I inquired whether he believed he had genius.

"Most certainly I have not," he replied with convic-

tion. "I'm no orator, and in writing I'm afraid I'm not gifted at all, except perhaps that I have a good instinct and a liking for simplicity and directness." And he added: "If I have anything at all resembling genius it is the gift for leadership."

His gift for leadership, it seems to me, grew out of two separate sets of qualities in him. First, of course, he had abundant common sense, was intellectually honest, and being courageous and patriotic, outspokenly honest as well. But while these qualities in the degree in which he had them would have sufficed to make him an outstanding man, he could hardly have been the leader he was had he not possessed a certain vital force which every one near him felt, but no one could define. This force gave him a strange power—as exampled in the episode of the newspaper men, already related—and all who knew him recognized it in him more definitely than one ordinarily recognizes the color of a friend's eyes. It was the quality we speak of as "personal magnetism," but much intensified, for it reached out into others who were with him and stimulated them.

Sometimes when things looked black for the country before we went into the war, or while we were keeping France and England waiting after we went in, I, like many another, would get into a state of profound depression and would feel that I had no vitality left; and if other men in the little group with which I worked were in a like state, one or the other of us would presently say: "Let's go to Sagamore Hill and take a treatment."

Riding down on the train we would be sombre, but once we were with Roosevelt everything would change; we would begin to talk and laugh and feel alive again, and on the train returning to New York we would be

like another group of men, full of energy and high spirits, purpose and courage.

Joseph Bucklin Bishop, whose "Theodore Roosevelt and His Time," published with this Memorial Edition, is a work to which all future historians attempting to write of Roosevelt must inevitably turn, has told me that a famous London doctor, accustomed, as many doctors are, to give to his patients of his own vitality, declared that Roosevelt was the only person he had ever treated who reversed the current, so to speak, giving off vitality instead of absorbing it.

So the nation and the entire world were better and stronger for his being here, and will always be better and stronger. That force, whatever you may choose to call it, is an undying thing.

PREFACE

Mrs. Martha J. Lamb's "History of the City of New York," the other histories of the city by Miss Booth, and Messrs. Lossing, Todd, and Valentine; the Brodhead and O'Callaghan papers; Hammond's "Political History of New York"; Dougherty's "Constitutions of New York"; Cooper's "Satanstoe" and "Miles Wallingford"; Tuckerman's "Diary of Philip Hone"; Parton's "Topics of the Time"; Adams's "Chapter of Erie"; Shea's and De Courcey's "History of the Catholic Church in the United States"; and Lounsbury's admirable "Life of Cooper"—the best piece of American literary biography ever yet done—are among the authorities consulted in preparing this volume. I wish to express my particular thanks to Mr. Brander Matthews, who indeed is responsible for my undertaking to write the book at all.

The limited space allowed forbade the use of the vast mass of manuscript which was obtainable. The temptation was very great to attempt a more exhaustive study of the events of the last forty years,—that is the history of modern and contemporary New York; for this is the most important and instructive portion of our history, with the possible exception of the Federalist period. But of course such a study would be entirely out of place in a book of this kind.

It has been my aim less to collect new facts than to draw from the immense storehouse of facts already collected those which were of real importance in New York history, and to show their true meaning, and their rela-

tions to one another; to sketch the workings of the town's life, social, commercial, and political, at successive periods, with their sharp transformations and contrasts; and to trace the causes which gradually changed a little Dutch trading-hamlet into a huge American city. I have also striven to make clear the logical sequence and continuity of these events; to outline the steps by which the city gradually obtained a free political life; and to give proper prominence to the remarkable and ever-recurring revolutions in the ethnic make-up of our mixed population—a population which from the beginning has been composed of many different race elements, and which has owed its marvellous growth more to immigration than to natural increase.

I had to content myself with barely touching on the social and political problems of the present day; for to deal with these at any length would turn the volume into a tract instead of a history. I have no wish to hide or excuse our faults; for I hold that he is often the best American who strives hardest to correct American shortcomings, and is most willing to profit by the wisdom and experience of other nations, especially of those that are nearest akin to us by blood, belief, speech, and law, and that are knit closest to us by the kindly ties of a former common history and common tradition.

Nevertheless, I am just as little disposed to give way to undue pessimism as to undue and arrogant optimism. Both our virtues and defects should be taken into account. For instance, there are great European cities with much cleaner municipal governments than ours; but on the other hand, the conditions of the masses of the population in these same cities is much worse than it is in New York. Our marked superiority in one respect is no excuse or palliation for our lamentable falling

off in another; but it must at least be accepted as an offset. We have been favored with some peculiar advantages, and we have been forced to struggle against other peculiar disadvantages; and both must be given due weight.

In speaking to my own countrymen there is one point upon which I wish to lay especial stress; that is, the necessity for a feeling of broad, radical, and intense Americanism, if good work is to be done in any direction. Above all, the one essential for success in every political movement which is to do lasting good, is that our citizens should act as Americans; not as Americans with a prefix and qualification—not as Irish-Americans, German-Americans, Native Americans—but as Americans pure and simple. It is an outrage for a man to drag foreign politics into our contests, and vote as an Irishman or German or other foreigner, as the case may be; and there is no worse citizen than the professional Irish dynamiter or German anarchist, because of his attitude toward our social and political life, not to mention his efforts to embroil us with foreign powers. But it is no less an outrage to discriminate against one who has become an American in good faith, merely because of his creed or birthplace. Every man who has gone into practical politics knows well enough that if he joins good men and fights those who are evil, he can pay no heed to lines of division drawn according to race and religion. It would be well for New York if a larger proportion of her native-born children came up to the standard set by not a few of those of foreign birth. The two men who did most to give Brooklyn good municipal government were two mayors, one of German birth, the other of pure native American stock. My own warmest and most disinterested political friends

and supporters in the city, and most trusty allies in the State Legislature, included men of Irish and German no less than of native American descent—but all of them genuine Americans, the former just as much so as the latter. No city could wish representatives more loyal and disinterested in their devotion to the welfare of the commonwealth—a devotion for which they were often ill rewarded. Of the last four mayors of New York, two have been of native and two of Irish stock; and no political line can be drawn among them which will not throw one Irishman and one American on one side, and one Irishman and one American on the other. In short, the most important lesson taught by the history of New York City is the lesson of Americanism—the lesson that he among us who wishes to win honor in our life, and to play his part honestly and manfully, must be indeed an American in spirit and purpose, in heart and thought and deed.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

SAGAMORE HILL,
November, 1890.

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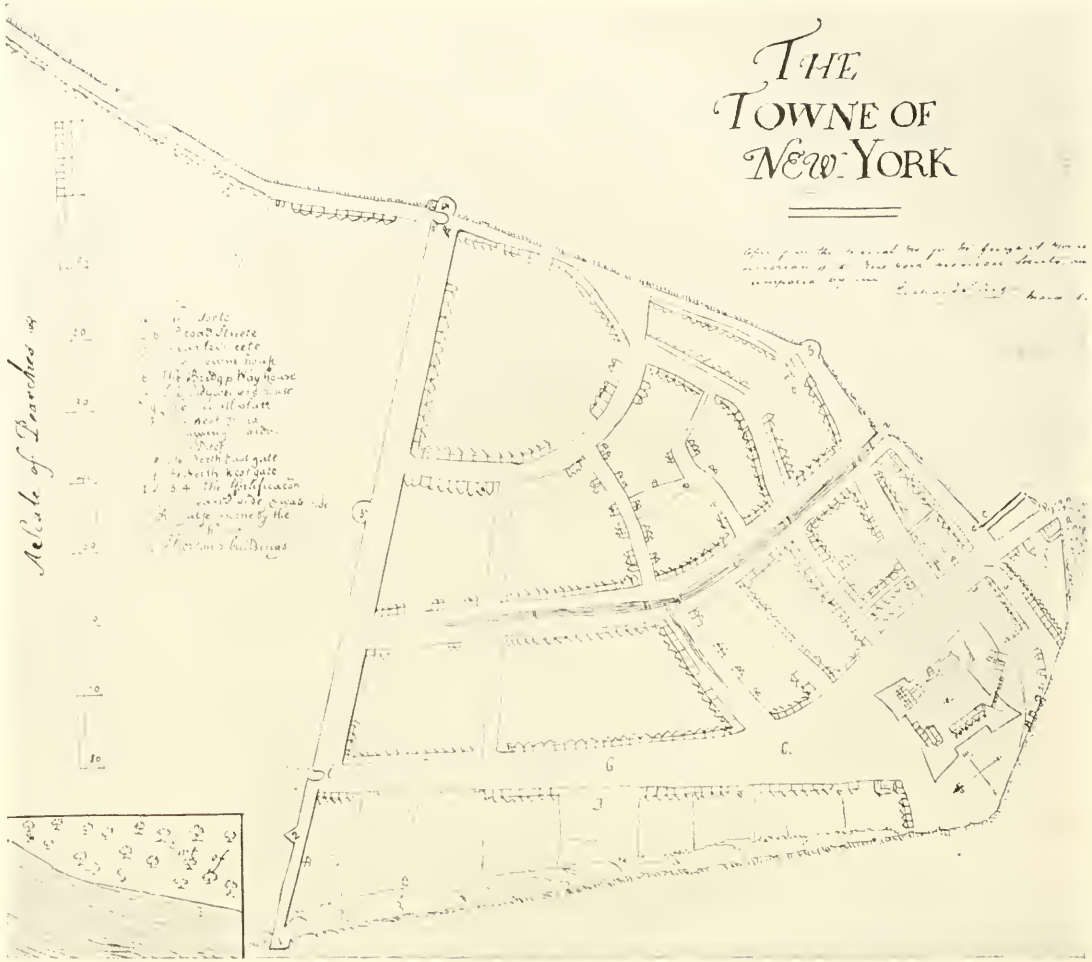
NEW YORK

The Nicoll's Map, 1664-1668, from the original in the British Museum, and presented to the New York Historical Society by George H Moore, October 7, 1862.



CHAPTER I

DISCOVERY AND FIRST SETTLEMENT

1609–1626

EARLY in September, 1609, the ship *Half-Moon*, restlessly skirting the American coast, in the vain quest for a strait or other water route leading to India, came to the mouth of a great lonely river, flowing silently out from the heart of the unknown continent. The *Half-Moon* was a small, clumsy, high-pooped yacht, manned by a score of Dutch and English sea-dogs, and commanded by an English adventurer then in Dutch pay, and known to his employers as Hendrik Hudson. He, his craft, and his crew were all typical of the age—an age fertile in adventure-loving explorers, eager to sail under any flag that promised glory and profit, at no matter what cost of hardship and danger; an age fertile also beyond measure in hardy seamen, of whom the hardiest and bravest came from England and the Netherlands. It was a period when the greatest deeds were done on the ocean by these rough heroes of cutlass and compass. They won honor by exploring unknown seas and taking possession of and subjugating unknown lands, no less than by their prowess in the grim water fights which have made their names immortal. Their small ships dared the dangers of the most distant oceans, and shattered the sea-might of every rival naval power; and they themselves led lives of stormy peril and strong pleasure, and looked forward unmoved to inevitable death in some one of their countless contests with man or with the elements.

For a century and a quarter Spain and Portugal had not only taken the lead in, but had almost monopolized all ocean exploration and transoceanic settlement and conquest, while the most daring navigators were to be found in their ranks, or among the Italians who served both them and their rivals. Even at the beginning of the seventeenth century they were still the only peoples who had permanently occupied any portion of the New World; and their vast possessions included all of tropical, subtropical, and south-temperate America. But by this time, in a hundred fights the sea-beggars and sea-rovers of Holland and England had destroyed the cumbrous navies of the Spanish king, and won from those who fought for his flag the mastery of the ocean. Spain was still a great power; but it was a power whose might was waning. From the time when the races of middle and northern Europe first planted their standards in the New World they have stood toward the Spaniards and Spanish-Americans as aggressors. Their blows had to be parried and returned; sometimes they have been returned with good effect, but as a whole the Spanish people have always been on the defensive, fearing, not threatening, conquest.

Yet, though the career of Spain as a conquering power was thus cut short, two pregnant centuries passed by before her children lost any considerable portion of the land which she held when the ships of the English colonists first sighted the shores of America. During the early part of the seventeenth century the Atlantic coast from Acadia to Florida became dotted with the settlements of half a dozen different European nations. At irregular intervals along this extended seaboard the French, the English, the Dutch, the Swedes, as well as the Spaniards, built little forts and established small

trading towns. When the English had fairly begun to take root in New England and Virginia, the Dutch still held the Hudson, and the Swedes the mouth of the Delaware; Acadia was still French, and Florida Spanish. It was altogether uncertain which one of these races would prove victor over the others, or whether any one would. There was at least a good chance that even the Spaniards would hold their own, and that temperate North America, like temperate Europe, would be held by many nations, differing one from the other in speech, in religion, and in blood. We have grown so accustomed to regarding America north of the Rio Grande as the natural heritage of the English-speaking peoples that we find it hard to realize how uncertain seemed the prospect at the period when colonization began. None could foretell which power would win in the struggle; and the fate of America was bound up in wars in which her future was hardly, if at all, considered. If Gustavus Adolphus had not fallen on the field of Lützen, and had he founded, as he hoped, a great Scandinavian kingdom encircling the Baltic, and with fleets as powerful as her armies, it may well be that the fame and terror of the Swedish name would have insured peace and prosperity to the transatlantic Swedish colonists. Had the Dutch fleets been but a trifle stronger, and had the Dutch diplomats prized Manhattan as they prized Java, the New Netherlands might never have become New York. It seemed, and was, perfectly possible in the seventeenth century that the nineteenth would see flourishing Dutch and Swedish states firmly seated along the Hudson and the Delaware, exactly as a thriving French commonwealth actually is seated along the lower St. Lawrence.

Thus it came about that the English colonists and

their American descendants not only had to tame a wild and stubborn continent, and ever to drive back from before their advance the doomed tribesmen of the forest and prairie, but also had to wrest many of the fairest portions of the domain which the English-speaking Americans inherit, from the hands of other intruders of European blood. Many of the cities of the Union bear testimony by their early history to this fact. Albany, Detroit, and Santa Fé are but three out of many towns wherein the English reaped what the Dutch, the French, or the Spaniards had sown.

The history of New York deserves to be studied for more than one reason. It is the history of the largest English-speaking city which the English conquered but did not found, and in which though the English law and governmental system have ever been supreme, yet the bulk of the population, composed as it is and ever has been of many shifting strains, has never been English. Again, for the past hundred years, it is the history of a wonderfully prosperous trading city, the largest in the world in which the democratic plan has ever been faithfully tried for so long a time; and the trial, made under some exceptional advantages and some equally exceptional disadvantages, is of immense interest, alike for the measure in which it has succeeded and for the measure in which it has failed.

Hudson, on coming to the river to which his name was afterward given, did not at first know that it was a river at all; he believed and hoped that it was some great arm of the sea, that in fact it was the Northwest Passage to India, which he and so many other brave men died in vainly trying to discover. For a week he

lay in the lower bay, and then for a day shifted his anchorage into what is now New York Harbor; his boats explored the surrounding shore-line, and found many Indian villages, for the neighborhood seemed well peopled. The savages flocked to see the white strangers, and eagerly traded off their tobacco for the knives and beads of the Europeans. Of course occasions of quarrel were certain to arise between the rough, brutal sailors and the fickle, suspicious, treacherous red men; and once a boat's crew was attacked by two canoes, laden with warriors, and a sailor was killed by an arrow which pierced his throat. Yet on the whole their relations were friendly, and the trading and bartering went on unchecked.

Hudson soon found that he was off the mouth of a river, not a strait; and he spent three weeks in exploring it, sailing up till the shoaling water warned him that he was at the head of navigation, near the present site of Albany. He found many small Indian tribes scattered along the banks, and usually kept on good terms with them, presenting their chiefs with trinkets of various kinds, and treating them for the first time to a taste of "fire-water," the terrible curse of their race ever since. In return he was well received when he visited the bark wigwams, his hosts holding feasts for him, where the dishes included not only wild fowl, but also fat dogs, killed by the squaws, and skinned with mussel-shells. The Indians, who had made some progress in the ruder arts of agriculture, brought to the ship quantities of corn, beans, and pumpkins from the great heaps drying beside their villages; and their fields, yielding so freely to even their poor tillage, bore witness to the fertility of the soil. Hudson had to be constantly on his guard against his new-found friends, and once he

was attacked by a party of hostile warriors whom he beat off, killing several of their number. However, what far outweighed such danger in the gain-greedy eyes of the trade-loving adventurers was the fact that they saw in the possession of the Indians great stores of rich furs; for the merchants of Europe prized furs as they did silks, spices, ivory, and precious metals.

Having reached the head of navigation the *Half-Moon* turned her bluff bows southward, and drifted downstream with the rapid current until she once more reached the bay. The brilliant fall weather had been varied at times with misty days and nights; and during the *Half-Moon's* inland voyage her course had lain through scenery singularly wild, grand, and lonely. She had passed the long line of frowning, battlemented rock walls that we know by the name of the Palisades; she had threaded her way round the bends where the curving river sweeps in and out among bold peaks—Storm King, Crow's Nest, and their brethren; she had sailed in front of the Catskill Mountains, perhaps even thus early in the season crowned with shining snow. From her decks the lookouts scanned with their watchful eyes dim shadowy wastes, stretching for countless leagues on every hand; for all the land was shrouded in one vast forest, where red hunters who had never seen a white face followed wild beasts, upon whose kind no white man had ever gazed.

Early in October, Hudson set out on his homeward voyage to Holland, where the news of his discovery excited much interest among the daring merchants, especially among those whose minds were bent on the fur trade. Several of the latter sent small ships across to the newly found bay and river, both to barter with the savages and to explore and report further upon the country.

The most noted of these sea-captains who followed Hudson was Adrian Block, who while at anchor off Manhattan Island lost his vessel by fire. He at once set about building another, and being a man of great resource and resolution, succeeded. Creating everything for himself, and working in the heart of the primeval forest, he built and launched a forty-five-foot yacht which he christened the *Onrest* (the *Restless*), fit name for the bark of one of these daring, ever-roaming adventurers. This primitive pioneer vessel was the first ever launched in our waters, and her keel was the first which ever furrowed the waters of the Sound.

The first trading and exploring ships did well, and the merchants saw that great profits could be made from the Manhattan fur trade. Accordingly, they determined to establish permanent posts at the head of the river and at its mouth. The main fort was near the mouth of the Mohawk, but they also built a few cabins at the south end of Manhattan Island, and left therein half a dozen of their employees, with Hendrik Christiansen as head man over both posts. The great commercial city of New York thus had its origin, not unfittingly, in a cluster of traders' huts. From this obscure beginning was to spring one of the mightiest cities of any age, marvellous alike for its wonderfully rapid growth and its splendid material prosperity. From the outset the new town, destined to be the largest in the New World, mayhap even the largest in all the world, took its place among those communities which owe their existence and growth primarily to commerce, their whole character and development for good and evil being more profoundly affected by commercial than by any other influences. Even in its very founding, the direction in which the great city on Manhattan

Island should develop was foreshadowed, and its course outlined in advance.

Christiansen was soon killed by an Indian. For two or three years his fellow traders lived on Manhattan Island much in the same way as men now live at the remoter outposts of the fur trade in the far Northwest of this continent. Some kept decent and straight; others grew almost as squalid and savage as the red men in whose midst they lived. They hunted, fished, and idled; sometimes they killed their own game, sometimes they got it by barter from the Indians, together with tobacco and corn. Now and then they quarrelled with the surrounding savages, but generally they kept on good terms with them; and in exchange for rum and trinkets they gathered innumerable bales of valuable furs—mostly of the beaver, which swarmed in all the streams, but also of otter, and of the many more northern kinds, such as the sable and the fisher. At long intervals these furs were piled in the holds of the three or four small vessels whose yearly or half-yearly arrival from Holland formed the chief relief to the monotony of the fur traders' existence.

The merchants who first sent over vessels and built a trading-post joined with others to form the "New Netherland Company"; for it was a time when settlement and conquest were undertaken more often by great trading companies than by either the national government or by individuals. The Netherlands Government granted this company the monopoly of the fur trade with the newly discovered territory for three years from 1615, and renewed the grant for a year at a time until 1621, when it was allowed to lapse, a more powerful competitor being in the field. The company was a mere trading corporation, and made no effort to

really settle the land; but the fur trade proved profitable, and the post on Manhattan Island was continued, while another was built near the head of the Hudson, close to the present site of Albany.

In 1621, the great West India Company was chartered by the States General, and given the monopoly of the American trade; and it was by this company that the city was really founded, the first settlement being made which was intended to be permanent. All the magnificent territory discovered by Hudson was granted it under the name of the New Netherlands. The company was one of the three or four huge commercial corporations of imperial power that played no small part in shaping the world's destiny during the two centuries immediately preceding the present. It was in its constitution and history archetypical of the time. The great trading city of America was really founded by no one individual, nor yet by any national government, but by a great trading corporation, created however to fight and to bear rule no less than to carry on commerce. The merchants who formed the West India Company were granted the right to exercise powers such as belong to sovereign States, because the task to which they set themselves was one of such incredible magnitude and danger that it could be done only on such terms. They were soldiers and sailors no less than traders; it was only merchants of iron will and restless daring who could reap the golden harvests in those perilous seafields, where all save the strongest surely perished. The paths of commerce were no less dangerous than those of war.

The West India Company was formed for trade, and for peopling the world's waste spaces; and it was also formed to carry on fierce war against the public enemy,

the King of Spain. It made war or peace as best suited it; it gave governors and judges to colonies and to conquered lands; it founded cities, and built forts; and it hired mighty admirals to lead to battle and plunder the ships of its many fleets. Some of the most successful and heroic feats of arms in the history of the Netherlands were performed by the sailors in the pay of this company; steel in their hands brought greater profit than gold; and the fortunate stockholders of Amsterdam and Zealand received enormous dividends from the sale of the spoil of the sacked cities of Brazil, and of the captured treasure-ships which had once formed part of the Spanish "silver fleet."

In the midst of this turmoil of fighting and trading, the company had little time to think of colonizing. Nevertheless, in 1624 some families of Protestant Walloons were sent to the Hudson in the ship *New Netherland*, a few of them staying on Manhattan Island. The following summer several more families arrived, and the city may be said to have been really founded, the dwellers on Manhattan Island after that date including permanent settlers besides the mere transient fur traders. Finally in May, 1626, the director, Peter Minuit, a Westphalian, appointed by the company as first governor of the colony, arrived in the harbor in his ship the *Sea-Mew*, leading a band of true colonists—men who brought with them their wives and little ones, their cattle and their household goods, and who settled down in the land with the purpose of holding it for themselves and for their children's children.

CHAPTER II

THE DUTCH TOWN UNDER THE FIRST THREE DIRECTORS

1626–1647

With the arrival of Director Minuit, the settlement at the mouth of the Hudson first took on permanent form and became an organized community. He bought Manhattan Island from its Indian owners for the sum of sixty guilders, or about twenty-four dollars, and during the summer founded thereon a little town, christened New Amsterdam. It soon grew to contain some two hundred souls. Even at the beginning, the population was composed of peoples diverse in race and speech; not only were there Dutchmen and Walloons, but also even thus early a few Huguenots, Germans, and Englishmen.

The island was then a mass of tangled, frowning forest, fringed with melancholy marshes, which near the present site of Canal Street approached so close together from either side that they almost made another small island of the southern end. The settlers staked out a fort on the southernmost point, and huddled near it in their squalid huts; while they closely watched their cattle, which were in imminent danger from wolves, bears, and panthers whenever they strayed into the woodland.

Minuit was a kindly man, of firm temper, much energy, and considerable executive capacity; on the whole he was by far the best of the four directors who successively ruled the city and colony during the forty years of the Dutch supremacy. But the scheme of

colonization was defective in more than one vital particular. The settlement was undertaken primarily in the interest of a great commercial corporation, and only secondarily in the interests of the settlers themselves. The world had not yet grasped the fact that those who went abroad to build mighty States in far-off lands ought by rights to be themselves the main beneficiaries of their toil and peril. A colony was considered as being established chiefly for the good of the people who stayed at home, not for the good of the colonists. The West India Company wished well to its settlers, who were granted complete religious freedom, and in practice a very considerable amount of civil liberty likewise; but, after all, the company held that the first duty of the New Netherlands colony was to return large dividends to the company's stockholders, and especially to advance the worldly welfare of the company's most influential directors. It sought to establish a chain of trading-posts which should bring great wealth to the mother country, rather than to lay the foundations of a transatlantic nation of Dutch freemen. Hence, the settlers never felt a very fervent loyalty for the government under which they lived, and in its moment of mortal peril betrayed small inclination to risk their lives and property in a quarrel which was hardly their own.

This attitude of the old West India Company was that naturally adopted by all such corporations. It was curiously paralleled, even in our own day, by the way in which the great Hudson Bay Company shut the fertile valleys of the Red River and the Saskatchewan to all settlement. It was a thoroughly unhealthy attitude.

Minuit was active in establishing friendly relations with the savages. His boats explored the neighboring

creeks and inlets, and the Indians were well treated whenever they came to the little hamlet on Manhattan Island. In consequence they freely brought their stores of valuable furs for barter and sale. For two or three years the trade proved profitable, while, from other causes, the stock of the company rose to a high premium on the exchanges of Holland.

In 1628, for the purpose of promoting immigration, an act was passed granting to any man who should bring over a colony of fifty souls a large tract of land and various privileges, with the title of "Patroon." These patroons were really great feudal lords, who farmed out their vast estates to tenants who held the ground on various conditions. Their domains were often as large as Old World principalities; as an instance, Rensselaerswyck, the property of the Patroon Van Rensselaer, was a tract containing a thousand square miles. The introduction of this very aristocratic system was another evidence of the unwisdom of the governing powers. Moreover, the patroons, whose extensive privileges were curtailed in certain directions—notably in that they were forbidden to enter into the lucrative fur trade, the chief source of profit to the company—soon began to rebel against these restrictions. They quarrelled fiercely with the company's representatives, and traded on their own account with the Indians; and the various private traders not only cut into the company's profits, but also, being amenable to no law, soon greatly demoralized the savages.

The settlers on Manhattan Island were not treated as freemen, but as the vassals of the company. For many years they were not even given any title to the land on which they built their houses, being considered simply as tenants at will. Minuit, it is true, chose from

among them an advisory council, but it could literally only advise, and in the last resort the company had absolute power. The citizens had certain officers of their own, but they were powerless in the event of any struggle with the director. When the latter was, like Minuit, a sensible, well-disposed man, affairs went well enough, and the people were allowed to govern themselves, and were happy; but a director of tyrannous temper always had it in his power to rule the colony almost as if he were an absolute despot.

For six years Minuit remained in New Amsterdam, ruling the people mildly, preserving by a mixture of tact and firmness friendly relations with the Indians and with his English neighbors to the eastward—to whom he sent a special embassy, which was most courteously received—and keeping on good terms with the powerful and haughty patroons. During these years the trade of the colony increased and flourished, rich cargoes of valuable furs being sent to Holland in the homeward-bound ships, and the population of Manhattan Island gradually grew in numbers and wealth. Farms or "boueries" were established; and the settlers raised wheat, rye, buckwheat, flax, and beans, while their herds and flocks throve apace. The company soon built a mill, a brewery, a bakery, and great warehouses, and society began to gain some of the more essential comforts of civilization. Nevertheless, the company quarrelled with Minuit. He was accused of unduly favoring the patroons, whose private ventures in the fur trade were encroaching upon the company's profits, and moreover he had been drawn into a scheme of shipbuilding, which though successful—a very large and fine ship being built and launched in the bay—nevertheless proved much too expensive for the taste of his em-

ployers. Accordingly, he was recalled; and later on, deeming himself to have been ill treated, he took service under the Swedish queen.

His successor was Wouter van Twiller, who reached New Amsterdam early in 1633. Van Twiller was a good-natured, corpulent, wine-bibbing Dutchman, loose of life, and not overstrict in principle, and with a slow, irresolute mind. However, as he was an easy-going man, his rule did not bear hardly on the colonists, while he won for himself an honorable reputation by devoting much of his time to the construction of public buildings. Thus, he made a new fort of earthen banks with stone bastions, enclosing within its walls not only the soldiers' barracks, but also at first the governmental residence and public offices; he also built several windmills and the first church which was used solely as such, as well as houses for the dominie and for the *schout-fiscal.* The latter was the most important of the local officers; he possessed curious and extensive powers, being the chief executive of the local government, and answering roughly to both the English sheriff and town constable, though with a far wider and more complicated range of duties. The colony had at this time received two important additions in the shape of the first schoolmaster —who failed ingloriously in his vocation, and then tried to eke out his scanty salary by taking in *washing*—and the first regular clergyman. The clergyman, Dominie Bogardus, was a man of mark and of high character, though his hot temper made him unpopular.

Van Twiller kept on fairly friendly terms with the Indians, though causes of quarrel between the settlers and the savages were constantly arising. Plenty of wrong was done on each side, and it would be hard to say where the original ground of offense lay. Probably

the whites could not have avoided a war in the end; but they certainly by their recklessness and brutality did all in their power to provoke the already suspicious and treacherous red men. The history of the dealings of the Dutch with the Indians is not pleasant reading.

Under Van Twiller there were endless troubles with the English. Both England and Holland claimed the country from the Connecticut to the Delaware, each wishing it really more for purposes of trade than of colonization; and the quarrels generally arose over efforts of rival vessels of the two nationalities to control the trade with some special band of savages. In Van Twiller's time an English vessel entered the Hudson and sailed to the head of navigation, where she anchored and began to barter with the savages for their furs; whereupon the Dutch soldiers from the neighboring fort fell upon her and drove her off, confiscating the furs. At the same time Van Twiller built a fort and established a garrison on the Connecticut, threatening to hold it by force against the English; but when the pinch came the Hollanders failed to make their threats good, and the Puritans from Plymouth sailed up the river and took possession of the banks in defiance of their foes.

Better luck attended Van Twiller's efforts on the Delaware, the Cavaliers proving easier to deal with than the Roundheads. The Dutch had already built a colony on this river; but the colonists became embroiled with the Indians, who fell on them and massacred them to a man. Then a party of Virginians established themselves in one of the deserted Dutch forts, and set about founding a settlement and trading-post; but when the news was brought to the director at New Amsterdam, he promptly despatched a party of troops against the invaders, who were all taken captive and brought in

triumph to Manhattan Island. Van Twiller hardly knew what to do with them; so he scolded them soundly for the enormity of their offense in trespassing on Dutch territory, and then shipped them back to Virginia again.

The internal affairs of the colony went more smoothly. There were occasional quarrels with the powerful patroons, but the director was much too fond of his ease, and of wine and high living, to oppress or rule harshly the commonalty; and the value of the trade with the home country on the whole increased, though it never became sufficient to make the company take very much thought for its new possession. But Van Twiller though easy-going to the people was not an honest or faithful servant to the company in matters financial; and in 1637 he was removed from his office on the charge of having diverted the moneys of the corporation to his own private use.

His successor, Wilhelm Kieft, was much the worst of the four Dutch governors. Unlike his predecessor, he was industrious and temperate; but he possessed no talent whatever for managing men, and had the mean, cruel temper of a petty despot. His mercantile reputation was also none of the best; though during his administration he himself kept reasonably clear of financial scandals. In fact, the West India Company was tired of a colony which proved a drain on its revenue rather than a source of profit; and any second-rate man, who bade fair not to trouble the people at home, was deemed good enough to be governor of such an unpromising spot.

Kieft found the New Netherlands in a far from flourishing condition. The Dutch colonists, though stubborn and resolute, were somewhat sluggish and heavy-tempered, without the restless energy of their far more

numerous and ever-encroaching neighbors on the east (the New Englanders), and lacking the intense desire for what was almost mere adventure, which drove the French hither and thither through the far-off wilderness. Population had increased but slowly, and the town which huddled round the fort on the south point of Manhattan Island was still little more than a collection of poor hovels. The Hollanders were traders and seafarers, and they found it hard to settle down into farmers, who alone can make permanent colonists. Moreover, at the outset they were naturally unable to adapt themselves to the special and peculiar needs of their condition. The frontier and frontier life date back to the days when the first little struggling settlements were dotted down on the Atlantic seaboard, as islets in a waste of savagery; but it always took at least a generation effectively to transform a European colonist into an American frontiersman. Thus the early Dutch settlers took slowly and with reluctance to that all-important tool and weapon of the American pioneer, the axe, and chopped down very little timber indeed. As a consequence, they lived in dugouts or cabins of bark and poles, lacking the knowledge to build the log huts, which always formed the first and characteristic dwellings of the true backwoodsmen. It was a good many years before the backwoods type, so characteristically American, had opportunity to develop.

Kieft was not well pleased with the colony, and the colony was still less pleased with Kieft. From the beginning he took the tone of a tyrant, treating the colonists as his subjects. He appointed as council but one man, a Huguenot of good repute, named La Montagne, and then, to prevent all danger of a tie, decreed that La Montagne should have but one vote and he himself

two. He then filled the different local offices with his own flatterers and sycophants, and proceeded to govern by a series of edicts, which were posted on the trees, barns, and fences; some of them, such as those forbidding the sale of firearms and gunpowder to the Indians, were good; while great discontent was excited by others, such as the sumptuary laws (for he made a bold attempt to stop the drinking and carousing of the mirth-loving settlers), the establishing of a passport system, and the interference with private affairs by settling when people should go to bed, laborers go to work, and the like. The Dutch were essentially free and liberty-loving, and accustomed to considerable self-government; and the Manhattan colonists felt that they were unjustly discriminated against, and chafed under the petty tyranny to which they were exposed.

However, under Kieft the appearance of the town was much improved. Streets began to be laid out, and a better class of private houses sprang up, while a new church and the first tavern—a great clumsy inn, the property of the company—were built, and the farms made good progress, fruit-trees being planted and fine cattle imported. New settlements were made on the banks of the Hudson and the Sound, on Staten Island, and on what is now the Jersey shore. The company made great efforts further to encourage immigration, allowing many privileges to the poorer class of immigrants, and continuing, in diminished form, some of the exceptional advantages granted to the rich men who should form small colonies. The colonists received the right to manufacture, hitherto denied them; but, unfortunately, the hereditary privileges of the patroons were continued, including their right of feudal jurisdiction, and the exclusive right to hunt, fish, fowl, and

grind corn on their vast estates. The leader in pushing these new settlements, and one of the most attractive figures in our early colonial history, was the Patroon de Vries, a handsome, gallant, adventurous man, of brave and generous nature. He was greatly beloved by the Indians, to whom he was always both firm and kind; and the settlers likewise loved and respected him, for he never trespassed on their rights, and was their leader in every work of danger, whether in exploring strange coasts or in fronting human foes.

Besides the Dutch immigrants, many others of different nationalities came in, particularly English from the New England colonies; and all, upon taking the oath of allegiance, were treated exactly alike. There was almost complete religious toleration, and hence many Baptists and Quakers took refuge among the Hollanders, fleeing from the persecutions of the Puritans.

All this time there was continual squabbling with the neighboring and rival settlements of European powers. A large body of Swedes, under Minuit, arrived at and claimed the ownership of the mouth of the Delaware, bidding defiance to the threats the Dutch made that they would oust them; while the English, in spite of many protests, took final possession of the Connecticut valley and the eastern half of Long Island. But the distinguishing feature of Kieft's administration was the succession of bloody Indian struggles waged between 1640 and 1645.

For these wars Kieft himself was mainly responsible, though the settlers and savages were already irritated with each other. Occasional murders and outrages were committed by each side. The Indians became alarmed at the increase in numbers of the whites, and

the whites became tired of having a horde of lazy, filthy, cruel beggars always crowding into their houses, killing their cattle, and by their very presence threatening their families. A strong and discreet man might have preserved peace; but Kieft was rash, cruel, and irresolute, and precipitated the contest by ordering a brutal vengeance to be taken on the Raritan tribe for a wrong which they probably had not committed. They of course retaliated in kind, and there followed a series of struggles, separated by short periods of patched-up truce. Kieft took care to keep shut up in the fort, away from all possible harm, whereat the settlers murmured greatly. All their wisest and best men, including the Patroon de Vries, the Councilman La Montagne, and Dominie Bogardus, protested against his course in bringing on the war.

Early in 1643, he caused by his orders one of the most horrible massacres by which our annals have ever been disgraced. The dreaded Mohawks had made a sudden foray on the River Indians, who, like the other neighboring tribes, were Algonquins; and the latter, fleeing in terror from their adversaries, took refuge close to the wooden walls of New Amsterdam, where they were at first kindly received. On Shrovetide night, Kieft, with a hideous and almost inconceivable barbarity and treachery, as short-sighted as it was cowardly, caused bodies of troops to fall on two parties of these helpless and unsuspecting fugitives, and butchered over a hundred.

This inhuman outrage at once roused every Indian to take a terrible vengeance, and to wipe out his wrongs in fire and blood. All the tribes fell on the Dutch at once, and in a short time destroyed every outlying farm and all the smaller settlements, bringing ruin and deso-

lation upon the entire province, while the surviving settlers gathered in New Amsterdam and in a few of the best fortified smaller villages. The Indians put their prisoners to death with dreadful tortures, and in at least one instance the Dutch retaliated in kind. Neither side spared the women and children. The hemmed-in Dutch sent bands of their soldiers, assisted by parties of New England mercenaries, under a famous woodland fighter, Captain John Underhill, against the Indian towns. They were enabled to strike crippling blows at their enemies, because the latter foolishly clung to their stockaded villages, where the whites could surround them, keep them from breaking out by means of their superiority in firearms, and then set the wooden huts aflame and mercilessly destroy, with torch or bullet, all the inmates, sometimes to the number of several hundred souls. These Indian stockades offered the best means of defense against rival savages; but they were no protection against the whites, who, on the other hand, were much inferior to the red men in battle in the open forest. At first the Indians did not understand this; and in their ignorance they persisted in fighting their new foes in the very way that gave the latter most advantage. It was in consequence of this that the seventeenth-century Algonquins suffered not a few slaughtering defeats at the hands of the New Englanders and New Netherlanders.

Finally, crippled and exhausted, both sides were glad to make peace; and the whites again spread out to their ruined farms. In his dire need Kieft had summoned a popular meeting and chosen from among the heads of families a council of twelve men to advise him in the war. This popular meeting was the first of its kind ever held on Manhattan, and may be considered as the first

foreshadowing of our whole present system of popular government. The Council of Twelve at once proceeded to protest against the director's arbitrary powers, and to demand increased rights for the people, and a larger measure of self-government. Instantly Kieft dissolved them; but later on, when the settlement seemed at the last gasp, a council of eight was chosen, this time by popular vote, and took advantage of the dread of the public enemy to demand the needed internal reforms. They protested in every way against Kieft's tyranny. The latter would not yield. The mutinous spirit became very strong; disorder, and even murder, took place, and affairs began to drift toward anarchy. Numerous petitions were sent to Holland asking Kieft's removal, and finally this was granted. The harassed colony was given a new director in the shape of a gallant soldier named Peter Stuyvesant, who arrived and took possession of his office in May, 1647.

CHAPTER III

STUYVESANT AND THE END OF DUTCH RULE

1647–1664

Grim old Stuyvesant had lost a leg in the wars. He wore in its place a wooden one, laced with silver bands —so that some traditions speak of it as silver. No other figure of Dutch, nor indeed of colonial, days is so well remembered; none other has left so deep an impress on Manhattan history and tradition as this whimsical and obstinate but brave and gallant old fellow, the kindly tyrant of the little colony. To this day he stands in a certain sense as the typical father of the city. There are not a few old New Yorkers who half-humorously pretend still to believe the story which their forefathers handed down from generation to generation—the story that the ghost of Peter Stuyvesant, the queer, kindly, self-willed old dictator, still haunts the city he bullied and loved and sought to guard, and at night stumps to and fro, with a shadowy wooden leg, through the aisles of St. Mark's Church, near the spot where his bones lie buried.

Stuyvesant was a man of strong character, whose personality impressed all with whom he came in contact. In many ways he stood as a good representative of his class—the well-born commercial aristocracy of Holland. In his own person he illustrated, only with marked and individual emphasis, the strong and the weak sides of the rich traders, who knew how to fight and rule, who feared God and loved liberty, who held

their heads high and sought to do justice according to their lights; but whose lights were often dim, and whose understandings were often harsh and narrow. He was powerfully built, with haughty, clear-cut features and dark complexion; and he always dressed with scrupulous care, in the rich costume then worn by the highest people in his native land. He had proved his courage on more than one stricken field; and he knew how to show both tact and firmness in dealing with his foes. But he was far less successful in dealing with his friends; and his imperious nature better fitted him to command a garrison than to rule over a settlement of Dutch freemen. It was inevitable that a man of his nature, who wished to act justly, but who was testy, passionate, and full of prejudices, should arouse much dislike and resentment in the breasts of the men over whom he held sway; and these feelings were greatly intensified by his invariably acting on the assumption that he knew best about their interests, and had absolute authority to decide upon them. He always proceeded on the theory that it was harmful to allow the colonists any real measure of self-government, and that what was given them was given as a matter of grace, not as an act of right. Hence, though he was a just man, of sternly upright character, he utterly failed to awaken in the hearts of the settlers any real loyalty to himself or to the government he represented; and they felt no desire to stand by him when he needed their help. He showed his temper in the first speech he made to the citizens, when he addressed them in the tone of an absolute ruler, and assured them that he would govern them "as a father does his children." Colonists from a land with traditions of freedom, put down in the midst of surroundings which quicken and strengthen beyond mea-

sure every impulse they may have in the direction of liberty, are of all human beings those least fitted to appreciate the benefits of even the best of paternal governments.

When Stuyvesant came to Manhattan the little Dutch *dorp* thereon was just recovering from the bloody misery of the Indian wars. No such calamities occurred again to check and blast its growth; and it may be said to have then fairly passed out of the mere pioneer stage. It was under Stuyvesant that New Amsterdam became a firmly established Dutch colonial town, instead of an Indian-harried village outpost of civilization; and it was only in his time that the Dutch life took on fixed and definite shape. The first comers were generally poor adventurers; but when it was plainly seen that the colony was to be permanent—many well-to-do people of good family came over—burghers who were proud of their coats of arms, and traced their lineage to the great worthies of the ancient Netherlands. The Dutch formed the ruling and the most numerous class of inhabitants; but then, as now, the population of the city was very mixed. A great many English, both from old and New England, had come in; while the French Huguenots were still more plentiful—and, it may be mentioned parenthetically, formed, as everywhere else in America, without exception the most valuable of all the immigrants. There were numbers of Walloons, not a few Germans, and representatives of so many other nations that no less than eighteen different languages and dialects were spoken in the streets. An ominous feature was the abundance of negro slaves—uncouth and brutal-looking black savages, brought by slave-traders and pirates from the gold coast of Africa.

The population was diverse in more ways than those

of speech and race. The Europeans who came to this city during its forty years of life represented almost every grade of Old World society. Many of these pioneers were men of as high character and standing as ever took part in founding a new settlement; but on the other hand there were plenty of others to the full as vicious and worthless as the worst immigrants who have come hither during the present century. Many imported bond servants and apprentices, both English and Irish, of criminal or semicriminal tendencies escaped to Manhattan from Virginia and New England, and, once here, found congenial associates from half the countries of continental Europe. There thus existed from the start a low, shiftless, evil class of whites in our population; while even beneath their squalid ranks lay the herd of brutalized black slaves. It may be questioned whether seventeenth-century New Amsterdam did not include quite as large a proportion of undesirable inhabitants as nineteenth-century New York.

The sharp and strong contrasts in social position, the great differences in moral and material well-being, and the variety in race, language, and religion, all combined to make a deep chasm between life in New Amsterdam and life in the cities of New England, with their orderly uniformity of condition and their theocratic democracy.

Society in the New Netherlands was distinctly aristocratic. The highest rank was composed of the great patroons, with their feudal privileges and vast landed estates; next in order came the well-to-do merchant burghers of the town, whose ships went to Europe and Africa, carrying in their holds now furs or rum, now ivory or slaves; then came the great bulk of the population—thrifty souls of small means, who worked hard,

and strove more or less successfully to live up to the law; while last of all came the shifting and intermingled strata of the evil and the weak—the men of incurably immoral propensities, and the poor whose poverty was chronic. Life in a new country is hard, and puts a heavy strain on the wicked and the incompetent; but it offers a fair chance to all comers, and in the end those who deserve success are certain to succeed.

It was under Stuyvesant, in 1653, that the town was formally incorporated as a city, with its own local *schout* and its *schepens* and burgomasters, whose powers and duties answered roughly to those of both aldermen and justices. The schouts, schepens, and burgomasters together formed the legislative council of the city; and they also acted as judges, and saw to the execution of the laws. There was an advisory council as well.

The struggling days of pioneer squalor were over, and New Amsterdam had taken on the look of a quaint little Dutch seaport town, with a touch of picturesqueness from its wild surroundings. As there was ever menace of attack, not only by the savages but by the New Englanders, the city needed a barrier for defense on the landward side; and so, on the present site of Wall Street, a high, strong stockade of upright timbers, with occasional blockhouses as bastions, stretched across the island. Where Canal Street now is, the settlers had dug a canal to connect the marshes on either side of the neck. There were many clear pools and rivulets of water; on the banks of one of them the girls were wont to spread the house linen they had washed, and the path by which they walked thither gave its name to the street that is yet called Maiden Lane. Manhattan Island was still, for the most part, a tangled wilderness. The wolves wrought such havoc among the cattle, as

they grazed loose in the woods, that a special reward was given for their scalps, if taken on the island.

The hall of justice was in the stadt-huys, a great stone building, before which stood the high gallows whereon malefactors were executed. Stuyvesant's own roomy and picturesque house was likewise of stone, and was known far and near as the Whitehall, finally giving its name to the street on which it stood. The poorest people lived in huts on the outskirts; but the houses that lined the streets of the town itself were of neat and respectable appearance, being made of wood, their gable ends checkered with little black and yellow bricks, their roofs covered with tiles or shingles and surmounted by weathercocks, and the doors adorned with burnished brass knockers. The shops, wherein were sold not only groceries, hardware, and the like, but also every kind of rich stuff brought from the wealthy cities of Holland, occupied generally the ground floors of the houses. There was a large, bare church, a good public-school house, and a great tavern, with neatly sanded floor, and heavy chairs and tables, the beds being made in cupboards in the thick walls; and here and there windmills thrust their arms into the air, while the half-moon of wharfs jutted out into the river.

The houses of the rich were quaint and comfortable, with steeply sloping roofs and crow-step gables. A wide hall led through the middle, from door to door, with rooms on either side. Everything was solid and substantial, from the huge, canopied, four-post bedstead and the cumbrous cabinets, chairs, tables, stools, and settees, to the stores of massive silver plate, each piece a rich heirloom, engraved with the coat of arms of the owner. There were rugs on the floors, and curtains and leather hangings on the walls; and there were tall eight-

day clocks, and stiff ancestral portraits. Clumsy carriages, and fat geldings to draw them, stood in a few of the stables; and the trim gardens were filled with shrubbery, fruit-trees, and a wealth of flowers, laid out in prim, sweet-smelling beds, divided by neatly kept paths.

The poorer people were clad—the men in blouses or in jackets, and in wide, baggy breeches; the women in bodices and short skirts. The schepens and other functionaries wore their black gowns of office. The gentry wore the same rich raiment as did their brethren of the Old World. Both ladies and gentlemen had clothes of every stuff and color; the former, with their hair frizzed and powdered, and their persons bedecked with jewelry, their gowns open in front to show the rich petticoats, their feet thrust into high-heeled shoes, and with silk hoods instead of bonnets. The long coats of the gentlemen were finished with silver lace and silver buttons, as were their velvet doublets, and they wore knee-breeches, black silk stockings, and low shoes with silver buckles. They were fond of free and joyous living; they caroused often, drinking deeply and eating heavily; and the young men and maidens loved dancing-parties, picnics, and long sleigh-rides in winter. There were great festivals, as at Christmas and New Year's. On the latter day every man called on all his friends; and the former was then, as now, the chief day of the year for the children, devoted to the special service of Santa Claus.

All through Stuyvesant's time there was constant danger of trouble with the Indians. Men were occasionally killed on both sides; and once a burgher was slain in the streets of the town by a party of red warriors. There were even one or two ferocious local up-

risings. By a mixture of tact and firmness, however, Stuyvesant kept the savages under partial control, checked the brutal and outrage-loving portion of his own people, and prevented any important or far-reaching outbreak. Yet he found it necessary to organize more than one campaign against the red men; and these, though barren of exciting incident, were invariably successful, thanks to his indomitable energy. By the exercise of similar qualities, he also kept the ever-encroaching New Englanders at bay; while in 1655 he finished the long bickerings with the Swedes at the mouth of the Delaware by marching a large force thither, capturing their forts, and definitely taking possession of the country—thereby putting an end to all chance for the establishment of a Scandinavian State on American soil. Once the New Englanders on Long Island began to plan a revolt; but he promptly seized their ringleaders—including the Indian fighter, Underhill—fined, imprisoned, or banished them, and secured temporary tranquillity.

From the outset, Stuyvesant's imperious nature kept him embroiled with the colonists. In some respects this was well for the commonwealth, for in this way he finally curbed the feudal insolence of the patroons, after nearly coming to a civil war with the patroon of Rensselaerswyck; but generally he managed merely to harass and worry the settlers until they became so irritated as to be almost mutinous. He struggled hard, not only to retain his own power as dictator, but to establish an aristocratic framework for the young society. With this end in view, he endeavored to introduce as a permanent feature the division of the burghers into two classes, minor and major—the major burghers' rights being hereditary, and giving many privileges, among

others the sole right to hold office. He failed ignominiously in this, for the democratic instincts of the people, and the democratic tendencies of their surroundings, proved too strong for him. He himself strove to be just toward all men; but he chose his personal representatives and agents without paying the least heed to the popular estimate in which they were held. In consequence, some of those most obsequious to him turned out mere profligate, petty tyrants, to whom, nevertheless, he clung obstinately, in spite of all complaints, until they had thoroughly disgusted the people at large. He threw his political opponents into jail without trial, or banished them after a trial in which he himself sat as the judge, announcing that he deemed it treason to complain of the chief magistrate, whether with or without cause; and this naturally threw into a perfect ferment the citizens of the popular party, who were striving for more freedom with an obstinacy as great as his own. Abandoning the policy of complete religious toleration, he not only persecuted the Baptists and Quakers, but even the Lutherans also. He established impost and excise duties by proclamation, drawing forth a most determined popular protest against taxation without representation. When the city charter was granted, he proceeded to appoint the first schout, schepen, and burgomasters who took office under it, instead of allowing them to be elected by the citizens—though this concession was afterward wrung from him. He was in perpetual conflict with the council—the "Nine Men," as they were termed—who stood up stoutly for the popular rights, and sent memorial after memorial to Holland, protesting against the course that was being pursued. The inhabitants also joined in public meetings, and in other popular manifestations, to denounce the author

of their grievances; the Dutch settlers, for the nonce, making common cause with their turbulent New England neighbors of the city and of Long Island. Stuyvesant himself sent counter-protests; and also made repeated demands for more men and more money, that he might put into good condition the crumbling and ill-manned fortifications, which, as he wrote home, would be of no avail at all to resist any strong attack that might be made by the ever-threatening English. But the home government cared for its colonies mainly because they were profitable. This Stuyvesant's province was not; and so, with dull apathy, the appeals for help were disregarded, and the director and the colonists were left to settle their quarrels as best they might.

Thus, with ceaseless wrangling, with much of petty tyranny on the one hand, and much of sullen grumbling and discontent on the other, the years went by. Stuyvesant rarely did serious injustice to any particular man, and by his energy, resolution, and executive capacity he preserved order at home, while the colony grew and prospered as it never had done before; but the sturdy and resolute, though somewhat heavy, freemen over whom he ruled, resented bitterly all his overbearing ways and his deeds of small oppression, and felt only a lukewarm loyalty to a government that evidently deemed them valuable only in so far as they added to the wealth of the men who had stayed at home. When the hour of trial came, they naturally showed an almost apathetic indifference to the overthrow of the rule of Holland.

Whenever the English and Dutch were at war, New Amsterdam was in a flutter over the always-dreaded attack of some English squadron. At last, in 1664, the blow really fell. There was peace at the time between

the two nations; but this fact did not deter the England of the Stuarts from seizing so helpless a prize as the province of the New Netherlands. The English Government knew well how defenseless the country was; and the king and his ministers determined to take it by a sudden stroke of perfectly cold-blooded treachery, making all their preparations in secret, and meanwhile doing everything they could to deceive the friendly power at which the blow was aimed. Stuyvesant had continued without cessation to beseech the home government that he might be given the means to defend the province; but his appeals were unheeded by his profit-loving, money-getting superiors in Holland. He was left with insignificant defenses, guarded by an utterly insufficient force of troops. The unblushing treachery and deceit by which the English took the city made the victory of small credit to them; but the Dutch, by their supine, short-sighted selfishness and greed, were put in an even less enviable light.

In September, 1664, three or four English frigates and a force of several hundred land troops under Colonel Richard Nicolls suddenly appeared in the harbor. They were speedily joined by the levies of the already insurgent New Englanders of Long Island. Nicolls had an overpowering force, and was known to be a man of decision. He forthwith demanded the immediate surrender of the city and province. Stuyvesant wished to fight, even against such odds; but the citizens refused to stand by him, and New Amsterdam passed into the hands of the English without a gun being fired in its defense.

CHAPTER IV

NEW AMSTERDAM BECOMES NEW YORK. THE BEGINNING OF ENGLISH RULE

1664–1674

THE expedition against New Amsterdam had been organized with the Duke of York, afterward King James II, as its special patron, and the city was rechristened in his honor. To this day its name perpetuates the memory of the dull, cruel bigot with whose short reign came to a close the ignoble line of the Stuart kings.

With Manhattan Island all the province of the New Netherlands passed under the English rule; and the arrogant red flag fluttered without a rival along the whole seaboard from Acadia to Florida. Yet the settlements were still merely little dots in the vast wooded wilderness which covered all the known portions of the continent. They were strung at wide intervals along the seacoast, or the courses of the mighty rivers, separated one from another by the endless stretches of gloomy, Indian-haunted woodland. Every step in the forest was fraught with danger. The farms still lay close to the scattered hamlets, and the latter in turn clung to the edges of the navigable waters, where travel was so much easier and safer than on land. New Amsterdam, when its existence as such ceased, held some fifteen hundred souls (many of them negro slaves); yet the sloops that plied from thence to Fort Orange—now Albany—

or to any other of the small river towns, were obliged to go well armed, and to keep a keen watch night and day for the war canoes of hostile Indians.

The conquered province had been patented to the Duke of York, and Nicolls acted as his agent. The latter was a brave, politic man of generous nature and good character, and he executed well the difficult task allotted him, doing his best to conciliate the colonists by the justice and consideration with which he acted, and at the same time showing that timidity had no share in influencing his course. By the terms of the surrender the Dutch settlers were guaranteed their full civil and religious rights, and as a matter of fact they were gainers rather than losers by the change. Their interests were as carefully guarded as were those of the English settlers, their prejudices were not shocked, and if anything they were allowed greater, rather than less, privileges in the way of self-government. Moreover, it must be remembered that the change was not so violent as if a city peopled exclusively by one race had been suddenly conquered by the members of another. Under Dutch rule all foreigners had been freely naturalized, and had been allowed to do their share of administration—for our city has always allowed every privilege to that portion of her citizens (generally the majority) born without her limits. The Dutch element was largest among the wealthy people, to whom fell the duty of exercising such self-government as there was; but there were also plenty of rich men among the French Huguenots and English settlers. It is probable that at least a third of the population, exclusive of the numerous negro slaves, and inclusive of the Huguenots, was neither Dutch nor English; and to this third the change was of little moment. The English had exercised considerable influence

in the government throughout Stuyvesant's rule, and even before, ranking as third in numbers and importance among the various elements of the composite population; while on the other hand the Dutch continued, even after the surrender, to have a very great and often a preponderant weight in the councils of the city. The change was merely that, in a population composed of several distinct elements, the one which had hitherto been of primary became on the whole of secondary importance; its place in the lead being usurped by another element, which itself had already for many years occupied a position of much prominence. There was of course a good deal of race prejudice and rancor; and the stubborn Dutch clung to their language, though with steadily loosening grasp, for over a century. But the lines of cleavage in the political contests did not follow those of speech and blood. The constitution of the Dutch settlement was essentially aristocratic; and the party of the populace was naturally opposed to the party of the patroons and the rich merchants. The settlers who came from England direct, belonged to the essentially aristocratic Established Church. They furnished many of the great officials; and many of the merchants, and of those who became large landowners, sprang from among them. These naturally joined the aristocratic section of the original settlers. On the other hand the New Englanders, who were of Puritan blood—and later on the Presbyterians of Scotland and Ireland—were the stanchest opponents of Episcopacy and aristocracy, and became the leaders of the popular party. Similarly, the Huguenots and the settlers of other nationality separated (though much less sharply) on lines of property and caste; and hence the fluctuating line which divided the two camps or factions was only

secondarily influenced by considerations of speech and nationality.

Nicolls made the necessary changes with cautious slowness and tact. For nearly a year the city was suffered to retain its old form of government; then the schout, schepens, and burgomasters were changed for sheriff, aldermen, mayor, and justices. Vested rights were interfered with as little as possible; the patroons were turned into manorial lords; the Dutch and Huguenots were allowed the free exercise of their religion; indeed, the feeling was so friendly that for some time the Anglican service was held in the Dutch Church in the afternoons. No attempt was made to interfere with the language or with the social and business customs and relations of the citizens. Nicolls showed himself far more liberal than Stuyvesant in questions of creed; and one of the first things he did was to allow the Lutherans to build a church and install therein a pastor of their own. He established a fairly good system of justice, including trial by jury, and practically granted the citizens a considerable measure of self-government. But the fact remained that the colony had not gained its freedom by changing its condition; it had simply exchanged the rule of a company for the rule of a duke. Nicolls himself nominated all the new officers of the city (choosing them from among both the Dutch and the English), and returning a polite but firm negative to the request of the citizens that they might themselves elect their representatives. He pursued the same course with the Puritan Long Islanders; and the latter resented his action even more bitterly than did the Dutch.

However, his tact, generosity, and unfailing good temper, and the skill with which he kept order and secured prosperity, endeared him to the colonists, even

though they did at times just realize that there was an iron hand beneath the velvet glove. He completely pacified the Indians, who during his term of command remained almost absolutely tranquil, for the first time in a quarter of a century. He put down all criminals, and sternly repressed the licentiousness of his own soldiery, forcing them to behave well to the citizens. His honesty in financial matters was so great that he actually impoverished himself during his administration of the province. Meanwhile, the city flourished; for there was free trade with England and the English possessions, and even for some time a restricted right to trade with certain of the Dutch ports.

Nicolls soon wearied of his position, and sought leave to resign; but he was too valuable a servant for the duke to permit this until the war with Holland, which had been largely brought on by the treacherous seizure of New Amsterdam, at length came to a close. The Peace of Breda left New York in the hands of the English; for the cold northern province, where now are States already far more populous than Holland, or than the England of that day, was then considered of less value than any one of half a dozen tropical colonies. On both sides the combatants warred for the purpose of getting possessions which should benefit their own pockets, not to found States of freemen of their own race; they sought to establish trading-posts from whence to bring spices and jewels and precious metals, rather than to plant commonwealths of their children on the continents that were waiting to be conquered. The English were inclined to grumble, and the Dutch to rejoice, because the former received New York rather than Surinam. As for Nicolls, when his hands were thus freed he returned home, having shown himself a

warm friend to the colonists, especially the Dutch, who greatly mourned his going.

His successor was an archetypical Cavalier named Francis Lovelace. He had stood loyally by the king in disaster and prosperity alike, and was a gallant, generous, and honest gentleman; but he possessed far less executive capacity than his predecessor. However, he trod in the footsteps of the latter so far as he could, and strove to advance the interests of the city in every way, and to conciliate the good-will of the inhabitants. He associated on intimate terms with the leading citizens, whether English, French, or Dutch, and established a social club which met at their different houses—all three languages being spoken at the meetings. Being fond of racing, he gave prizes to be run for by swift horses on the Long Island race-course. Like his predecessor, his chief troubles were with the hard-headed and stiff-necked children of the Puritans on Long Island. When he attempted to tax them to build up the fort on Manhattan, they stoutly refused, and sent him an indignant protest; while on the other hand he was warmly supported by his Dutch and English councillors in New York. With the Indians he kept on good terms.

The city prospered under Lovelace as it had prospered under Nicolls. Its proprietor, the Duke of York, was a mean and foolish tyrant; but it was for his interest while he was not king to treat his colony well. Though an intolerant religious bigot, he yet became perforce an advocate of religious tolerance for New York, because his own creed, Roman Catholicism, was weak, and the hope of the feeble never rests in persecution. New York was thus permitted to grow in peace, and to take advantage of her great natural resources. Trade increased and ships were built; while

in addition to commerce, many of the seafaring folk took to the cod and whale fisheries, which had just been started off the coasts. The whales were very plentiful, and indeed several were killed in the harbor itself. The merchants began to hold weekly meetings, thus laying the foundation for the New York Exchange; and wealth increased among all classes, bringing comfort, and even some attempt at luxury, in its train.

This quick and steady growth in material prosperity was rudely checked by the fierce war which again broke out between England and Holland. Commerce was nearly paralyzed by the depredations of the privateers, and many of the merchants were brought to the verge of bankruptcy, while the public distress was widespread. It was known that the Dutch meditated an effort to recapture the city; and Lovelace made what preparations he could for defense. He busied himself greatly to establish a regular mail to Boston and Hartford, so that there might be overland communication with his eastern neighbors; and it was on one of his absences in New England that the city was recaptured by its former owners.

In July, 1673, a Dutch squadron under two grim old sea-dogs, Admirals Evertsen and Binckes, suddenly appeared in the lower bay. The English commander in the fort endeavored to treat with them; but they would hearken to no terms save immediate surrender, saying that "they had come for their own, and their own they would have." The Dutch militia would not fight against their countrymen; and the other citizens were not inclined to run any risk in a contest that concerned them but little. Evertsen's frigates sailed up to within musket-shot of the fort, and firing began on both sides. After receiving a couple of broadsides which killed and

wounded several of the garrison, the English flag was struck, and the fort was surrendered to the Dutch troops, who had already landed, under the command of Captain Anthony Colve. So ended the first nine years of English supremacy at the mouth of the Hudson.

The victors at once proceeded to undo the work of the men they had ousted. Dutch was once more made the formal official language (though it had never been completely abandoned), and the whole scheme of the English Government was overturned. In the city itself the schepens, burgomasters, and schout again took the place of sheriff, mayor, and aldermen. There was very little violence, although one or two houses were plundered, and a citizen here and there insulted or slightly maltreated by the soldiers—much as had happened after the original conquest, with the important exception that it was now the Dutch who did the maltreating, and the English who were the sufferers.

When the province was lost it was a mere proprietary colony of the West India Company; but this corporation had died prior to 1673, and the province was regained by the victory of a national Dutch force, and was held for the whole nation. Evertsen, acting for the home government, made Colve the director of the province. Colve was a rough, imperious, resolute man, a good soldier, but with no very great regard for civil liberty. The whole province was speedily reduced. The Dutch towns along the Hudson submitted gladly; but the Puritan villages on Long Island were sullen and showed symptoms of defiance, appealing to Connecticut for help. However, Colve and Evertsen, backed up by trained soldiers and a well-equipped squadron, were not men to be trifled with. They gave notice to the Long Islanders that unless they were pre-

pared to stand the chances of war they must submit at once; and submit they did, Connecticut not daring to interfere. The New Englanders had been willing enough to bid defiance to, and to threaten the conquest of, the New Netherlands while the province was weakly held by an insufficient force; but they were too prudent to provoke a contest with men of such fighting temper and undoubted capacity as Evertsen and Colve, and the war-hardened troops and seamen who obeyed their behests.

Colve ruled the internal affairs of the colony with a high hand. He made the citizens understand that the military power was supreme over the civil; and when the council protested against anything he did, he told them plainly that unless they submitted he would summarily dismiss them and appoint others in their places. Military law was established, and heavy taxes were imposed; moreover, as the taxes took some time to collect, those who were most heavily assessed were forced to make loans in advance. Altogether the burghers probably failed to find that the restoration of Dutch rule worked any very marked change in their favor.

This second period of Dutch supremacy on Manhattan Island lasted for but a year and a quarter. Then in November, 1774, the city was again given up to the English in accordance with the terms of peace between the belligerent powers, which provided for the mutual restitution of all conquered territory. With this second transfer New Amsterdam definitely assumed the name of New York; and the province became simply one of the English colonies in America, remaining such until, a century afterward, all those colonies combined to throw off the yoke of the mother country and become an independent nation.

Thus the province of the New Netherlands had been first taken by the English by an attack in time of peace, when no resistance could be made, and had been left in their possession because it was deemed of infinitely less consequence than such colonies as Java and Surinam; it had then been reconquered by the Dutch, in fair and open war, and had been again surrendered because of an agreement into which the home government was forced, owing to the phases which the European struggle had assumed. The citizens throughout these changes played but a secondary part, the fate of the city and province being decided, not by them, but by the ships and troops of Holland and England. Nor were the burghers as a whole seriously affected in their civil, religious, or social liberties by the changes. The Dutch and English doubtless suffered in turn from certain heartburnings and jealousies, as they alternately took the lead in managing the local government; but the grievances of the under party were really mainly sentimental, for on the one hand no material discrimination was ever actually made against either element, and on the other hand the ruler for the time being, whether Dutch *direcktor* or English governor, always made both elements feel that compared to him they stood on a common plane of political inferiority.

Sir Edmund Andros was appointed by the English king as the governor who was to receive New York from the hands of Director Colve. This he did formally and in state, many courtesies being exchanged between the outgoing and incoming rulers; among the rest, Colve presented Andros with his own state-coach and the three horses that drew it. Andros at once reinstated the English form of government in both province and city, and once more, and this time finally, made the

English the official language. New York was still considered as a proprietary colony of James; New Jersey was severed from it, and became a distinct province. The city itself, which had numbered some fifteen hundred inhabitants at the date of the original conquest from the Dutch, included about three thousand when English rule was for the second time established.

CHAPTER V

NEW YORK UNDER THE STUARTS

1674–1688

Andros was a man of ability and energy, anxious to serve his master the duke, and also anxious to serve the duke's colony, in so far as its interests did not clash with those of the duke himself. He was of course a devoted adherent of the House of Stuart, an ardent Royalist, and a believer in the divine right of kings, and in government by a limited ruling class, not by the great mass of the people governed. Yet, in spite of his imperious and fiery temper, he strove on the whole to do justice to the city of mixed nationalities over whose destinies he for the time being presided, and it throve well under his care. But though he tried to rule fairly, he made it distinctly understood that he, acting in the name of his overlord the duke, was the real and supreme master. The city did not govern itself; for he appointed the mayor, aldermen, and other officers. Even some of his decrees which worked well for the city showed the arbitrary character of his rule, and illustrated the vicious system of monopolies and class and sectional legislation which then obtained. Thus he bestowed on New York the sole right to bolt and export flour. This trebled her wealth during the sixteen years that elapsed before it was repealed, but it of course caused great hardship to the inland towns. Unmixed good, however, resulted from his decree putting an end to the practice of holding Indians as slaves.

It might have been expected that after the conquest of New York the incoming English would have been divided by party lines from the Dutch, and that they would have been in strong alliance with their English neighbors to the eastward. The extreme Royalist tone of the new government, and the anti-Puritan or Episcopal feeling of the most influential of the new settlers, were among the main causes which prevented either of these results from being brought about. The English Episcopalians and Royalists hated their sour, gloomy, fanatical countrymen of different belief much more bitterly than they did their well-to-do Dutch neighbors; and the middle-class citizens, Dutch and English alike, were bound together by ties of interest and by the stubborn love of liberty which was common to both races.

The high-handed proceedings of Andros roused more or less openly avowed ill feeling among the poor but independent citizens of all nationalities; and he clashed rather less with the Manhattaners than with the Long Islanders. Moreover, under his rule New York's attitude as regards the Puritan commonwealths of New England continued as hostile as ever, Andros adopting toward them the exact tone of his Dutch predecessors. He asserted the right of his colony to all land west of the Connecticut. He actually assembled a large body of troops wherewith to subdue the New England towns on its banks, and only halted when it became evident that such a proceeding would without fail be desperately resisted, and would surely bring on an intercolonial war.

Andros was certainly true to his master; yet James became suspicious of him, and, after he had been governor for over six years, suddenly summoned him home, and sent over a special agent, or spy, to examine into the affairs of the colony. Early in January, 1681, An-

dros left for London, where he speedily cleared his name of all suspicion, and came into high favor once more. New York meanwhile was left under the charge of Lieutenant-Governor Brockholls, a Roman Catholic, and of course a high Tory—an inefficient man, utterly unable to cope with the situation. He was hampered rather than aided by the duke's special agents, who bungled everything, and soon became the laughing-stock of the population. In consequence, the province speedily fell into a condition not very far removed from anarchy. The traders refused to pay customs duties, and Brockholls was too timid to try to collect them; and the taxes, generally, fell into arrears. Disorderly meetings were held in various places, and mob violence was threatened—the Puritan element of course taking the lead. Equally of course, and very properly, the friends of free government took advantage of the confusion to strike a blow for greater liberty. When under a despotic rule which nevertheless secured order and material prosperity, there was small hope of effecting a change; but the instant the tyrant for the time being became weak, there was a chance of success in moving against him, there being no longer, to the minds of the citizens, any substantial offset to atone for his tyranny. Accordingly, a New York jury formally presented to the court that the lack of a Provincial Assembly was a grievance. Popular feeling declared itself so strongly to this effect that the court adopted the same view. Accordingly, it accepted as its own and forwarded to the duke a petition drawn up by the high sheriff of Long Island. This petition set forth that New York had long groaned under the intolerable burden of being subjected to an arbitrary and irresponsible government, whereby the colonists were forced against their wills to pay revenue,

while their trade was burdened, and they themselves practically enthralled. The document pointed by way of contrast to the freer and more flourishing colonies by which New York was flanked on either hand, and besought that thereafter the province should be ruled by a governor, council, and assembly, the latter to be elected by the colonial freeholders.

The stoppage of the collections of taxes caused the colony to become a drain instead of a source of revenue to James; and the duke seriously considered the project of selling such an unproductive province. Finally however he decided, as an alternative, to grant the wished-for franchise, and see if that would improve matters; being, it is said, advised to take this course by William Penn, whose not overcreditable connection with the Stuarts occasionally bore good fruit. As the person to put his plans into execution and to act as first governor under the new system, the duke chose Thomas Dongan, a Roman Catholic Irish gentleman of good family, the nephew of the Earl of Tyrconnel. Dongan acted with wise liberality, both in matters political and in matters religious, toward the province he was sent to govern; for he was a man of high character and good capacity. Yet it is impossible to say how much of his liberality was due to honest conviction, and how much to the considerations of expediency that at the moment influenced the House of Stuart. It was an age of religious intolerance and of government by privileged classes; and the religion to which Dongan and his royal master adhered was at that time, wherever it was dominant, the bitterest foe of civil and religious liberty. But in England the nation generally was Episcopalian; and Duke James, a Catholic, was perforce obliged to advocate toleration for all sects as a step toward the ultimate

supremacy of his own. So in New York, Dongan the Catholic found himself ruler of a province where there were but a few dozen citizens of his own faith, the mass of the people being stanch Protestants, of several jarring creeds; and he was not drawn by any special bonds of sympathy to the class of Crown officials and the like, who were mostly of the very church which in England was supreme over his own. His interests and sympathies thus naturally inclined him to side with the popular party, and to advocate religious liberty. As he was also vigilant in preserving order and warding off outside aggression, and devoted to the well-being of the colony, he proved himself perhaps the best colonial governor New York ever had.

Dongan reached New York in 1683, and from the first was popular with the colonists. He at once issued writs for the election of the members of the long-desired Provincial Assembly. They were elected by the freeholders; and with their meeting, in the fall of the same year, the province took the first real step—and a very long one—toward self-government. Dongan of course appointed his own council; and he generally placed thereon representatives of the different nationalities and creeds. New York City was of course the governmental seat or capital, as well as the metropolis of the province.

The Assembly, the popular branch of the government, consisted of eighteen members, the majority being Dutch. They promptly passed a number of acts, all of which were approved by Dongan and his council. By far the most important was the special "charter of Liberties and Privileges," granted by the duke to the province. By this the right of self-taxation was reserved to the colonists, except that certain specific duties on

importations were allowed to the duke and his heirs. The main features of self-government, so long and earnestly desired by the people, were also secured; and entire liberty of conscience and religion was guaranteed to all. This charter was sent over to the duke, by whose suggestion several small amendments were made therein; he then signed and sealed but did not deliver it. Thus it never formally went into effect; yet the government of New York was carried on under its provisions for several years.

One of the acts of this first Assembly was well in line with the policy of extreme liberality toward all foreign-born citizens which New York has always consistently followed: it conferred full rights of citizenship upon all white foreigners who should take the oath of allegiance. The especial purpose of passing the act was to benefit the Huguenots, who were being expelled from France by tens of thousands, thanks to the cruel bigotry of the French king, Louis XIV.

With the return of order and the dawn of liberty, the city once more began to flourish. Trade increased, the fisheries did well, new buildings were put up, and taxes were paid without grumbling. Addresses of gratitude were sent to the duke, and the citizens were fervent in their praise of Dongan. Even the religious animosities were for the moment softened. The old church in the fort was used every Sunday by the representatives of all three of the leading creeds, the services being held in as many different languages—the Dutch in the morning, the French at midday, and the English, by the Episcopalians, in the afternoon; while Dongan and his few fellow religionists worshipped in a little chapel. Even the austere Calvinist dominies could not refrain from paying their meed of respect to the new governor.

As soon as the Assembly adjourned, Dongan granted new "liberties and privileges" to the city itself. In accordance with these new articles, the aldermen were elected by the freeholders in the various wards, the mayor being appointed by the governor. The board of aldermen was a real, not (as in our day) a nominal, legislative body, and enacted by-laws for the government of the city. Some of them were of very stringent character; notably those which provided against any kind of work or amusement on the Sabbath, and which forbade all assemblages of the numerous negro slaves—for the slaveholding burghers were haunted by the constant terror of a servile insurrection.

Affairs went on smoothly until the death of Charles II and the accession to the throne of New York's ducal proprietor, under the title of James II. Dongan made journeys hither and thither through his province, pacifying the Indians, and seeing to the best interests of his own people. He was especially zealous in keeping guard over the northern frontier, already threatened by the French masters of Canada, so long the arch-foes of the northeastern English colonies. Although Dongan was a Roman Catholic, he did not show any of that feeling which made some of his coreligionists sacrifice country to creed, nor did he ever become a tool of France, like so many of the Stuart courtiers of his day. On the contrary, he was active in thwarting French intrigues in the north, giving full warning concerning them to his royal master, to whom his active and loyal patriotism could hardly have been altogether pleasant.

At any rate, no sooner had the duke become king than he dropped the mask of liberality, and took up his natural position as a political and religious tyrant. Under the influence of Dongan, he did indeed grant to

the city itself a charter of special rights and privileges, which formed the basis of those subsequently granted in colonial times. The instrument not only confirmed the city in the possession of the privileges it already possessed, but allowed it a large quantity of real estate, from some of which the municipality draws a revenue to the present day, while the rest has been given over for the common use of the people. But on the main point of self-government the king was resolved to retrace his steps. He would not consummate his action giving a liberal charter to the province, and though in 1684 Dongan summoned the Assembly to meet on his own responsibility, it was never thereafter called; and New York's share in self-government came to an end as far as the Stuarts were concerned.

In 1688 Dongan himself was deprived of the control of the province he had ruled so faithfully and wisely. The king was bent upon being absolute master of the colonies no less than of the home country; and in the spring of that year he threw New England, New York, and New Jersey into one province, abolishing all the different charters, and putting the colonists under the direct control of the royal governor. Dongan was too liberal a man to be intrusted with the carrying out of such a policy. Sir Edmund Andros was sent over in his stead, to act as the instrument for depriving the people of such measure of freedom as they possessed. The bitterness of the religious feeling of the day may be gathered from the fact that many of the more bigoted Protestants of Manhattan actually welcomed the change of governors, being unable to pardon their friend because he was not of their creed, and greeting their foe warmly because, forsooth, they did not quite so widely disagree with his theological tenets.

However, the mass of the people in both New York and New England speedily became welded into one in opposition to the absolutism of the Stuart king, as typified by his lieutenant. Hollander and Puritan were knit together by the bond of a common hatred to the common oppressor; the Puritan as usual taking the lead. They were outraged because of the loss of their political rights; and they feared greatly lest they should soon also lose their religious freedom. Moreover, the colonies were already jealous of one another, and deeply imbued with the Separatist feeling; and they counted the loss of their special charters, and the obliteration of their boundary-lines that they might be put under one government, as grievances intolerable and not to be borne. Nor did they have to bear them long. That very year William of Orange landed in England and drove the last Stuart king from his throne. The news reached America early in 1689, when Andros was in Boston, and the New Englanders rose instantly and threw him into prison, while his governmental fabric throughout the provinces perished almost in a day.

The accession of the Dutch prince to the throne of England added another to the forces that were tending to make the various ethnic elements of New York fuse together. All New Yorkers could be loyal to the Dutch prince who wore an English crown, and who was their special champion against a hostile creed and race. For the next eighty years Holland was England's ally, so that the Hollanders in America saw nothing at work in European politics which should make them unfriendly to their English fellow citizens; and the one great enemy of both races was France. Their interests and enmities were the same, and were also identical with those of the Huguenots, who formed the third great element in

the population. It was this identity of interests and enmities, no less than the similarity in religious belief, which made it possible for the two races already in the land to merge so easily into the third and later-coming race. The comparative rapidity of this fusion in New York is noteworthy. It stands in sharp contrast to the slowness of the intermingling where the English or their successors have conquered and moved into communities of Catholic French and Spaniards.

From 1689 onward, the antagonisms of race were only secondary causes of party and factional hostility in New York. The different nationalities remained far less stubbornly apart than was the case in the neighboring colony of Pennsylvania, for instance. Even when the bulk of one nationality was found to be opposed to the bulk of another, the seeming race antagonism was usually merely incidental, the real line of division being drawn with regard to other matters, such as divided the aristocratic and popular parties elsewhere. No element of the population kept obstinately aloof from the rest as did a large section of the Pennsylvanian Germans, to their own lasting harm. The different races gradually grew to speak the same language, and then intermarried and merged together; for in America the intermarriage and fusion of races follows, but does not precede, their adoption of a common tongue. The Revolution and the preliminary agitation greatly hastened this fusion; but it was already well under way before the first mutterings of the Revolution were heard.

CHAPTER VI

THE USURPATION OF LEISLER

1689–1691

THE overthrow of the Stuart dynasty, and the consequent sudden fall of Andros, brought about the collapse of the existing government in New York. There followed a period of turmoil and disorder, marked by a curious party fight and revolution, or rather attempted revolution, which in its various phases well illustrated the peculiar characteristics of New York life.

The relaxing of the bonds of authority allowed the jealousies between the different classes of the population to come to a head. The mass of the citizens—the men of small means, who in the best of times had enjoyed but little influence in the political life of the colony—were sullenly hostile to the aristocratic and conservative class of Crown officials, patroons, rich merchants, and the like. The ferment in men's minds enormously increased the activity of the forces that were tending to collision. After Andros was imprisoned the conservative faction wished to continue in power the existing officers, appointed by King James, until they could be replaced by others bearing commissions from King William. The popular party, on the other hand, was for immediate action. Their leaders were inspired by the course of the New England colonies, which had promptly set up their former chartered governments. Their proposal was to turn out all of the Stuart officials, and to put in their places men known to be faithful to

the new order of things, who should govern until the will of the Prince of Orange was known. Of course all of the official class and the English Episcopalians, as well as the Hollanders and Huguenots of property, generally took the conservative view; the other was adopted by the poor people and radical liberals and Protestants, very many of the Puritans uniting with the Dutch and French Calvinist working men, small traders, sailors, and farm-laborers. The popular party was at first joined by a very large number of respectable men, well-to-do or of small means, who afterward became alienated by the sweeping measures of the extremists and by the fickleness and violence of the mob. The greater number of the citizens whose tongue was French or Dutch were in its ranks, while the aristocratic faction contained a large share of the English element; but the difference was one of caste and instinct, not of speech or race. Indeed, the leaders of the aristocratic wing, after the lieutenant-governor (Nicholson), were the three members of the deposed governor's council, Bayard, Van Cortlandt, and Phillipse, all of Dutch birth or ancestry. On the other hand their opponents were led by a German named Jacob Leisler, who was strongly seconded by his son-in-law, one Jacob Milborne. New York City, then as now, contained within its population many different races only beginning to fuse together; and then, as now, the lines of party were only subordinately affected by the lines of race—each faction possessing representatives of all the different elements, while the leaders were found, as is still the case, among men of diverse origin and nationality. Religious animosities, as ever since, had much effect in sharpening party differences.

Leisler was a merchant of property, a deacon in the

Dutch Reformed Church, and a captain of one of the six militia train-bands over which Bayard was colonel. He was a zealous Protestant and Republican, a fanatical hater of the Roman Catholic Church, and only less opposed to the Episcopacy of the English. He seems to have been an earnest man, of much power and energy, honest in his purpose to help the poorer people and to put down civil and religious tyranny. It is easy to imagine circumstances in which he would have done much good to the community wherein he lived. But he was of coarse, passionate nature, and too self-willed and vain not to have his head turned by sudden success and the possession of power. Moreover, like most popular leaders of his stamp, the very sincerity of his convictions made him feel that the cause of the people was indeed his own, and therefore that the converse of the proposition was also true. Such a man when he himself becomes a ruler is of course likely to continue to exercise against the people the very qualities which in the beginning he has exercised on their behalf; and this without any, or at most with but little, conscious change of intent. Yet with all Leisler's faults it must be remembered that fundamentally he was right, for he struggled to procure enlarged liberties for the people.

The tyranny of King James had been two-sided—he had striven to make the power of the sovereign absolute, and, less directly, to make the Romish Church arbiter of men's consciences. The New York commonalty detested his officers, both as representing the civil power that actually had oppressed them and as standing for the religious power that possibly would oppress them. They naturally bore especial hatred to such of the officials as were Catholics; and it was this feeling that brought about the first break between the

popular party and the upholders of the existing order of things.

Leisler imported a cargo of wine from Europe, but refused to pay the duties on the ground that the collector of the port was a Catholic. The council sided with the collector, and high words passed between them and Leisler, ending with a furious quarrel and the interchange of threats. The common folk at once made the cause of the recalcitrant wine-merchant their own, and adopted him as their champion—a position for which he was well fitted by his truculent daring and energy. Many wild stories were afloat as to the plots which were being concocted by the governmental officers, whom most of the citizens firmly believed to be under the influence of the Catholics, and in secret league with the fallen monarch. It was rumored, now that they were about to surrender the city to the French, now that they were plotting to procure an uprising of the Catholics and massacre of the Protestants. As the latter outnumbered the former twenty to one, this fear shows the state of foolish panic to which the people had been wrought; but foolish or not, their excitement kept rising, and they became more and more angry and uneasy.

The outbreak was finally precipitated by a misunderstanding between the governing authorities and some of the train-bands; for the latter had been called in to assist the handful of regular troops who were on guard in the fort. The quarrel arose over a question of discipline between the lieutenant-governor and the militia officers. The former chafed under the suspicions of the citizens—which he was perhaps conscious that he merited, at least to the extent of being but a lukewarm supporter of the new order of things—and lacked the tact to handle himself properly in such an emergency.

He ended by bursting into a passion, and dismissing the militia officers from his presence with the remark that he would rather see the town on fire than be commanded by them.

This was the spark to the train. The indignant militiamen were soon spreading the report that the governor had threatened in their presence to burn the town. The burghers readily believed the truth of the statement, and under Leisler's lead determined to take the reins of the government into their own hands. At noon of May 31, 1689, Leisler summoned the citizens to arms by beat of drum, mustering his own train-band before his house. The suddenness of the movement, and Leisler's energy, paralyzed opposition. The lieutenant-governor yielded up the fort, no time being given him to prepare for resistance; and the city council were speedily overawed by the militia, who marched into their presence as they sat in the City Hall. The popular party for the first time was in complete control of the city.

There was much justification for this act of the common people and their leaders. Doubtless their fears for their own lives and property were exaggerated; but there was good ground for uneasiness so long as the city was under the control of the Stuart adherents. The exiled House of Stuart became at once the active ally of the most bitter enemies of England, Holland, and their colonies. King James identified his cause with that of the church and the nation from whose triumph the New Yorkers had most to fear. Many of the officers whom he had left in high places proved willing to betray their countrymen for the sake of their king; and even attempted treachery might bring manifold and serious evils upon a small colonial city like New York. If there was really but little danger from the Catholics, there

was beyond question a great deal to be feared from the French; and all those who held commissions from the House of Stuart, if they were loyal to the king who had appointed them, were bound to render assistance to the common public enemy, France. Leisler and the burghers were on the whole right in feeling that they were warranted in overthrowing the old government. In this they were supported, at least passively, by the bulk even of the conservative citizens; they were opposed chiefly by the rich and aristocratic families, who were hostile to all popular movements, and perhaps leaned secretly to the side of the Stuarts and absolute government. Of course the timid and wealthy persons of no convictions objected to change of any sort. Had Leisler contented himself with merely establishing a temporary government to preserve order and ward off outside aggression until the new officials should arrive from England, he would have deserved the good-will of all the citizens.

Unfortunately, he lacked the self-restraint and clear-sightedness necessary to the pursuit of such a course; and he speedily established as arbitrary and unjust a government as that he overthrew. For a short time he ruled wisely and with moderation, oppressing no one. Then his head became turned by his position. He was always boasting of his feat in, as he asserted, saving the city from destruction; and he kept comparing himself to Cromwell, announcing that to rescue the people from their oppressors, there was need of sword-rule in New York. The English Episcopalians naturally detested his sway from the beginning, as did those wealthy French and Dutch families that had previously possessed a share of the governing power. All of these people were closely watched; and though at first not

actually molested, they soon began to suffer petty oppression and injustice at the hands of the rougher of Leisler's lieutenants. As they grew more set against Leisler their hatred was repaid in kind. From time to time both their persons and their property were put in actual jeopardy by some freak of jealous suspicion or wounded vanity on the part of the popular dictator. The mass of the people did not care much for the ills that befell these first sufferers; but before many months were over, they themselves were forced to bear their share of unjust treatment, and then of course they became very loud in their indignation. Leisler was doubtless in part actuated by honest distrust of his opponents, and belief that he himself could do most good to the city and especially to the common folk, and in part by the ambitions to which his success had given birth. He found it difficult to know where to stop in pursuing his dictatorial policy. His suspicion of the Episcopalians grew to include the Puritans. His animosity toward the aristocratic families was far from being altogether causeless; for they were undoubtedly bitterly hostile not only to him but to the popular cause he represented. But he soon began to confound his aristocratic enemies with the people of means generally; and his baser supporters, under plea of enthusiasm for Protestantism and liberty, menaced indiscriminately every man of property, so that all the most thrifty and successful people of the community, including the Dutch and Huguenot clergy, became banded together against him. The decent working men also grew alarmed at his excesses and irritated at the pride he displayed and at the insolence of some of his subordinates, their own former equals.

Soon after Leisler had overthrown the lieutenant-gov-

ernor and taken the reins of power, a royal proclamation was brought over which continued in office all Protestant officials. The old council greeted this proclamation with exultation, for if obeyed it restored them to office; but Leisler, fearing for his life if his foes returned to power, and furious at seeing his work thus undone, determined to disobey the command of the sovereigns, treasonable though such conduct was. At the head of his troops he dispersed the council, and continued his own appointees in place. The mob was at this time heartily in his favor, and cheered on the train-bands; and finally Bayard and Van Cortlandt were chased from the city.

Leisler had summoned a convention which, when it met, contained of course only the extreme men; not a few of its members were Republicans, or avowed adherents of the policy of Oliver Cromwell. They chose a committee of safety, ten in number, consisting of Hollanders, Huguenots, and English Puritans. They were all furious Protestants and ultraliberals; and they speedily nominated Leisler as commander-in-chief, with extensive and indeed arbitrary powers. Soon afterward a letter was received from the sovereigns which was directed to the "commander-in-chief" of the province of New York. It was meant for Nicholson, whom the home government supposed to be still in power, but by an oversight his name was not put in the document; and the delighted Leisler insisted that he himself was the man for whom it was intended. He promptly assumed the title of lieutenant-governor, chose his own council, and formally entered on his duties as the royal representative and ruler of the colony. He treated the city as under martial law, yet in certain matters he showed his leaning toward democracy. Thus instead

of appointing a mayor he allowed the freeholders to elect one—the first and, until 1834, the last elective mayor of New York. The opposition to his rule outside of Manhattan Island was very strong from the outset; and Albany, under the lead of Schuyler, refused to recognize his authority until forced to do so by the pressing danger from the Canadian-French and their savage allies.

In outside matters the usurping governor showed breadth of mind—notably in calling a congress of the colonies, the first of its kind, which met in New York in the spring of 1690. The purpose of the meeting was to plan a joint attack on Canada; for Count Frontenac's war-parties were cruelly harassing the outlying settlements of both New York and New England. A small army of Connecticut men and New Yorkers was assembled, and marched to the head of Lake Champlain, but owing to mismanagement accomplished nothing; and the expedition was finally abandoned after a bitter quarrel between Leisler and his New England allies. Nothing against France was accomplished beyond a couple of brilliant raids made by Schuyler up to the walls of Montreal, and the capture of a number of French ships by Leisler's New York privateers. Yet, though this intercolonial congress produced such small results, it marks an era in the growth of the provinces which afterward became the United States. It was the first occasion on which the colonies ever showed the least tendency to act together, or on which they appeared as aught but a jumble of mutually hostile communities. Up to this time their several paths of development had been entirely separate, and their interests independent and usually conflicting; but after this date they had a certain loose connection with one another, and it be-

comes possible to treat their history in some degree as a whole.

In domestic affairs, Leisler sometimes did well and sometimes ill. He summoned two popular assemblies. They were filled with his supporters, ratified all his acts, and gave him power to go to any lengths he chose. He allowed his subordinates to maltreat the Long Islanders, Dutchmen and Puritans alike, who accordingly sent long petitions for redress to England. He opened letters, plundered houses, confiscated estates to satisfy taxes, and imprisoned numbers of the leading citizens whom he believed to be his enemies. He treated the Calvinist dominies as roughly as their flocks, and all the men of property became greatly alarmed. The leading Dutch and French citizens made common cause with the English, and sent a vigorous remonstrance to the home government praying for relief, and denouncing Leisler as an "insolent alien" who had tyrannized over the city, holding the lives and property of all citizens at his mercy, and setting up as rulers men of the meanest station and capacity, and often of criminal antecedents. Doubtless much of this opposition was due merely to an aristocratic dislike of anything like democracy; but Leisler's "government of the people" had beyond question begun to degenerate into government by the mob and by a tyrant. His overbearing conduct alienated the mass of the mechanics, craftsmen, and laborers; and he was soon left unsupported save by the men he had put in office, and by the militia, in whose ranks he had left only his own adherents.

The repeated petitions of the citizens attracted the attention of King William; and to stop the disorders a governor (Sloughter) and a lieutenant-governor (Ingoldsby) were duly commissioned, and sent out to the

colony with an adequate force of regular troops. The ship carrying the governor was blown out of its course; and when Ingoldsby, early in February, 1691, landed on Manhattan Island, Leisler refused to recognize his authority. The mass of the citizens supported Ingoldsby, while the militia stood by Leisler. For six weeks the two parties remained under arms, threatening each other, Ingoldsby's headquarters being in the City Hall and Leisler's in the fort. Then a skirmish took place in which several of Ingoldsby's regulars were killed or wounded, while Leisler's militia, shielded by the fort, escaped unharmed. The very day after this, Governor Sloughter's ship appeared in the harbor, and he immediately landed and took command. The following morning Leisler's militia deserted him, and he and his chief officers were promptly seized and imprisoned. They were tried for high treason, and Leisler and Milborne, the two ringleaders, were adjudged guilty and hanged; most of the respectable citizens, including the clergymen of every denomination, demanding their death as affording the only warrant for the future safety of the colony. The Leislerian or democratic party was cowed, and for the moment did nothing save feebly and ineffectually to protest against the execution of the sentence.

The popular party of New York had certainly failed to show governmental capacity, moderation toward opponents, or power to curb the oppressive tyranny of its own leaders. Its downfall was as complete as the triumph of the aristocratic element. The government of the colony was at once put on the basis on which it stood until the outbreak of the Revolution. There was a governor appointed by the king, and a council likewise appointed; while the Assembly was elected by the

freeholders. The suffrage was thus limited by a strict property qualification. Liberty of conscience was granted to all Protestant sects, but not to the Catholics; and the Church of England was practically made the State Church, though the Dutch and French congregations were secured in the rights guaranteed them by treaty. It was thus essentially a class or aristocratic government—none the less so because to European eyes the little American aristocracy seemed both poor and rude. In a frontier community such as New York then was it was comparatively easy for any man to acquire property and position, and thus step into the ranks of the relatively large ruling class.* Nevertheless, democracy, as such, had small share in the government.

However, the Leislerians soon plucked up heart, and appeared once more in public, claiming their fallen chief as a martyr, and troubling their foes for a generation ere they gradually lost their identity and became merged in the general mass of the popular party. Though this element of the population, owing to the restricted suffrage, possessed less than its due weight in the government, yet it always had allies and mouthpieces in the Assembly. These advocates of popular rights rarely made a fight for the granting of political power to the masses, but they were kept busy in battling against the prerogatives of the Crown and the power of the great patroons and rich merchants. For the next three-quar-

* Many of the leading families in colonial times were descended from the Old World gentry. Many others sprang from successful adventurers of almost unknown ancestry; and there was every gradation between these two extremes. The Livingstons, for instance, one of the really noted New York families, were descended from a young Scotch factor, just like hundreds of penniless, pushing young Scotchmen who have come to this country in the steerage of sailing ship or steamer during the present century. Of the men of high social standing in the Old World who came over to make their fortunes in the New, probably the majority failed, and their descendants slipped down into the lower ranks of the population.

ters of a century the struggle for popular rights in New York took the form, not of a demand for democratic government and manhood suffrage, but of a contest waged on behalf of the men of small property against the authority of a foreign monarchy and the rule of a native oligarchy.

CHAPTER VII

THE GROWTH OF THE COLONIAL SEAPORT

1691–1720

For three-quarters of a century after the collapse of Leisler's rebellion the internal and external politics of New York City ran in monotonous grooves, and were largely merged in those of the province, the interests of the town and country being as a rule identical. There was a succession of long wars with France, the New Yorkers, like the other English colonists, and like England herself, soon coming to look upon the French as their hereditary and natural foes. This continuous struggle with a powerful common enemy was a potent cause in keeping the colonists of Manhattan, like those of the rest of America, loyal to the mother country; and the growth of sentiments and interests hostile to the latter, though steady, was unappreciated even by the colonists themselves. Their internal politics were marked by unceasing struggles in the Assembly—struggles, sometimes between the aristocratic and popular factions, sometimes between one or the other or both of these factions and whoever happened for the time to represent the Crown. The overthrow of the Stuart dynasty had resulted in an immense gain for liberty, and for free and orderly government in New York. The last Stuart king had never granted the liberties he had promised to the colonists; but by his successor they were immediately given in full. Hitherto New York's share in self-government had depended purely

on the pleasure of her successive rulers. Under, and owing to, William of Orange she made the first noteworthy advance in the direction of self-government by right, irrespective of the views of the royal governor who might be over her.

Throughout all this period New York was a little seaport town, without manufactures, and dependent upon ocean industries for her well-being. There was little inland commerce; everything was done by shipping. The merchants were engaged in the river trade with Albany and the interior, in the coast trade with the neighboring colonies, in the fisheries, and in the sea trade with England, Africa, and the East and West Indies. Every few years there occurred a prolonged maritime war with either France or Spain, and sometimes with both. Then the seas were scourged and the coasts vexed by the warships and privateers of the hostile powers; and the intervals of peace were troubled by the ravages of pirate and picaroon. Commerce was not a merely peaceful calling; and those who went down to the sea in ships led troublous lives.

The seafaring folk, or those whose business was connected with theirs, formed the bulk of New York's white population. The poor man went to sea in the vessel the richer man built or owned or commanded; and where the one risked life and limb, the other at least risked his fortune and future. Many of the ventures were attended with great danger even in times of peace. Besides the common risks of storm and wreck, other and peculiar perils were braved by the ships that sailed for the Guinea coast, to take part in the profitable but hideously brutal and revolting trade for slaves. The traffic with the strange coast cities of the Red Sea and the Indian Ocean likewise had dangers all its own.

Pirate and sultan and savage chief had all to be guarded against, and sometimes outwitted, and sometimes outfought.

Moreover, the New York merchants and seamen were themselves ready enough to risk their lives and money in enterprises where the profits to be gained by peaceful trade came second, and those by legal warfare or illegal plundering first. In every war the people plunged into the business of privateering with immense zest and eagerness. New York Province dreaded the Canadians and Indians, but New York City feared only the fleets of France; her burghers warred, as well as traded, chiefly on the ocean. Privateering was a species of gambling which combined the certainty of exciting adventure with the chance of enormous profit, and it naturally possessed special attractions for the bolder and more reckless spirits. Many of the merchants who fitted out privateers lost heavily, but many others made prizes so rich that the profits of ordinary voyages sank into insignificance by comparison. Spanish treasure-ships, and French vessels laden with costly stuffs from the West Indies or the Orient, were brought into New York Harbor again and again—often after fights to the severity of which the battered hulls of both the captor and the vanquished vessel bore unequivocal testimony. When the prize was very rich and the crew of the privateer large, the home-coming of the latter meant a riot; for in such a case the flushed privateersmen celebrated their victory with wild orgies and outrages, and finally had to be put down by actual battle in the streets. The landowners were often merchants as well; and more than one of them was able to flank the gateway of his manor-house with the carved prows and figureheads of the vessels his own privateers had captured.

In time of war both risk and profit were great, yet they were but little less in the short periods of peace, or rather of truce. Under the system of jealous trade exclusion which then obtained, each trader was a possible smuggler, and the cruisers of every naval power were always harassing the merchantmen sailing under rival flags. Even if a vessel did not smuggle, she was liable at any moment to be seized on the pretext that she was trying to; and so, as she had to undergo the dangers in any event, she felt no reluctance in attempting to gather the profits when occasion offered. Again, the line dividing the work of the privateer from the work of the pirate was easy to overstep, and those who employed the one were not reluctant at times to profit by the deeds of the other. The pirate merely continued in somewhat exaggerated form against all nations, at all times, the practices which the privateer employed against certain nations at certain times. There were plenty of both merchants and seamen in New York who failed to draw any nice distinction between the two classes of vessels; and the full-armed, strongly manned trading ship, which alone was employed in the more perilous water paths of commerce, and which was always ready to do privateering work in time of actual war, in time of peace was not unapt to hoist the black flag for the nonce in distant seas, or at least to barter freely with the acknowledged pirates. The slavers in particular, whose crews and captains were sure to be rough, hardened, greedy men, wonted to bloodshed and violence, were very likely to turn pirate as occasion offered; while the pirates were equally willing to engage in the slave-trade, and to sell their living cargoes to the regular slavers, or to attack the latter, as circumstances dictated. The lawlessness was greatest in the Oriental

seas. The huge Arab and Indian coasters, freighted with rare and precious stuffs, were sought after with furious eagerness by both pirate and privateer; while the former also swooped down on the Dutch and English East Indiamen. At Madagascar there was a regular fort and station to which some of the New York merchants sent ships for the sole purpose of trading with the pirate vessels which carried their ill-gotten goods thither. Many a daring skipper who obeyed the law fairly well in Atlantic waters felt free to do as he wished when he neared Madagascar, or cruised through the Red Sea and the Indian Ocean. The rich cargoes of Oriental goods, the spices, perfumes, silks, shawls, rugs, pearls, and golden coin and jewels, were of such value that men did not care to ask too closely how they were acquired. There were plenty of adventurous young New Yorkers, of good blood, who were themselves privateersmen, Red Sea men, or slavers; and in the throng of seafaring men of this type, the crews and captains of the pirate ships passed unchallenged. The taverns and low houses along the water-front of the little seaport were filled with wind-roughened sailor folk, outlandish in speech and dress, wild of look, black of heart, and ripe for any desperate venture. Their daredevil commanders were not only tolerated but welcomed as guests at the houses of many among the gentry and merchants, who had themselves in one way or another gained great profit from lawless ocean warfare. Their mad freaks and furious orgies and carouses made them the terror of quiet people; but their lavish extravagance with their stores of strange Spanish, Indian, and Arabian coin gave them also a certain popularity.

The goods brought from the far Eastern lands by these men, and by their fellow sea-rovers of slightly

stricter morality, gave a touch of quaint luxury, and their own presence added an air of dash and adventure, to the life of the growing town on Manhattan Island. There was a suggestion of the Orient and of hazardous fortunes, ill made and lightly lost, in the costly goods with which the rich burghers and manorial lords decked their roomy houses, and clothed themselves and their wives. The dress of the time was picturesque; and the small social world of New York, as haughty and exclusive after its own fashion as any, looked leniently on the men whose deeds made it possible for the titled Crown officials, and the untitled leaders of the local oligarchy, alike, to go clad in rich raiment. More than one sea-chief of doubtful antecedents held his head high among the New York people of position, on the infrequent occasions when he landed to revel and live at ease, while his black-hulled, rakish craft was discharging her cargo at the wharfs, or refitting for another mysterious voyage. The grim-visaged pirate captain, in his laced cap, rich jacket, and short white knee-trunks, with heavy gold chains round his neck, and jewel-hilted dagger in belt, was a striking and characteristic feature of New York life at the close of the seventeenth century. Soon afterward the boldness and the serious nature of the piratical ravages thoroughly roused the home government, which made resolute efforts to stop them. The colonial authorities joined to hunt the rovers from their coasts; and though the men of the black flag continued to ply their trade in tropical seas, they never after that time appeared in the colonial seaports save by stealth.

The favor shown to the pirates brought scandal on the name of more than one royal governor of New York. This was especially the case with Governor Benjamin

Fletcher, a stout, florid soldier of fortune, who came over to take control in 1692, the year after the tragic end of Leisler's rebellion. He possessed both energy and courage, but was utterly unfitted for a civil post of such difficulty as that to which he was now appointed. Being a fawning courtier to the king, he naturally took a tone of insolent command in dealing with the colony. Though very strict in religious observances he was a loose liver, fond of luxury, and of extravagant habits; he was therefore continually in want of money, and both he and some of his council were in the habit of receiving valuable gifts—amounting to blackmail—from the different pirate ships. Finally, the scandal grew so great that he was recalled.

Other causes, however, contributed to bring about the recall. Fletcher was a stanch supporter of the colonial aristocracy, and bitterly opposed to the popular party. He interfered actively against the latter in the elections for the General Assembly, and helped to achieve a triumph which was largely due to wholesale intimidations—for the partisans of the governor and the richer classes mobbed their opponents, and in many places drove them by force from the polling-booths. He granted the public lands right and left, doing his best to divide the soil of the province among a few rich families. He thus sought to build up a system of gigantic tenant-farmed estates, instead of allowing the country to become filled with small freehold farmers. He also connived at the acquisition by private individuals of great tracts of land from the Indians; and his grants were made to ministers and churches as well as to laymen. In short, his whole theory was to depress the freemen of small means, and to concentrate power and wealth in the hands of the Church and the aristocracy;

and according to his capacities he was an unwholesome and vicious force in the body politic.

For some of Fletcher's acts, however, there was at least much excuse; and in certain of the wrangles in which he became engaged, his opponents behaved no better than he did. Thus, he allowed the merchants to evade the iron laws of trade. He probably winked at these evasions, partly from dislike of trouble, partly, perhaps, from worse motives; but it may be that he felt some genuine impatience with the restrictions by which the merchants of England sought to hem in the growth of the colonies and to keep their trade solely for the benefit of the ruling country. As regards most articles, the colonists could only trade outright with England, and the consequent loss to the merchants was immense. Of course, such a system put a premium on smuggling, and, for the matter of that, on trading with pirates, too, and on every other method by which the laws could be evaded. Yet these same laws were so in accord with the spirit of the time that there was little open protest against them, though they doubtless contributed to the growth of the vague feeling of discontent with the home government which gradually crept into colonial hearts. On the other hand the Assembly, or popular branch of the colonial legislature, was always striving to throw, as nearly as might be, the whole burden of colonial defense on the British Crown and Parliament; and its selfishness, short-sightedness, and very moderate ability, together with its unlimited capacity for ignoble squabbling, spake but ill for the body of electors to whose suffrages it owed its being. The different colonies, moreover, cared not a jot for one another's misfortunes. Well-settled, thriving New England was quite content to let thinly settled, struggling New York get

on as best she might when almost overwhelmed by the Canadians and Indians. The Puritan commonwealths were well pleased to have such a buffer between them and French aggression. They looked on with cold and selfish indifference until the danger was brought home directly to their own thresholds; the money-making spirit was as yet too strong in their breasts to leave room for more generous and disinterested emotions. Fletcher spent much of his time in a wordy warfare with the New Englanders, because of their desertion of New York, and in quarrelling with the Assembly of the latter province for its multifarious misdeeds, and especially for the heinous sin of endeavoring to whittle down his own salary. He was recalled to England early in 1698.

Fletcher's successor was a nobleman of strong and high character, the Earl of Bellomont—a man of pure life and strict honor, and altogether of far nobler type than the average colonial governor. He belonged to that limited class in the English aristocracy which combined intense pride and exclusiveness in social matters with a genuine belief in popular liberty and political equality, and a dislike of privilege and privileged castes. He seems to have clearly seen that the establishment in New York of an oligarchy such as Fletcher and the wealthy citizens in general dreamed of, meant injustice to the mass of the people for the time being, and therefore in the end an uprising, and the destruction of the iniquitous system by violence. His duty appeared to him plain; and he attacked the intrenched evils with the utmost resolution. It was an uphill struggle, for the most powerful interests of the colony were banded against him; and, moreover, in dealing with men his tact was not equal to his courage and probity.

Bellomont at once espoused the cause of the Leislerians, the champions of the common people; and during his three years' rule in New York the popular party was uppermost. He even had the bodies of Leisler and Milborne disinterred and buried again with all honor. From the outset he was forced into an unrelenting war on many of the public officials, who were given over to financial dishonesty and bribe-taking, being in corrupt collusion with the merchants, pirates, and smugglers; for the whole governmental service had become thoroughly debauched. He enforced the laws of trade with rigid severity, put down smuggling, and checked in every way the unscrupulous greed of the great merchants. He also hunted away the pirates, and hung those whom he caught in chains on the different headlands of the coast; and it was while engaged in this pursuit that there occurred the curious incident of his connection with the famous Captain Kidd. The latter was a daring seaman who, when the earl first knew him, bore a good character, as seafaring characters went, and readily fell in with the earl's plans for pirate-hunting. Finally the earl, in company with several other English noblemen, and with one New Yorker, Livingston, the founder of a line of manorial lords, agreed to fit out Kidd for a cruise against the pirates, whose haunts he well knew. All were to go shares in whatever plunder might be obtained from the ships of the captured freebooters. Kidd's proposed enterprise attracted much attention, and as he was given a fine bark he found no difficulty in manning her with a crew better fitted for warlike than peaceful pursuits. He cruised after pirates for some time, but with indifferent success; whereupon he philosophically turned pirate himself, and became one of the scourges of the ocean. He still haunted the

New York and New England coast at times, landing in out-of-the-way havens, and burying his blood-stained treasure on lonely beaches and islands; and finally the earl caught his backsliding friend, who was shortly afterward hung in chains at Execution Dock. The peculiar circumstances attendant upon Kidd's turning pirate attracted wide-spread attention, though his exploits were, in reality, less remarkable than those of scores of other freebooters. He became a favorite subject for ballads, and gradually grew to be accepted in the popular mind as the archetype of his kind; while the search for his buried treasure, having been successful in one or two instances, became almost a recognized industry among the more imaginative of the dwellers by the sea.

Bellomont distinctly perceived the vast evils produced by the system of huge landed estates; and on behalf of the small freeholders he fearlessly attacked the manorial lords. He forfeited such of their grants as he considered to have been illegally secured; no inconsiderable number when the estates fraudulently purchased from the Indians were added to those acquired by judicious presents to the Crown officials. His aim was ultimately to establish the rule that no one estate larger than a thousand acres should be permitted. In attacking laymen he did not spare the Church; and assailed alike the excessive land-grants of the Dutch Reformed clergy and the Anglican bodies. His term of office was too short to permit him to put his far-reaching plans into execution; nevertheless, he did accomplish something of what he was aiming at.

Naturally Bellomont aroused the intense hostility of all the powerful, favored classes he had attacked. Almost every great landowner and rich merchant, every corrupt Crown official, every man who had thriven by

smuggling and by winking at piracy, assailed him with venomous anger. His character stood so high, however, that these attacks could not shake him in the esteem of the home powers; while the common people loved and reverenced him exceedingly, and mourned him with bitter regret when in 1701 he died, after a short rule of three years.

There followed a period of the utmost confusion, the Leislerian and aristocratic factions coming almost to civil war; for the former had been raised to power by Bellomont, but now lacked his restraining hand, and feared the speedy triumph of the oligarchy under some new governor. The culminating points were reached in the trial of two of the aristocratic leaders for alleged treason, and in a disorderly election for aldermen in New York. Both parties claimed the victory in this election, the voting in many of the precincts being distinguished by the most flagrant fraud; and all the contending aldermen proceeded to try to take their seats at the same time, the resulting riot being ended by a compromise.

In 1702, when Queen Anne had just ascended the throne, her nephew, Lord Cornbury, came out as governor. He promptly restored order by putting down the Leislerians; and by his influence the aristocracy were once more placed in power. To say truth, the popular party, by its violence, and the corruption of some of its chiefs, had done much to forfeit the good-will of the respectable middle classes.

Cornbury, however, did the democracy a good turn by forthwith drowning the memory of its shortcomings in the torrent of his own follies and misdeeds. He was very nearly an ideal example of what a royal governor should not be. He was both silly and wicked. He hated

the popular party, and in all ways that he could he curtailed the political rights of the people. He favored the manorial lords and rich merchants as against the commonalty; but he did all he could to wrong even these favorites when it was for his own interest to do so. He took bribes, very thinly disguised as gifts. He was always in debt, and was given to debauchery of various kinds. One of his amusements was to masquerade in woman's garments, being, of all things, inordinately proud that when thus dressed he looked like Queen Anne. He added bigotry to his other failings, and persecuted the Presbyterians, who were endeavoring to get a foothold in the colony; he imprisoned their ministers and confiscated their little meeting-houses. In this respect, however, he was but a shade worse than the men he ruled over; for the Assembly had passed a law condemning to death all Catholic priests found in the colony—a law of which the wickedness was neither atoned for nor justified by the fact that the same measure of iniquity was meted out to the Protestants in the countries where the Catholics had control. He appropriated to other uses the moneys furnished by the Assembly to put New York Harbor into a state of defense; the result being that a French war-ship once entered the lower bay and threw the whole city into terror. Finally, the citizens of all parties became so exasperated against him as to clamorously demand his removal, which was granted in 1708; but before he left the colony he had been thrown into prison for debt. In dealing with him the Assembly took very high ground in regard to the right of the colony to regulate its own affairs, insisting on the right of the popular branch of the government to fix the taxes, and to appoint most of the public officers and regulate their fees. Resolutions of this character

show that during the score of years which had elapsed since the downfall of the Stuarts, the colony had made giant strides toward realizing its own rights and powers. With all their faults, the Leislerians had done good service in arousing the desire for freedom, and in teaching men—if often only by painful example and experience—to practise the self-restraint which is as necessary as self-confidence to any community desirous of doing its own governmental work.

After a couple of years of practical interregnum, New York received another governor, one Robert Hunter, whose term lasted until 1720. He was a wise and upright man, who did justice to all, though, if anything, favoring the popular party. But the personality of the governor was rapidly becoming of less and less consequence to New York as the city and province grew in size. The condition of the colony and the policy of the British King and Parliament were the really important factors of the problem.

About this time there was a great influx of Germans from the Rhine provinces. They were poor peasants who had fled from before the French armies; and while most went on into the country, a considerable number remained in New York, to add one more to the many elements in its population. As they were ignorant and poverty-stricken, the colonists of English, Dutch, and Huguenot blood looked down on and despised them, not wholly without reason. One feature of the settlement of America is that each mass of immigrants feels much distrust and contempt for the mass—usually of a different nationality—which comes a generation later. Presbyterians from Scotland and Ireland began to straggle in, were allowed to build a church, and got a firm foothold. There was an insurrection of negro slaves, of which more anon.

The city was growing slowly. English, Dutch, and Huguenot names succeeded one another in the mayoralty, showing that there was no attempt on the part of one race to exclude the others from their share of political power. The mass of the people were not very well off, and grudged taxes; the annual expenditure of the city government was only about three hundred pounds and was covered by the annual income. The Assembly was already dabbling in paper money, and it had been found necessary to pass poor-laws, and authorize the arrest of street beggars.

CHAPTER VIII

THE CLOSING OF THE COLONIAL PERIOD

1720–1764

In 1710 New York City contained some six thousand inhabitants, in 1750 over twelve thousand, and at the outbreak of the Revolution about twenty thousand. It was a smaller town than either Boston or Philadelphia, with a society far less democratic, and divided by much sharper lines of caste. Strangers complained, then as now, that it was difficult to say what a typical New Yorker was, because New York's population was composed of various races, differing widely in blood, religion, and conditions of life. In fact, this diversity has always been the dominant note of New York. No sooner has one set of varying elements been fused together than another stream has been poured into the crucible. There probably has been no period in the city's growth during which the New Yorkers whose parents were born in New York formed the majority of the population; and there never has been a time when the bulk of the citizens were of English blood.

All this is in striking contrast to what has gone on in some other American cities, as, for instance, Boston. Colonial Boston was a Puritan English town, where the people were in all essentials wonderfully like one another. New York, however, never was really an English town, and its citizens always differed radically among themselves in morals, manners, and physical well-being, no less than in speech, blood, and creed. From time to time new ethnic elements have made their

appearance, but the change has been not from one race to another, but from one mixture of races to another.

Of course there are very sharp points of contrast other than those of mere size and growth between colonial New York and the New York of the United States. The three leading religious denominations of the present United States had but small and scanty followings in colonial times. In New York, just prior to the Revolution, the Methodists and Baptists had but a small meeting-house apiece, and the handful of Catholics no recognized place of worship whatever; whereas at the present day the Methodists and Baptists form the two leading and characteristic denominations in the country districts of America, while Catholicism has forged to the front in the cities.

In eighteenth-century New York both the Quakers and Jews had places of worship. The Germans had one Lutheran and one Calvinistic church; but the German prerevolutionary immigrants did not produce many men of note, and their congregations remained small and unprogressive, their young men of spirit drifting off to other churches as they learned English. The Presbyterian congregations, on the other hand, throve apace, in spite of the petty and irritating persecution of the Episcopalians. They received many recruits from the Scotch and Scotch-Irish immigrants; and to a man they were all zealous upholders of popular rights, and truculently defiant toward Great Britain. The Irish of that day were already a prominent element of New York life; but they were Presbyterians, not Catholics. They celebrated Saint Patrick's day with enthusiasm, and their toasts to Ireland and America, together with their scarcely veiled hostility to England, would not be out of place on similar occasions at present; but some of their

other toasts, such as those to the memory of King William and to the Protestant succession, would scarcely appeal to a Milesian patriot nowadays.

The Huguenots were assimilated more easily than any other element of the population, and produced on the whole the highest grade of citizens. By the middle of the century the Hollanders likewise had begun to speak English. It was the official language of the colony, and the young men of push, who wished to make their mark in the world, had to learn it in order to succeed. The conservative men, the sticklers for old ways and customs, clung obstinately to Dutch; and the consequence was that the energetic young people began to leave the Dutch churches, and to join the Episcopalian and Presbyterian congregations in constantly increasing numbers—doing exactly what we see being done by the Scandinavian and German Lutherans in portions of the Northwest at the present day. The drain was so serious that in 1764, as the only means of putting a stop thereto, it was decided to hold the church services in both English and Dutch; and forty years afterward Dutch was entirely abandoned. These measures arrested the decay of the Dutch Reformed Church, and prevented its sharing the fate of total extinction which befell the Swedish Lutheran bodies on the Delaware; but they were not taken in time to prevent the church from falling much behind the place which it should have occupied, taking into account the numbers, intelligence, and morality of its members—for throughout the colonial period the Dutch remained the largest of the many elements in New York's population.

As the wealthy Dutch and Huguenot families assimilated themselves to the English, they intermarried with them, and in many cases joined the Episcopal Church;

though a considerable number, especially among those whose affiliations were with the popular party, remained attached to one or the other of the Calvinist bodies. The Episcopal Church—or, as it was then, the Church of England—was the fashionable organization, the one to which the Crown officials belonged, and the centre round which the court party rallied. Among its members were to be found most of the influential people—the manorial lords and large merchants, who controlled the affairs of the colony, and were the social and political leaders. It claimed to be in a sense the State Church, and had many immunities and privileges; and as far as it could, though only in petty fashion, it oppressed the dissenting bodies—notably the Presbyterians, who were not, like the Huguenots and Hollanders, protected by treaty. When King's College, now Columbia, was founded by the colony, it was put under the control of the Church of England, and was made in a small way a seat of Tory feeling. The various Protestant bodies were all filled with sour jealousy of one another, and were only united in cordial hatred of the Romanists, to whom they forbade entrance into the colony; and though they tolerated the presence of the Jews, they would not for some time let them vote.

Social lines were very strongly marked—the intensely aristocratic make-up of the town being in striking contrast to the democratic equality typical of a young American city of the same size nowadays. The manorial lords stood first in rank and influence, and in the respect universally accorded them. They lived at ease in the roomy mansions on their great tenant-farmed estates; and they also usually owned fine houses in either New York or Albany, and sometimes in both. Their houses were really extremely comfortable, and

were built with a certain stately simplicity of style which contrasted very favorably with the mean or pretentious architecture of most New York buildings dating back to the early or middle portions of the present century. They were filled with many rooms, wherein a host of kinsmen, friends, and retainers might dwell; and they had great halls, broad verandas, heavy mahogany-railed staircases, and huge open fireplaces, which in winter were crammed with roaring logs. The furniture was handsome, but stiff and heavy; the books were few; and there were masses of silver plate on the sideboards of the large dining-rooms. The gentry carried swords, and dressed in the artificial, picturesque fashion of the English upper classes; whereas the commonalty went about their work in smocks or leather aprons. Near Trinity Church was the "mall," or promenade for the fashionable set of the little colonial town. By an unwritten law none but the members of the ruling class used it; and on fine afternoons it was filled with a gaily dressed throng of young men and pretty girls, the latter attended by their negro waiting-maids. Prominent in the crowd were the scarlet coats of the officers from the English regiments, constantly quartered in New York because of the recurring French wars. The owners of these coats moved with an air of easy metropolitan superiority, a certain insolently patronizing condescension, which always awakened both the admiration and the jealous anger of the provincial aristocrats.* The leading colonial families stood on the

* European travellers naturally enough often failed to understand the aristocratic constitution of the New York social and governmental systems. The local aristocrats seemed to them uncouth and provincial; they were struck by the fact that they were often engaged in trade or other occupations which gentlemen were forbidden to enter by the European social code; and they saw that it was, of course, much easier than in the Old World for a man of energy to rise from the lowest to

same social plane with the English country gentlemen of wealth, and were often connected by marriage with the English nobility; but they could never forget—and were never permitted by their English friends to forget—that after all they were nothing but provincials, and that provincials could not stand quite on an equality with the Old World people.

The New York gentry, both of town and country, were fond of horse-racing, and kept many well-bred horses. They drove out in chariots or huge clumsy coaches with their coats of arms blazoned on the panels—the ship of the Livingstons, the lance of the De Lanceys, the burning castle of the Morrises, and the other armorial bearings of the families of note being known to all men throughout the province. On a journey the gentry either went by water in their own sloops or else in these coaches, with liveried postilions and outriders; and when one of the manorial lords came to town, his approach always caused much excitement, the negroes, children, and white work-people gathering to gaze at the lumbering, handsomely painted coach, drawn by four huge Flemish horses, the owner sitting inside with powdered wig and cocked hat, scarlet or sombre velvet coat, and silver-hilted sword. In the town itself sedan-chairs were in common use. There was a little theatre where performances were given, now by a company of professional actors, and again by the officers of the garrison regiments; and to these performances as well as to the balls and other merrymakings the ladies some-

the highest round of the social ladder, no matter what his origin was. The aristocracy existed nevertheless. So to a London noble, Squire Western seemed only a boor, and he cordially hated all lords in return; yet Squire Western and his fellows formed at home a true oligarchy. And the constitution of the rude country society in which he lived was as emphatically aristocratic as was that of the capital of England.

times went in chariots or sedan-chairs, and sometimes on their own daintily shod feet. The people of note usually sent their negro servants, each dressed in the livery of his master, in advance to secure good seats. There was much dancing and frolicking, besides formal dinners and picnics; sailing-parties, and in winter skating-parties and long sleigh-rides were favorite amusements; all classes took part eagerly in the shooting-matches. The dinners were rather heavy entertainments, with much solemn toast-drinking; and they often ended with boisterous conviviality—for most of the men drank hard, and prided themselves on their wine-cellars. Christmas and New Year's Day were great festivals, the latter being observed in Dutch fashion—the gentlemen calling at all the houses of their acquaintance, where they feasted and drank wine. Another Dutch festival of universal observance was Pinkster, held in the springtide. It grew to be especially the negroes' day, all of the blacks of the city and neighboring country gathering to celebrate it. There was a great fair, with merrymaking and games of all kinds on the Common, where the City Hall Park now is; while the whites also assembled to look on, and sometimes to take part in the fun. Most of the house servants were negro slaves.

The people of means sometimes had their children educated at home, and sometimes sent them to the little colleges which have since become Columbia and Princeton—colleges which were then inferior to a good English grammar-school. Occasionally the very wealthy and ambitious sent their boys to Oxford or Cambridge, where the improved opportunities for learning were far more than counterbalanced by the fact that the boy was likely to come back much less fitted

than his home-staying brother to play a man's part in the actual work of American life. The true colonial habit of thought, the deference for whatever came from the home country, whether rank or title, fashion or learning, was nearly universal, although the bolder and more independent spirits were already beginning to assume an attitude of protest against it. In truth, it was very easy to get opinions ready-made from the Old World, while it was hard work to fashion them out originally from the raw material ready at hand in the New. New Yorkers had as yet been given little opportunity for deep thought or weighty action. Provincial politics offered but a cramped and narrow field for vigorous intellects; and to the native New Yorker, war held no higher possibilities than the leadership in a dashing foray against the Canadians and Indians, or the captaincy in a successful cruise among French and Spanish merchantmen. There was no home literature worthy of the name, and little chance for its immediate development; and art was not much better off.

The New York merchants and smaller landed proprietors stood next to the great manorial families; they mixed with them socially, and often married among them, following their lead in matters political. The merchants lived in comfortable brick or stone houses, and owned large warehouses and stores of every description. Many of them had great gardens round their homes; for New York was still but a little country town. Nevertheless, as the years went by, its growth, sluggish at first, became more and more rapid. Coffee-houses were started; there were good inns for the wealthy, and taverns for the poorer; and there were schools, a poorhouse, and a jail.

Next to the merchants came the middle class—the

small freeholders with whom the suffrage stopped short. They were the rank and file of the voters, and in political contests generally followed the banner of one or the other of the great families, from whom they were separated by a deep social gulf. Then came the class of free workmen; and below these—though as years went by, merging into them—the very distinct class of unfree whites, the imported bond-servants, redemptioners, apprentices, and convicts, who had been sent to the colonies. These were by no means all criminals and paupers, though very many such were included among them. Some were honest, poor men, who could not get a living at home, and had no money wherewith to go abroad; and these were regularly sold for a term of years to make good their passage-money. They were of many nationalities—English, Irish, and Germans predominating, though there were some Scotch, Welsh, and Swiss. On the arrival of a ship containing them, they were usually duly advertised, the occupation—as tradesman, farmer, or laborer—for which they were best fitted being specified, and were then immediately sold at auction into what was simply slavery for a limited period; and as they were sometimes harshly treated they were very prone to run away. Judging by the advertisements in the colonial newspapers, the runaway white bond-servants were almost as numerous as the runaway slaves. After their term of service was over, some of them became honest, hard-working citizens, while the others swelled the ranks of the idle, vicious semicriminal class, clustering in the outskirts and alleys of the town. As a whole, this species of immigrant was very harmful, and added a most undesirable element to the population. It may well be doubted if relatively to our total numbers, we have had any class of immigrants during

the present century which as a class was so bad; and indeed it is safe to say that in proportion, eighteenth-century New York had quite as much vice and vicious poverty within its limits as the present huge city; and most of the vice and poverty among the whites was due to this importation of bond-servants and convicts.

The negro slaves formed a very large portion of the town's population—at times nearly half—for over a century after it was founded; then they gradually began to dwindle in numbers compared to the whites, for although they were retained as household servants, it was found that they were not fitted for manual and agricultural labor, as in the Southern colonies. During the first half of the eighteenth century they were still very numerous, and were for the most part of African birth, being fresh from the holds of the Guinea slavers; they were brutal, ignorant savages, and the whites were in constant dread of a servile insurrection. In 1712 this fear was justified, at least partially, for in that year the slaves formed a wild, foolish plot to destroy all the whites; and some forty of them attempted to put it into execution. Armed with every kind of weapon, they met at midnight in an orchard on the outskirts of the town, set fire to a shed, and assaulted those who came running up to quell the flames. In this way they killed nine men and wounded some others, before the alarm was given and the soldiers from the fort approaching, put them to flight. They fled to the forests in the northern part of the island; but the militia, roused to furious anger, put sentries at the fords, and then hunted down the renegade negroes like wild beasts. Six, in their despair, slew themselves; and twenty-one of those who were captured were shot, hung, or burned at the stake.

This attempted revolt greatly increased the uneasi-

ness of the white inhabitants, and was largely responsible for the ferocious panic of fear, rage, and suspicion into which they were thrown by the discovery of another plot among the negroes in 1741. During this panic the citizens went almost mad with cruel terror, and did deeds which make a dark stain on the pages of New York's history—deeds which almost parallel those done in the evil days of the Salem witchcraft persecutions, save that in the New York case there really was some ground for the anger and resentment of the persecutors. Exactly how much ground there was, however, it is impossible to say. There is no doubt that many of the slaves, especially among those of African birth, were always vaguely hoping for, and perhaps planning for, the destruction of their masters, and that some of the bolder and more brutal spirits did actually indulge in furtive incendiarism, outrage, and attempted murder; but there is no reason to suppose that the great mass of the blacks were ever engaged in the plot, or that there was ever any real danger of a general outbreak. Slave-owners, however, live always under the hair-hung sword; they know that they can take no risks, and that their very existence depends on the merciless suppression of every symptom of hostile discontent.

During March, 1741, there broke out in New York so many fires in quick succession, that it seemed certain they were of incendiary origin; and the conduct of a few of the slaves greatly excited the suspicions of the citizens. At the same time the indented servant-girl of a low tavern-keeper had been arrested, together with her master and mistress and two negroes, for complicity in a robbery. Proclamations offering rewards to whomever would give information concerning the supposed plot were read to her, and she suddenly professed herself

aware of its existence. She asserted that her master and mistress and a number of the poor, semicriminal whites, together with a multitude of blacks, were all engaged therein; and many of the ignorant slaves when arrested strove in their terror to save their own necks by corroborating and embellishing all the wild statements she made. The whole of New York went into a mad panic, and scores of people were imprisoned and put to death on the strength of these flimsy accusations. Fourteen negroes were burned at the stake, twenty hanged, and seventy-one transported; while of the twenty whites who were imprisoned, four were executed. Among the latter was a Catholic priest named Ury, who was condemned both for complicity in the negro plot to burn the town, and for having committed the heinous crime of administering the rites of his religion; and on the double count, although as far as appears without a shred of damaging evidence being produced against him, the unfortunate man was actually hung, protesting his innocence to the last.* This added the touch of cruel religious bigotry which alone was wanting to complete the gloom of the picture. At last, glutted with victims, the panic subsided, leaving behind it the darkest page in our annals.

Besides this tragedy, the political struggles of colonial New York in the eighteenth century seem of small importance; yet there was one incident worthy of note, because it involved the freedom of the press. The first newspaper published in the city was a small weekly, started in 1725, under the name of the *New York Gazette.* It was the organ of the governor and aristocratic or court party. Nine years later a rival appeared in the

* It is barely possible that Ury was a nonjuring Episcopal priest instead of a Catholic.

shape of the *Weekly Journal*, edited by a German immigrant named Zenger, and from the start avowedly the organ of the popular party. The royal governor at the time was a very foolish person named Cosby, appointed on the theory which then obtained, to the effect that a colonial governorship was to be used as a place for pensioning off any court favorite otherwise unprovided for, without reference to the result of his appointment upon the colony. He possessed a genius for petty oppression, which marked him for the especial hatred of the people. Zenger published a constant succession of lampoons, ballads, and attacks on all the Crown officials, the governing class, and finally even on Cosby himself. He was arrested and thrown into jail on the charge of libel; and the trial, which occupied most of the summer of 1735, attracted great attention. The chief justice at the time was one of the Morrises, who belonged to the popular party; and as he was suspected of leaning to Zenger's side, he was turned out of office and replaced by one of the De Lanceys, the stoutest upholders of the Crown. De Lancey went to the length of disbarring Zenger's lawyers, so that he had to be defended by one imported from Philadelphia. But the people at large made Zenger's cause their own, and stood by him resolutely; while every ounce of possible pressure and influence from the Crown officials was brought to bear against him. The defense was that the statements asserted to be libellous were true. The attorney-general for the Crown took the ground that if true the libel was only so much the greater. The judges instructed the jury that this was the law; but the jury refused to be bound, and acquitted Zenger. The acquittal, which definitely secured the complete liberty of the press, was hailed with clamorous joy by the mass

of the population; and it gave an immense impetus to the growth of the spirit of independence. From this time on, the two parties were much more sharply defined than before. The court party, the faction of the Crown officials and of the bulk of the local aristocracy, included most of the Episcopalians and many of the Hollanders and Huguenots, while the rest of the population, including the Presbyterians, formed the popular party. The former often styled themselves Tories, and the latter Whigs, an imitation of the two English parties. Each faction was under the leadership of a number of the great landed families; for even in the ranks of the popular party the voters still paid reverence to the rich and powerful manorial lords. These great families were all connected by marriage, and were all split up by bitter feuds and political jealousies. The De Lanceys held the headship of the court, and the Livingstons of the popular party; and the contest took on so strongly personal a color that these two families almost gave their names to the factions with which they were respectively identified as leaders.

CHAPTER IX

THE UNREST BEFORE THE REVOLUTION

1764–1774

No sooner was the long succession of French wars closed by the conquest of Canada, than American history entered on a new stage. Hitherto the contests had been waged between European powers for the possession of the various colonies, both the interests and the efforts of these colonies being of secondary importance. From this time on, however, the American settlements became themselves the chief factors in solving the problems of their own future, and the questions of policy hinged on the issues between them and the mother country.

The colonial system, which at this time was common to all seafaring European nations, was essentially vicious, and could not possibly last when the colonies grew in strength. England did not treat her colonies exceptionally ill; on the contrary, she behaved much better toward them than the other European nations of that day did to theirs. If she had not done so, the revolt against her power would have come far sooner; for no other nation had planted beyond the seas such a race of freemen as was growing up on the North Atlantic coast of America. They came from a people long accustomed to a considerable measure of liberty, and all their surroundings in their new home tended to foster an independent and self-reliant spirit. They would not have tolerated a despotism like that of France or Spain for a day; and it was inevitable that they should eventu-

ally try to throw off even England's milder yoke, unless she adopted a course of colonial policy which was at that time understood by none but the most far-seeing or lofty-minded. Nor, indeed, is it certain that the colonists themselves, split up as they were by their province lines into jarring fragments, would have been capable of appreciating and profiting by such a course of colonial policy, even had the mother country adopted it.

The European theory of a colony was that it was planted by the home government for the benefit of the home government and home people, not for the benefit of the colonists themselves. Hardly any one grasped the grandeur of the movement by which the English-speaking race was to spread over the world's waste spaces, until a fourth of the habitable globe was in its hands, and until it became the mightiest race on which the sun has ever shone. Those in power did not think of the spread of a mighty people, and of its growth by leaps and bounds, but of the planting of new trading-posts; they did not realize the elementary fact that if the men who stretch abroad the race limits by settlement and conquest are to be kept one with those who stay at home, they must be granted an equal share with the latter in administering the common government. The colony was held to be the property of the mother country—property to be protected and well treated as a whole, but property nevertheless. Naturally the colonist himself was likewise held to occupy a similar position compared to the citizen of the home country. The Englishman felt himself to be the ruler and superior of the American; and even though he tried to rule wisely, and meant to act well toward the colonists, the fact remained that he considered them his inferiors, and that his scheme of government distinctly recognized them

as such. The mere existence of such a feeling, and its embodiment in the governmental system, warranted a high-spirited people in revolting against it.

Of course the colonists on their part did much that was blamable also. They would rarely make any sustained effort to help themselves if they could persuade England to make it for them. They knew she warred for their interest because it was her interest to do so; and they were glad to throw on her shoulders as much as possible of the burden of their defense. The colonial armies performed some notable feats of warfare; and for a short campaign the colonies were always willing to furnish thousands of stout and vigorous though ill-disciplined soldiers. But they hated to pay their bills; they would never make provision for any sustained effort, nor carry through any far-reaching policy; they were impatient of restraint; and they wrangled perpetually among themselves. As a result, their parsimony, greed, and selfishness, and their jealousy of one another, caused them at times—in spite of some heroic actions—to cut but sorry figures in the struggles with France. They swindled and overcharged the very troops sent out to protect them; and their legislatures could with difficulty be persuaded to vote sufficient money to prosecute the wars with proper vigor. New York was vitally interested in seeing Canada cowed and the French intrigues among the Indians definitely stopped; yet the New York Assembly insisted that the whole expense of the conquest of Canada ought to come on the mother country. New England looked on unmoved when the French merely raided on New York; and New York sold arms to the savages who attacked New England. All the provinces were dependent on the British fleets for the defense of their open seaboard and widely scattered

trade; but doubtless feeling that both trade and seaboard were menaced by foes that were primarily foes to Britain, not to America, they evinced no inclination to do their share in paying for the navy to which they trusted. On the other hand, it must be said that the citizens were much readier with their lives than their purses; and though they did not share the expense of England's fleets, they furnished in the last colonial war nearly twenty thousand of the seamen who manned them.

However, admitting all that can be urged against them does not alter the fact—by none more freely conceded than by English historians nowadays—that on the main question the mutinous provinces were in the right. They were in many ways well treated, but they were never treated as equals, and they were sometimes treated badly. They needed and wished, not mingled favors and injuries, but justice. There were many public men in England who strove to do right by the colonies; but there were very many others who looked on their dependencies purely from the standpoint of British interest. When in the warfare of factions and parties the latter wielded the power of government, they were certain to produce such intense irritation in the minds of Americans that even the non-fulfilment of their plans or the return of the friends of America to power, could not allay the ill feeling. There were numerous English statesmen of high rank and great influence who avowedly wished to check and hamper the growth of the colonies; who desired to stop the westward march of the settlers, and to keep the continent beyond the Alleghanies as a hunting-ground whereon savages might gather furs for British traders; who forbade the building up of American manufactures, and

strove to keep the seaboard towns as trading-posts for the sole benefit of British merchants. The existence of such statesmen, and the ever-recurring probability of their taking the control of affairs, rendered it impossible for Americans to retain their loyalty to the home government. It is hard at the present time to realize how totally the theories of colonization and of colonial possessions have changed; and it was our own Revolution, and the struggles which followed in its train that changed them. It is owing to the success of the United States that Australia and Canada of to-day are practically independent countries as regards their internal concerns and their external relations with other nations in time of peace. The fiercest reactionary in Britain would not now dream of asking Australians and Canadians to submit to regulations to which even the most truculent American patriot never thought of objecting before the Revolution.

For the colonists were so used to the yoke that though they grew restless under it, they only dumbly knew it galled them, and could not tell exactly where. They submitted quietly to some forms of oppression which really amounted to heavy indirect taxation in the interest of British merchants and manufacturers, and then revolted at a very small direct impost, on the ground that there should be no taxation without representation; and all the while they were objecting almost as strenuously to paying their share of certain perfectly proper expenditures undertaken in their interest by the home country. The truth was that they were revolting against the whole system, which they dimly felt to be wrong before they were able to formulate their reasons for so feeling; the particular acts of oppression of which they complained were the occasions rather than the

causes of the outbreak. The reasons for discontent had existed for many years, and their growth kept steady pace with the growth of the colonies. The French and Spanish wars had kept them in the background, all other matters being swallowed up by the stress of the struggle with the common enemy; but as soon as Canada was conquered, and the outside pressure taken off, the questions between the mother country and the colonies became of the first importance, and speedily showed signs of producing an open rupture.

In truth, the rupture was as beneficial as it was necessary—always assuming that the alternative was the continuance of the old colonial system. Had England's King and Parliament been guided by the most far-seeing statesman, and had causes of irritation been avoided, and a constantly increasing measure of liberty and participation in the government allowed the colonists, it may have been that the empire would have been kept together. The revolt of America was not one of those historic events which are inevitable and foreordained, and in no way to be averted; wise statesmanship, and a temper in the British people willing to correspond, might have prevented it. But as the conditions actually were, it was a benefit. The acceptance, by both sides, of the theory of the supremacy of the mother country was quite enough to dwarf the intellectual and moral growth of the colonies. The "colonial" habit of thought is a very unfortunate one. The deferential mental attitude toward all things connected with the old country, whether good or bad, merely because they *are* connected with the old country, is incompatible with free and healthy development. No colonist will ever do good original work so long as he thinks of the old country as "home." The mere fact that he so thinks, pre-

vents his reaching the first rank as an American or Canadian or Australian, as the case may be, and yet entirely fails to make him even a second-rate Englishman. If the men who stay at home and the men who settle new lands can continue members of the same nation, on a footing of perfect equality, this is the best possible outcome of the situation; and the highest task of statesmen is to work out some such solution. But if one party must remain inferior to the other, it is in the end better that they should separate, great though the evils of separation be. It is of incalculable advantage to Oregon and Texas, no less than to New York and Virginia, to be members of the mighty Federal Union; but this is because the citizens of all four States stand on precisely the same footing. If Texas and Oregon were not given the full rights of the original thirteen commonwealths, freely and without the least reserve, it would be better for them to stand alone. But in reality we have become so accustomed to the new system that we do not conceive of the possibility of any failure to grant such rights. The feeling of equality among the different commonwealths is genuine and universal. The difference in their ages never occurs to any one as furnishing a ground for a feeling of superiority or the reverse; it does not enter at all into the jealousies between the different States or sections. The fact that the new communities are offshoots of the old is never taken into account in any way whatever. This feeling now seems to us part of the order of Nature; and its very universality is apt to blind us to the immense importance of the struggle by which it was firmly established as a principle. Until the Revolution, it may almost be said to have had no recognized existence at all.

In every colony outside of New England and Vir-

ginia there was a large Tory party; and nowhere was it relatively larger than in New York. The peculiarly aristocratic structure of New York society had a very great effect upon the revolutionary movement, which took on a twofold character, being a struggle for America against England on the one hand, and an uprising of the democracy against the local oligarchy on the other. The lowest classes of the population cared but little for the principles of either party, and sided with one or the other accordingly as their temporary interests or local feuds and jealousies influenced them. They furnished to both Whigs and Tories the scoundrels who hung in the wake of the organized armies, hot for plunder and murder—the marauders who carried on a ferocious predatory warfare between the lines or on the Indian frontier, and who took advantage of the general disorder to wreak their private spites and rob and outrage the timid, well-to-do people of both sides, with impartial brutality. A large number of the citizens, possibly nearly half, were but lukewarm adherents of either cause. Among them were many of the men of means, who were anxious to side with the winners, and feared much to lose their possessions, and a still greater number of men who were too indifferent and cold-hearted, too deficient in patriotism and political morality to care how the affair was decided. Among them were many men also who were of ultraconservative mind, not yet far enough advanced in that difficult school which teaches how to combine a high standard of personal liberty with a high standard of public order. The bulk of the intelligent working classes, the most truly American members of the colonial body politic, formed also the bulk of the popular party. Here also all the Presbyterians and the majority of the members

of the Dutch Reformed and Huguenot congregations naturally found their proper place. Very many of the gentry also belonged to it; and it was led by some of the great families—the Livingstons, Schuylers, and others—including all those whose pride of caste was offset by their belief in freedom, or was overcome by their profound Americanism, when caste and country came into conflict. Most of the Episcopalian clergy and the majority of their flocks, as well as a minority of the Dutch Reformed congregations, belonged to the court party, as did the greater portion of the local aristocracy, led by the De Lanceys, De Peysters, and Philippses, and by the Johnsons, who ruled the Mohawk Valley in half-savage, half-feudal state.

Of course the lines between these various classes were not drawn sharply at the outset. In the beginning very few, even of the most violent extremists among the Whigs, dared to hint at independence; while scarcely any of the most bigoted Tories upheld the Crown and the Parliament in all their doings. The power lay in the hands of the moderate men, who did not wish for extreme measures, until the repeated blunders and aggressions of the king and his advisers exasperated the people at large beyond the possibility of restraint. The ablest and purest leaders of the New York patriots during the Revolution—men like Schuyler, Jay, Morris, and Hamilton—disliked mob-violence as much as they hated tyranny, and felt no sympathy with the extremists of their own party. An English statesman like Chatham, or an English statesman like Walpole, might have held these men, and therefore the American colonies, to their allegiance. But the necessary breadth and liberality were lacking, possibly in the temper of the age itself, certainly in the temper of King George

and his ministers. They persevered in their course, offering concessions only when the time they would have been accepted was past. Then the break came, and the moderate men had to choose the side with which they wished to range themselves; and after some misgivings most of them—and the best of them—put love of their country above loyalty to their king, and threw in their lot with the revolutionary party. However, not a few of the leading families divided, sending sons into both camps.

When in 1765 the Stamp Act was passed by the British Parliament, the popular party held the control of the New York legislature. Accordingly, among all the colonial legislatures New York's stood foremost in stout assertion of the right of the colonies to the full enjoyment of liberty, and in protest against taxation without representation. The New York newspapers were especially fervid in denouncing the law, while the legislature appointed a committee to correspond concerning the subject with the legislative bodies of the other colonies. Finally the Stamp Act Congress met in New York, nine of the thirteen colonies being represented, and voted a Declaration of Rights and an Address to the King. But the people themselves, acting through the suddenly raised, and often secret or semi-secret, organizations, took more effective measures of protest than either congress or legislature. The most influential of these societies was that styled the "Sons of Liberty"; all of them were raised in the first place with an excellent purpose, and numbered in their ranks many stanch and wise patriots, but like all such organizations they tended to pass under the control of men whose violence better fitted them to raise mobs than to carry through a great revolution.

The arrival in New York of the first ship bearing a cargo of the hated stamps produced intense excitement. The merchants met in a tavern and signed a non-importation agreement, in order to retaliate on the British merchants and manufacturers. The mob inclined to rougher measures; colonial New York was always a turbulent little town, thanks especially to the large number of seafaring folk among its inhabitants. The sailors had an especial antipathy to the soldiers of the garrison, and rows between them were frequent; with more reason, they hated the press-gangs of the British frigates, and often interfered to save their victims, with the result of producing actual riots, wherein bludgeons and cutlasses were freely used. This known turbulence of the townsfolk alarmed both the acting governor, Colden—a loyal, obstinate, narrow-minded man—and the commander of the troops in garrison, General Gage. As the time for putting the Stamp Act in force drew near, the governor took refuge in the fort on the south end of Manhattan Island, which was ostentatiously put in good condition, while the troops were made ready for instant action. It was hoped that these open preparations would awe the city; but they produced only irritation.

The act was to go into effect on November 1, and the ship carrying the stamps hove in sight on October 23. A couple of war-vessels escorted it to a safe anchorage under the guns of the fort, while the flags on the shipping in the harbor were half-masted as a sign of grief and defiance, and a huge crowd of New Yorkers gathered on the wharfs with every sign of rebellious anger. In the night, placards signed "Vox Populi" and "We dare" were posted all over town, threatening the persons and property of whoever dared use the stamps;

and the feeling was so violent and universal that not even the boldest attempted to meddle with the forbidden paper. November 1 was ushered in by the tolling of muffled bells; in the evening a crowd gathered, under the lead of a band of the Sons of Liberty. The radical men were in control; and after some inflammatory speechmaking the governor was hung in effigy on the common. Not satisfied with this, the crowd marched down to the fort, headed by a sailor carrying another effigy of the governor in a chair on his head; and this they proceeded to burn on the Bowling Green, under the guns of the fort, hammering at the gates of the latter and yelling defiance at the garrison. By this time they had gotten past all control, and not only broke into the governor's stable and burnt his chariot, but also sacked the house of the major of one of the garrison regiments, a man whom they regarded as particularly obnoxious. Other houses were also attacked.

The moderate men, including all the leaders who afterward, when the real strain came, showed genuine ability, utterly disapproved of this mob-violence and lawlessness; and by their energetic conduct they succeeded in staving off for the moment further action by the mob, which was much emboldened by the lack of resistance. Soon, however, the populace became once more worked up to the pitch of violence by the taunts and harangues of the radical leaders—hot-headed men of small capacity and much energy, part patriot and part demagogue. They threatened to assault the fort; and the major and aldermen, to prevent civil war, earnestly besought the governor to give them the stamps for safe-keeping. The humiliation of such a course was at first too much for the governor; but neither he nor the commander-in-chief, General Gage, possessed the

iron temper fitted to grapple with such an emergency. After some delay they yielded, and surrendered the stamps to the municipal authorities, while the people at large celebrated their victory with wild enthusiasm, and felt a natural contempt for the government they had overcome. The tyranny which imposes an unjust law, and then abandons the effort to enforce it for fear of mob-violence is thoroughly despicable. The least respectable form of oppression is that which is constantly miscalculating its own powers, and is never quite able to make up its own mind.

However, the repeal of the Stamp Act produced such universal satisfaction in America that all outward signs of disloyalty to the Crown disappeared completely. New York received a new governor who behaved with such wisdom and moderation, and showed such a conciliatory disposition, that the Royalist or court party revived in full strength. In the struggle over the legislative elections of 1768, they won a complete victory, led by the De Lanceys—the Livingston or popular party being in a decided minority in the Assembly. It was this legislature, elected in the moment of reaction, that was in session when the Revolution broke out; and it lagged so far behind the temper of the people that it was finally set aside, and the initial work of the Revolutionary government committed to various improvised bodies.

In their joy over the repeal of the Stamp Act the citizens erected a monument to King George—which the American soldiers pulled down in the early days of the Revolution, receiving in consequence a severe rebuke from Washington, who heartily despised such exhibitions of childish spite.

Even during these years of comparative loyalty, how-

ever, there was plenty of unrest and disturbance. There was perpetual wrangling over the Billeting Act, by which Parliament strove to force the colonists to pay for the troops quartered in their midst; an act concerning which there was something to be said on both sides. If England was to assume the burden of the common defense, she had to quarter her troops in the colonial towns, and it seemed fair that the colonists should pay for their quarters. On the other hand, if the colonists were not consulted in the matter, and if they were forced to pay for troops sent among them in time of peace, when no foreign enemy was to be feared, it looked much as if they were being made to support the very force that was to keep them in subjection. On the whole, the colonists were right in objecting to the presence of the troops in time of peace except on their own terms; although they thereby estopped themselves from insisting that the mother country should do more than its share in protecting them in time of war. If, of two parties, one raises the army for common defense, the other cannot expect to have much to say about its disposal.

The British troops in garrison naturally disliked the townsfolk, on whom in turn their mere presence acted as an irritant. The soldiers when out of barracks and away from the control of their officers were always coming into collision with the mob, in which the seafaring element was strong; and the resulting riots not infrequently involved also the respectable mechanics and small traders, and even the merchants and gentry. The great source of quarrel was the liberty-pole. This had been erected on the anniversary of the king's birth, June 6, 1766, to celebrate the repeal of the Stamp Act; there was a great barbecue on the occasion—an ox being

roasted whole on the common—while hogsheads of punch and ale were broached, bonfires were lit, and amid the booming of cannon and pealing of bells a flag was hoisted with the inscription, "The King, Pitt, and Liberty"—the colonists being enthusiastically devoted to their two great parliamentary champions, Pitt and Burke.

The liberty-pole was an eyesore to the soldiers in the fort, and its destruction or attempted destruction became one of their standing pastimes. Several times they succeeded, usually when they sallied out at night; and then the liberty-pole was chopped down or burnt up. The townsfolk, headed by the Sons of Liberty, always gathered to the rescue. If too late to save the pole, they put up another one, and stood guard over it; if in time to attempt a rescue, a bloody riot followed. In the latter part of January, 1770, parties of soldiers and townsfolk fought a series of pitched battles in the streets, the riot lasting for two days. It began by a successful surprise on the part of the soldiers, who cut down the pole early one morning. The townsfolk held an indignation meeting and denounced vengeance on the soldiers, who retaliated by posting derisive placards on the walls of the fort and public buildings. A series of skirmishes ensued in which heads were broken, and men cut and stabbed—the soldiers being usually overcome by numbers, all of the working men and every sailor in town swarming out to assail the redcoats. Some of the hardest fighting occurred when a troop of soldiers attacked a number of sailors, who were rescued by some of the Liberty Boys who had been playing ball on the common. Several persons were badly injured, and in one scuffle a sailor was thrust through with a bayonet, and slain; after which his comrades, armed

with bludgeons, drubbed the soldiers into their barracks. The upshot was that the townsfolk were victorious, and the liberty-pole was not again molested.

This was the first bloodshed in the struggle which culminated in the Revolution. It occurred six weeks before the so-called "Boston Massacre"—an incident of the same kind, in which, however, the Americans were much less clearly in the right than they were in the New York case. Even in New York the soldiers had doubtless been sorely provoked by the taunts and jeers of the townsmen; but there was absolutely no justification for their cutting down the liberty-pole, and the New Yorkers were perfectly right in refusing to submit tamely to such an outrage. The chief fault seems to have lain with the garrison officers, who should have kept their men under restraint, or else have taken immediate steps to remedy the wrong they did in cutting down the pole.

This rioting however produced no more than local irritation. After the repeal of the Stamp Act, the colonies were not again stirred by a common emotion until the passage by Parliament of the Tea Act, avowedly passed, and avowedly resisted simply to test the principle of taxation. Its enactment was the signal for the Sons of Liberty and other societies—such as that of the Mohawks—to reorganize at once. In Philadelphia, New York, and Boston, the sentiment was unanimous that the tea shipped from England should be thrown overboard or shipped back; and Boston was the first to put the threat into execution. New York followed suit in April, 1774, when the first tea ships reached the harbor, only to be boarded by an excited multitude who heaved the tea-chests of one vessel into the har-

bor, and forced the other to stand out to sea without landing her cargo.

The measures of retaliation against Boston taken by the British Government aroused in New York the liveliest sympathy for the New Englanders. The radical party, acting without any authority through a self-constituted Committee of Vigilance, began to correspond with the Boston extremists; and this gave alarm to the moderate men, who at once aroused themselves and took the matter into their own hands, so as not to be compromised by unwise and hasty action. Accordingly, to the chagrin of the extremists, they promptly disowned and repudiated the action of the vigilance committee. At the same time they thoroughly distrusted the zeal of their aristocratic legislature. They therefore convoked a meeting of the freeholders, who with due solemnity elected a Committee of Fifty-one to correspond with the other colonies. This committee was entirely in the hands of the moderate men, even containing in its ranks several Tories and very few of the radicals, and did a piece of work of which it is difficult to overestimate the importance; for it was the first authoritatively to suggest the idea of holding the first Continental Congress. This suggestion is said to have been adopted by the advice of John Jay, a young lawyer of good Huguenot family. Under the auspices of the committee the freeholders chose five delegates to this congress—including John Jay and, as a matter of course, one of the Livingstons also. The radicals and extremists, the Sons of Liberty and the old Committee of Vigilance, with the Committee of Mechanics—the body supposed to represent most nearly the unenfranchised classes—were greatly discontented with the moderate measures of the Committee of Fifty-one; and there

was very nearly a rupture between the two wings of the patriot party. By mutual concessions this was averted; and the delegates were elected without opposition. They took their full part in the acts of the first Continental Congress during its short session, the colony being thereby committed to the common cause. At the same time, when the Committee of Fifty-one went out of existence its place was taken by another, differing in little more than the fact of having sixty members.

CHAPTER X

THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR

1775–1783

THE year 1775 was for New York City one of great doubt and anxiety. All classes had united in sending delegates to the first Continental Congress. The most ardent supporters of the Crown and Parliament were opposed to the Stamp Act and Tea Act, and were anxious to protest against them, and to try to bring about a more satisfactory understanding between the mother country and her colonies. On the other hand the popular party as yet shrank from independence. The men who thus early thought of separation from Britain were in a small and powerless minority; indeed, they were but a little knot of republican enthusiasts, who for several years had been accustomed at their drinking-bouts to toast the memory of the famous English regicides.

With the summoning of the second Continental Congress this unity disappeared, as the Whigs and Tories began to drift in opposite ways—the one party toward violent measures with separation in the background, the other toward reconciliation even at the cost of submission. A Tory mob tried to break up the meeting at which delegates to the second Congress were chosen, and were only driven off after a number of heads had been broken.

New York still remained doubtful. In fact, all of the colonies outside of Virginia and New England—although containing strong patriot parties, animated by

the most fiery zeal—were as a whole somewhat lukewarm in the Revolution, for they contained also large Tory, and still larger neutral, elements in their midst. If left to themselves it is even doubtful if at this precise time they would have revolted; they were pushed into independence by the Virginians and New Englanders. Not only was the Tory element in New York very large, but there was also a powerful body of Whigs—typified by Schuyler and Gouverneur Morris—who furnished very able soldiers and statesmen when the actual fighting broke out, but who were thoroughly disgusted by the antics of the city mob; and though the major portion of this mob was rabidly anti-British as far as noise went, it was far more anxious to maltreat unhappy individual Tories than to provoke a life-and-death struggle with the troops and war-ships of the British king. Nor must it be forgotten that there were plenty of Tories in the mob itself, and these among the most abandoned and violent of the city's population.

The provincial legislature was as a body actively loyal to the king. But, in spite of the presence of the large Tory and neutral elements, the revolutionary party was unquestionably in the lead among the people, and contained the most daring spirits and the loftiest minds of the colony. There is much to admire in the resolute devotion which many tens of thousands of Loyalists showed to the king, whose cause they made their own; and there is much to condemn in the excesses committed by a portion of the popular party. Nevertheless, as in the great English civil war of the preceding century, the party of liberty was the party of right. The purest and ablest New Yorkers were to be found in the ranks of the revolutionists; for keen-eyed and right-thinking men saw that on the main issue justice

was with the colonists. The young men of ardent, generous temper, such as Alexander Hamilton, John Jay, and Gouverneur Morris, found it impossible to side with the foreign party. They were Americans, freemen, conscious that they deserved to stand on a level with the best of any land; and they could not cast in their lot with the party which held as a cardinal point of its creed the doctrine of their inferiority.

The mass of quiet, good, respectable people, of conservative instincts and rather dull feelings, might rest content with being treated as inferiors, if on the whole they were treated well; might submit to being always patronized and often bullied, if only they were protected; might feel they owed an honest debt of gratitude to their champions in former wars; and might shrink from enduring the hundred actual evils of civil conflict merely for the sake of protesting against the violation of certain abstract rights and principles; but the high-spirited young men, the leaders in thought and action, fixed with unerring certainty upon the central and vital truth of the situation. They saw that the struggle, when resolved into its ultimate elements, was to allow Americans the chance for full and free development, uncramped by the galling sense of admitted inferiority. The material benefits conferred by the continuance of British rule might or might not offset the material disadvantages it involved; but they could not weigh against the evils of a system which dwarfed the character and intellect—a system which condemned all colonists to remain forever in the second rank, which forbade their striving for the world's great prizes, unless they renounced their American birthright, and which deprived them of those hopes that especially render life worth living in the eyes of the daring and ambitious.

To their free, bold spirits, the mere assumption of their inferiority was an intolerable grievance, as indeed it has ever been esteemed by the master races of the world. Sooner than submit, in ignoble peace and safety, to an order of things which would have stunted the moral and mental growth of the country, they were willing to risk not only the dangers of war with the British king, but the far worse dangers of disorder, violence, anarchy, and a general loosening of the social bonds among Americans themselves. The event proved their wisdom.

Yet the dangers were very real and great. The country was still in the gristle; the thews had not hardened. There had been much lawlessness, in one quarter and another, already; and the long struggle of the Revolution produced hideous disorganization. It is impossible to paint in too dark colors the ferocity of the struggle between the Whigs and Tories; and the patriot mobs, either of their own accord or instigated by the Sons of Liberty and kindred bodies, often took part in proceedings which were thoroughly disgraceful. New York had her full share of these mob outbreaks during the summer of 1775. The lawyers, pamphleteers, and newspaper writers, who contributed so largely to arouse the people, also too often joined to hound the populace on to the committal of outrages. The mob broke into and plundered the houses of wealthy Loyalists, rode Tories on rails, or tarred, feathered, and otherwise brutally maltreated them, and utterly refused to allow to others the liberty of speech and thought they so vociferously demanded for themselves. They hated and threatened the Episcopalian, or Church of England, clergy, because of that part of the liturgy in which the king was prayed for; and finally the Episcopalian churches had to be closed for fear of them. They drove

off the Tory president of King's (now Columbia) College, and joined with a Connecticut mob to wreck the office of the Loyalist newspaper. It is to their credit, however, that there was little interference with the courts of justice. They did not come into collision with the soldiers of the garrison, and the latter were permitted to embark for Massachusetts Bay, where hostilities had fairly begun; but they refused to allow any stores or munitions of war to be shipped to the beleaguered garrison at Boston. There were frequent rows with the boats' crews of the frigates in the bay; once with the result of a broadside being fired into the town by an affronted man-of-war.

In spite of these disturbances, New York still remained reluctant to burn her boats, and throw in her lot once for all with the patriots. Both Washington, on his way to take command of the American army at Boston, and Tryon, the royal governor, were received with the same formal tokens of respect. Meanwhile business was at a standstill, and a third of the inhabitants had left the town.

By the beginning of the year 1776 the real leaders of the city and province, the men of mark, and of proved courage and capacity, saw that all hope of compromise was over. They had been disgusted with the turbulence of the mob, and the noisy bragging and threatening of its leaders—for the most part frothy men, like Isaac Sears, who sank out of ken when the days of rioting passed, and the grim, weary, bloody years of fighting were ushered in; but they were infinitely more disgusted with the spirit of tyrannous folly shown by the King and Parliament. The only possible outcome was independence.

The citizens had become thoroughly hostile to the

Tory Colonial Assembly, and had formally set it aside and replaced it, first by a succession of committees, and then by a series of provincial congresses, corresponding to the central Continental Congress. The mob never controlled these congresses, whose leaders were men like Schuyler, Van Zandt, Van Cortlandt, Jay, the Livingstons, the Morrises, the Van Rensselaers, the Ludlows—representatives of the foremost families of the New York gentry.* When the Provincial Congress, with unanimity and the heartiest enthusiasm, ratified the Declaration of Independence, it was evident that the best men in New York were on the Revolutionary side.

In January, 1776, Washington sent one of his generals to take command in New York, and in April he himself made it his headquarters, having at last driven the enemy from Boston. Soon the motley levies of the patriot army were thronging the streets—some in homespun or buckskin, a few in the dingy scarlet they had worn in the last French war, Marylanders in green hunting-shirts, Virginians in white smocks, militia in divers uniforms from the other colonies, and Washington's guards, the nucleus of the famous Continental troops of the line, in their blue and buff. All New York was in a ferment; and the ardent young patriots were busy from morning till night in arming, equipping, and drilling the regiments that made up her quota.†

* The names of the members of these committees and provincial congresses are English, Dutch, Huguenot, Scotch, Irish, and German; the English in the lead, with the Dutch coming next. Many of the families were represented by more than one individual: thus of the Livingstons there were Walter, Peter Van Brugh, Robert L., and Philip; of the Ludlows, Gabriel and William; of the Beekmans, David and William; of the Roosevelts, Isaac and Nicholas; etc.

† The younger men among the leading city families furnished most of the captains for the city regiments—among them being Henry S. Livingston, Abraham Van Wyck, John Berrian, John J. Roosevelt, and others. Many of the most distinguished, however, had themselves risen from the ranks.

The city was in no state to resist a siege, or an attack by a superior force. Her forts, such as they were, would not have availed against any foe more formidable than a light frigate or heavy privateer. The truth was that the United States—for such the revolted colonies had become—were extremely vulnerable to assault. Their settled territory lay in a narrow belt, stretching for a thousand miles along the coast. Its breadth was but a hundred miles or so, in most places; then it faded off, the inland frontier lying vaguely in the vast, melancholy, Indian-haunted forests. The ferocious and unending warfare with the red woodland tribes kept the thinly scattered pioneers busy defending their own hearthstones, and gave them but scant breathing spells in which to come to the help of their brethren in the old settled regions. The eastern frontier was the coast-line itself, which was indented by countless sounds, bays, and harbors, and here and there broken by great estuaries or tide-water rivers, which could carry hostile fleets into the heart of the land. The bulk of the population, and all the chief towns, lay in easy striking distance from the sea. Almost all the intercolonial trade went along the waterways, either up and down the rivers, or skirting the coast. There was no important fortress or fortified city; no stronghold of note. A war power having command of the seas possessed the most enormous advantage. It menaced the home trade almost as much as the foreign, threatened the whole exposed coast-line—and therefore the settled country which lay alongside it—could concentrate its forces wherever it wished, and could penetrate the country at will. The revolted colonists had no navy, while the mother country possessed the most powerful in the world. She was fourfold their superior in population, and a hundred-

fold in wealth; she had a powerful standing army, while they had none. Moreover, the colonists' worst foes were those of their own household. The active Tories and half-hearted neutrals formed the majority of the population in many districts—including Long Island and Staten Island. The Americans were then a race of yeomen, or small farmers, who were both warlike in temper and unmilitary in habits. They were shrewd, brave, patriotic, stout of heart and body, and proudly self-reliant, but impatient of discipline, and most unwilling to learn the necessity of obedience. Their notion of war was to enlist for a short campaign, usually after the hay was in, and to return home by winter, or sooner, if their commanding officers displeased them. They seemed unable to appreciate the need of sustained effort. The jealousies of the different States and their poverty and short-sighted parsimony, the looseness of the Federal tie, the consequent impotence of the central government, and the radical unfitness of the Continental Congress as a body to conduct war, all combined to render the prospects of the patriots gloomy. Only the heroic grandeur of Washington could have built up victory from these jarring elements.

It was therefore natural for the patriot party of New York to look before it leaped; but the leap once taken, it never faltered. No other State north of South Carolina was so harried by the forces of the king; and against no other State did they direct such efforts or send such armies—armies which held portions of it to the close of the war. Yet the patriot party remained firm throughout, never flinching through the long years, cheering the faint-hearted, crushing out the Tories, and facing the enemy with unshaken front.

Early in the summer a great armament began to

gather in the lower bay; a force more numerous and more formidable than the famous Armada which nearly two centuries before had sailed from Spain against England. Scores of war-ships of every kind, from the heavy liner, with her tiers of massive cannon, to the cutter armed with a couple of light cannon, and hundreds of transports and provision ships began to arrive, squadron by squadron. Aboard them was an army of nearly forty thousand fighting men. A considerable number were Hessians, and other German troops, hired out by the greedy and murderous baseness of the princelets of Germany. The Americans grew to feel a peculiar hatred for these Hessians, because of the ravages they committed, and because of the merely mercenary nature of their services; but the wrong lay not with the poor, dull-witted, hard-fighting boors, but with their sordid and contemptible masters.

With the near approach of this great army the Tories began plotting; and most rigorous measures were taken to stamp out these plots. For some reason the lower class of liquor-sellers were mostly Tories, and many of the plots were found to have their origin among them or their customers. The Loyalist gentry had for the most part fled to the British lines. Those who remained behind—including both the mayor and ex-mayor of the city—were forced to take a stringent oath of allegiance to the Continental Congress and the new nation. The Tory plots were not mythical; one was unearthed which aimed at nothing less than the abducting or killing of Washington—the ringleader, Thomas Hickey, an Irish soldier who had deserted from the royal army, being hanged for his villainy.

Washington saw the hopelessness of trying to defend New York with the materials he had, against such a

force as was coming against it; and it was proposed to burn the town and retire so that the king's troops might gain nothing by the capture. This was undoubtedly the proper course to follow, from a purely military standpoint; but the political objections to its adoption were insuperable. Washington labored unceasingly at the almost hopeless task of perfecting the discipline of his raw, ill-armed, ill-provided, jealousy-riven army, and he put down outrages, where he could, with a heavy hand. Nevertheless, many of the soldiers plundered right and left, treating the property of all Loyalists as rightfully to be confiscated, and often showing small scruple in robbing wealthy Whigs under pretense of mistaking them for Tories.

At last, in mid-August, the British general, Lord Howe, made up his mind to strike at the doomed city. He landed on Long Island a body of fifteen or twenty thousand soldiers—English, Irish, and German.* The American forces on the island were not over half as numerous, and were stationed in the neighborhood of Brooklyn. Some of the British frigates had already ascended the Hudson to the Tappan Sea, and had cannonaded the town as they dropped downstream again, producing a great panic, but doing little damage. The royal army was landed on the 22d; but Lord Howe, a very slow, easy-going man, did not deliver his blow until five days later. The attack was made in three divisions, early in the morning, and was completely successful. The Americans permitted themselves to be

* It is a curious fact that in the Revolutionary War the Germans and Catholic Irish should have furnished the bulk of the auxiliaries to the regular English soldiers; for as the English is the leading strain in our blood, so the German and the Irish elements come next. The Maryland Catholics, and most of the German settlers, were stout adherents of the Revolutionary cause. The fiercest and most ardent Americans of all, however, were the Presbyterian Irish settlers and their descendants.

surprised, and were outgeneralled in every way. Not half the force on either side was engaged. Some of the American troops made but a short stand; others showed a desperate but disorderly valor. About two thousand of them were killed, wounded, or captured, principally the latter; while the British loss was less than four hundred, the battle being won without difficulty. Howe seemingly had the remainder of the American army completely at his mercy, for it was cooped up on a point of land which projected into the water. But he felt so sure of his prey that he did not strike at once; and while he lingered and made ready, Washington, who had crossed over to the scene of disaster, perfected his plans, and by a masterly stroke ferried the beaten army across to New York during the night of the 29th. The following morning the king's generals woke to find that their quarry had slipped away from them.

The discouragement and despondency of the Americans were very great, Washington almost alone keeping up heart. It was resolved to evacuate New York; the chief opponent of the evacuation being General George Clinton, a hard-fighting soldier from Ulster County, where his people of Anglo-Irish origin stood well, having intermarried with the Tappans and De Witts of the old Dutch stock. Clinton did not belong to the old colonial families of weight, being almost the only New York Revolutionary leader of note who did not; and in consequence they rather looked down on him, while he in turn repaid their dislike with interest. He was a harsh, narrow-minded man, of obstinate courage and considerable executive capacity, very ambitious, and a fanatical leader of the popular party in the contest with the Crown.

On September 15, Howe, having as usual lost a valu-

able fortnight by delay, moved against Manhattan Island. His troops landed at Kip's Bay, where the Americans opposed to them, mostly militia, broke in disgraceful panic and fled before them. Washington spurred to the scene in a frenzy of rage, and did his best to stop the rout, striking the fugitives with his sword, and hurling at them words of bitter scorn; but it was all in vain, the flight could not be stayed, and Washington himself was only saved from death or capture by his *aides-de-camp*, who seized his bridle-reins and forced him from the field.

However, Washington's acts and words had their effect, and as the Americans recovered from their panic they became heartily ashamed of themselves. The king's troops acted with such slowness that the American divisions south of Kip's Bay were able to march past them unmolested. These divisions, on their retreat, were guided by a brilliant young officer, Aaron Burr, then an *aide-de-camp* to the rough, simple-hearted old wolf-killer General Putnam; and the rear was protected by Alexander Hamilton and his company of New York artillerymen, who in one or two slight skirmishes beat off the advance-guard of the pursuers.

Washington drew up his army on Haarlem Heights, and the next day inflicted a smart check on the enemy. An American outpost was attacked and driven in by the English light troops, who were then themselves attacked and roughly handled by the Connecticut men and Virginians. They were saved from destruction by some regiments of Hessians and Highlanders; but further reinforcements for the Americans arrived, and the royal troops were finally driven from the field. About a hundred Americans and nearly three times as many of their foes were killed or wounded. It was nothing more than

a severe skirmish; but it was a victory, and it did much to put the Americans in heart.

Besides, it was a lesson to the king's troops, and made Howe even more cautious than usual. For an entire month he remained fronting Washington's lines, which, he asserted, were too strong to be carried by assault. Then the rough sea-dogs of the fleet came to his rescue, with the usual daring and success of British seamen. His frigates burst through the obstructions which the Americans had fondly hoped would bar the Hudson, and sailed up past the flanks of the patriot army; while the passage to the Sound was also forced. Washington had no alternative but to retreat, which he did slowly, skirmishing heavily. At White Plains, Howe drove in the American outposts, suffering more loss than he inflicted. But a fortnight later, in mid-November, a heavy disaster befell the Americans. In deference to the wishes of Congress, Washington had kept garrisons in the two forts which had been built to guard the Hudson, and Howe attacked them with sudden energy. One was evacuated at the last moment; the other was carried by assault, and its garrison of nearly three thousand men captured, after a resistance which could not be called more than respectable. Washington retreated into New Jersey with his dwindling army of but little more than three thousand men. The militia had all left him long before; and his short-term "regular" troops also went off by companies and regiments as their periods of enlistment drew to a close; and the stoutest friends of America despaired. Then, in the icy winter, Washington suddenly turned on his foes, crossed the Delaware, and by the victory of Trenton, won at the darkest moment of the war, re-established the patriot cause.

For the next seven years, New York suffered all the humiliations that fall to the lot of a conquered city. The king's troops held it as a garrison town, under military rule, and made it the headquarters of their power in America. Their foraging parties and small expeditionary columns ravaged the neighboring counties, not only of New York, but of New Jersey and Connecticut. The country in the immediate vicinity of the city was overawed by the formidable garrison and remained Loyalist; beyond this came a wide zone or neutral belt where the light troops and irregular forces of both sides fought one another and harried the wretched inhabitants. Privateers were fitted out to cruise against the shipping of the other States, precisely as the privateers of the patriots had sailed from the harbor against the shipping of Britain in the earlier days of the war.

Most of the active patriots among the townsfolk had left the city; only the poor and the faint-hearted remained behind, together with the large Tory element, and the still larger portion of the population which strove to remain neutral in the conflict. This last division contained the only persons whose conduct must be regarded as thoroughly despicable. Emphatically the highest meed of praise belongs to the resolute, high-minded, far-seeing men of the patriot party—as distinguished from the mere demagogues and mob leaders who, of course, are to be found associated with every great popular movement. We can also heartily respect the honest and gallant Loyalists who sacrificed all by their devotion to the king's cause. But the selfish time-servers, the timid men, and those who halt between two burdens, and can never make up their minds which side to support in any great political crisis, are only worthy of contempt.

The king's troops were not cruel conquerors; but they were insolent and overbearing, and sometimes brutal. The Loyalists were in a thoroughly false position. They had drawn the sword against their countrymen; and yet they could not hope to be treated as equals by those for whom they were fighting. They soon found to their bitter chagrin that their haughty allies regarded them as inferiors, and despised an American Tory almost as much as they hated an American Whig. The native army had not behaved well in the half Tory city of New York; but the invading army which drove it out behaved much worse. The soldiers broke into and looted the corporation, the college, and the small public libraries, hawking the books about the streets, or exchanging them for liquor in the low saloons. They also sacked the Presbyterian, Dutch Reformed, and Huguenot churches, which were later turned into prisons for the captured Americans; while on the other hand, the Episcopalian churches, which had been closed owing to the riotous conduct of the patriot mob, were reopened. The hangers-on of the army—the camp-followers, loose women, and the like—formed a regular banditti, who infested the streets after dark, and made all outgoings dangerous. There was a completely organized system of gigantic jobbery and swindling, by which the contractors and commissaries, and not a few of the king's officers as well, were enriched at the expense of the British Government; and when they plundered the government wholesale, it was not to be supposed that they would spare Tories. The rich Royalists, besides of course all the Whigs, had their portable property, their horses, provisions, and silver taken from them right and left—sometimes by bands of marauding soldiers, sometimes by the commissaries, but always without re-

dress or compensation, their representations to the officers in command being scornfully disregarded. They complained in their bitter anger that the troops sent to reconquer America seemed bent on campaigning less against the rebels than against the king's own friends and the king's own army-chest. Many of the troops lived at free quarters in the private houses, behaving well or ill according to their individual characters.

A few days after New York was captured it took fire, and a large portion of it was burnt up before the flames were checked. The British soldiers were infuriated by the belief that the fire was the work of rebel incendiaries, and in the disorganization of the day they cut loose from the control of their officers and committed gross outrages, bayoneting a number of men, both Whigs and Tories, whom on the spur of the moment they accused of being privy to the plot for burning the city. Two or three years afterward there was another great fire, which consumed much of what the first had spared.

On the day of this first fire an American spy, Nathan Hale, was captured. His fate attracted much attention on account of his high personal character. He was a captain in the patriot army, a graduate of Yale, and betrothed to a beautiful girl; and he had volunteered for the dangerous task from the highest sense of duty. He was hanged the following morning, and met his death with quiet, unflinching firmness, his last words expressing his regret that he had but one life to lose for his country. He was mourned by his American comrades as deeply and sincerely and with to the full as much reason as a few years later André was mourned by the officers of the king.

Four or five thousand American soldiers were captured in the battles attending the taking of New York;

and thenceforward the city was made the prison-house of all the captured patriots. The old City Hall, the old sugar-house of the Livingstons (a gloomy stone building, five stories high, with deep narrow windows), and most of the non-Episcopal churches were turned into jails, and packed full of prisoners. It was a much rougher age than the present; the prisons of the most civilized countries were scandalous even in peace, and of course prisoners of war fared horribly. The king's officers as a whole doubtless meant to behave humanely; but the provost marshal of New York was a very brutal man, and the cheating commissaries who undertook to feed the prisoners made large fortunes by furnishing them with spoiled provisions, curtailing their rations, and the like. The captives were huddled together in ragged, emaciated, vermin-covered and fever-stricken masses; while disease, bad food, bad water, the cold of winter, and the stifling heat of summer ravaged their squalid ranks. Every morning the death-carts drew up at the doors to receive the bodies of those who during the night had died on the filthy straw of which they made their beds. The prison-ships were even worse. They were evil, pestilent hulks of merchantmen or men-of-war, moored mostly in Wallabout Bay; and in their noisome rotten holds men died by hundreds, and were buried in shallow pits at the water's edge, the graves being soon uncovered by the tide. In after-years many hogsheads of human bones were taken from the foul ooze to receive Christian burial.

So for seven dreary years New York lay in thraldom, while Washington and his Continentals battled for the freedom of America. Nor did Washington battle only with the actual foe in the field. He had to strive also with the short-sighted and sour jealousies of the dif-

ferent States, the mixed impotence and intrigue of Congress, the poverty of the people, the bankruptcy of the government, the lukewarm timidity of many, the open disaffection of not a few, and the jobbery of speculators who were sometimes to be found high in the ranks of the army itself. Moreover, he had to contend with the general dislike of discipline and sustained exertion natural to the race of shrewd, brave, hardy farmers whom he led—unused as they were to all restraint, and unable to fully appreciate the necessity of making sacrifices in the present for the sake of the future. But his soul rose above disaster, misfortune, and suffering; he had the heart of the people really with him, he was backed by a group of great statesmen, and he had won the unfaltering and devoted trust of the band of veteran soldiers with whom he had achieved victory, suffered defeat, and wrested victory from defeat for so many years; and he triumphed in the end.

On November 25, 1783, the armies of the king left the city they had held so long, carrying with them some twelve thousand Loyalists; while on the same day Washington marched in with his troops and with the civil authorities of the State.

CHAPTER XI

THE FEDERALIST CITY

1783–1800

New York was indeed a dreary city when the king's troops left it after their sojourn of seven years. The spaces desolated by the great fires had never been built up, but still remained covered with the charred, melancholy ruins; the churches had been dismantled, the houses rifled. Business was gone, and the channels in which it had run were filled up. The Americans on taking possession once more had to begin all over again. They set busily to work to rebuild the fallen fortunes of the town; but the destruction had been so complete, and the difficulties in the way of getting a fair start were so great, that for four years very little progress was made. Then affairs took a turn for the better; the city began to flourish as it never had flourished before, and grew in wealth and population at a steadily increasing pace.

The dismantled churches were put in order; and Trinity, which had been burnt down in the fire of 1776, was entirely rebuilt. King's College had its name changed to Columbia, and was again started, the first scholar being De Witt Clinton, a nephew of George Clinton, at the time governor of the State. The free public library—the New York Society Library—was revived on a very much larger scale, and a good building erected, wherein to house the books. The new constitution of the independent State of New York com-

pletely did away with the religious disabilities enforced under the old provincial government, and declared and maintained absolute religious toleration and equality before the law. In consequence a Catholic church was soon built; while the Methodists increased rapidly in numbers and influence.

The New York Medical Society began its career in 1788; and one of the most curious of New York's many riots occurred shortly afterward. The mob engaged in this riot was always known as "the doctors' mob," because their wrath was directed against the young medical students and their teachers. Rumors had been rife for some time that the doctors rifled the graveyards to get subjects for dissection, which excited the populace greatly. One day a boy looking into the dissecting-room saw the medical students at work on a body, and immediately ran home and alarmed his father. Without any more reason than this, the mob suddenly assembled, hunted the doctors out of their homes, entered houses and destroyed property, refused to obey the commands of the civil officers when called on to disperse, and finally came into collision with the State troops, who scattered them with a volley, killing and wounding several.

An occasional turbulent outbreak of this sort, however, could not check the city's growth. Commerce throve apace. The more venturesome merchants sent ships for the first time to the far China seas; and in a few years, when the gigantic warfare of the French Revolution convulsed all Europe, New York began to take its full share of the traffic which was thereby forced into neutral bottoms.

The achievement of liberty had not worked any radical change in the municipal government of the city;

and the constitution under which the State entered on its new life of independence was not ultrademocratic, although of course marking a long stride toward democracy. The suffrage was rigidly limited. There were two kinds of franchise: any man owning a freehold worth twenty pounds, or paying rent to the value of forty shillings could vote for the members of the Assembly; while only a freeholder whose freehold was worth one hundred pounds could vote for senator or governor. Almost all the executive and legislative officers, whether of the State, the county, or the town, were appointed by the Council of Appointment, which consisted of the governor and four senators. The large landholding families thus still retained very much influence. The destruction of the power of the great Tory families, however, had of course diminished the weight of the rich landowning class as a whole; and in the country the decisive power was in the hands of the small freeholding farmers.

The State was not yet governed by an absolute democracy, because as yet no one save theorists were believers in an absolute democracy, and even manhood suffrage was not advocated by many persons; while the unenfranchised were not actively discontented. The framers of the State constitution were not mere paper-government visionaries; they were shrewd, honest, practical politicians, acquainted with men and affairs. They invented new governmental methods when necessary, but they did not try to build up an entirely new scheme of government; they simply took the old system under which the affairs of the colony had been administered and altered it to suit the altered conditions of the new State. This method was of course much the wisest; but it was naturally attended by some disadvantages. The

constitution-makers kept certain provisions it would have been well to throw away; they failed to guard against certain dangers that were sure to arise under the changed circumstances; and on the other hand, they created difficulties by their endeavors to guard against certain other dangers which had really vanished with the destruction of the old system. This was notably shown by their treatment of the governorship, and by their fear of one-man power generally. The colonial governor was not elected by the people, nor responsible to them in any way; it was therefore to the popular interest to hem in his power by all lawful expedients. This was done by the colonial legislature, the only exponent and servant of the popular wish. The State governor, however, was elected by the people, was responsible to them, and was as much their servant and representative as the legislature. Nevertheless, the distrust of the non-representative, appointed, colonial governor was handed down as a legacy to his elective and representative successor. The fact that the colonial governor was made irresponsible by the method of his appointment, and that a colonial legislature appointed in the same way would have been equally irresponsible and objectionable, was seemingly overlooked, and the governorship was treated as if a single person were more dangerous than a group of persons to those who elect both, and can hold both equally responsible. Accordingly, he was hampered with the Council of Appointment, and in other ways. We have since grown wiser in this respect; but the curious fear still survives, and shows itself occasionally in odd ways—such as standing up for the "rights" of a wholly useless and pernicious board of aldermen.

The government of the city was treated in the same

way. In colonial times the freeholders elected their own aldermen, while the mayor and executive officers were appointed by the representatives of the Crown. The system was continued, the State governor and Council of Appointment being substituted for the royal governor and his council. The freeholders continued to elect their aldermen, and the constables, when constables were elected; but the mayor, the sheriff, and the other officers were appointed by the State authorities. James Duane was the first mayor thus appointed. There was thus in one respect far less local independence, far less right of local self-government granted the city then than now. The entire patronage or appointing power was centralized in the State authorities. On the other hand the city had greater liberty of action in certain directions than nowadays. The aldermen formed a real local legislature; and the city treasurer was actually accustomed to issue paper money on the credit of the municipality. On the whole, however, American cities have never possessed the absolute right to independent life and the exercise of local sovereignty that have been enjoyed by most European burghs. In America, both in colonial days and under the national government, the city has been treated merely as a geographical section of the State, and has been granted certain rights of self-government, like other sections; though those rights are of a peculiar kind, because of the peculiar needs and characteristics of the grantee. They can be altered, amended, enlarged, or withdrawn at the pleasure of the grantor, the State legislature. Even the enormous growth of the urban population during the last half-century has not in the least altered the legal and political status of the city as the creature of the State.

Long before the Revolutionary War had closed, the old government of the confederation had demonstrated its almost utter impotence; and things grew worse after the peace. The people at large were slow to accept the idea that a new and stronger government was necessary. The struggle they had just passed through was one for liberty, against power; and they did not for the moment realize that license and anarchy are liberty's worst enemies. Their extreme individualism and their ultraindependent feelings, perpetually excited and played upon by all the legion of demagogues, inclined them to look with suspicion and distrust upon the measures by which alone they could hope to see their country raise her head among the nations of the earth. The best and wisest men of the land saw from the first the need of a real and strong union; but the mass of the people came to this idea with the utmost reluctance. It was beaten into their minds by the hard logic of disaster. The outbreak of armed rebellion in Massachusetts and North Carolina, the general lawlessness, the low tone of commercial honor, the bankruptcy of the States and their loss of credit at home and abroad, the contempt with which the confederation was treated by European nations, and the jarring interests of the different commonwealths themselves, which threatened at any moment to break out into actual civil war—all these combined with the wisdom and eloquence of the ablest statesmen in the land, and the vast weight of Washington's character were needed to convince an obstinate, suspicious, and narrow-minded, though essentially brave, intelligent, and patriotic people that they must cast aside their prejudices and jealousies and unite to form a stable and powerful government. Had they not thus united, their triumph in the Revolutionary War would have

been a calamity for America instead of a blessing. Freedom without unity, freedom with anarchy, would have been worse than useless. The men who opposed the adoption of the present Constitution of the United States committed an error to the full as great as that of the Tories themselves; and they strove quite as hard, and fortunately quite as unsuccessfully, to damage their country. The adoption of the Constitution was the completion of the work begun by the War of Independence. This work had two stages, each essential; and those who opposed it during the second stage, like those who opposed it in the first, however honest of intent, did all they could to injure America. The Tory and the disunionist, or non-unionist, were equally dangerous enemies of the national growth and well-being.

It was during this period of the foundation of the federal government, and during the immediately succeeding period of the supremacy of the Federalists in national affairs that New York City played its greatest and most honorable part in the government of the nation. Never before or since has it occupied so high a position politically, compared to the country at large; for during these years it was the seat of power of the brilliant Federalist party of New York State. Alexander Hamilton, John Jay, and at the end of the time Gouverneur Morris, lived in the city, or so near it as to have practically the weight and influence of citizens; and it was the home likewise of their arch-foe Aaron Burr, the prototype of the skilful, unscrupulous ward-politician, so conspicuous in the later periods of the city's development.

Hamilton, the most brilliant American statesman who ever lived, possessing the loftiest and keenest intellect of his time, was of course easily the foremost

champion in the ranks of the New York Federalists; second to him came Jay, pure, strong, and healthy in heart, body, and mind. Both of them watched with uneasy alarm the rapid drift toward anarchy; and both put forth all their efforts to stem the tide. They were of course too great men to fall in with the views of those whose antagonism to tyranny made them averse from order. They had little sympathy with the violent prejudices produced by the war. In particular they abhorred the vindictive laws directed against the persons and property of Tories; and they had the manliness to come forward as the defenders of the helpless and excessively unpopular Loyalists. They put a stop to the wrongs which were being inflicted on these men, and finally succeeded in having them restored to legal equality with other citizens, standing up with generous fearlessness against the clamor of the mob.

As soon as the project for a closer union of the States was broached, Hamilton and Jay took it up with ardor. New York City followed their lead, but the State as a whole was against them. The most popular man within its bounds was stout old Governor Clinton, and he led the opposition to the proposed union. Clinton was a man of great strength of character, a good soldier, and stanch patriot in the Revolutionary War. He was bitterly obstinate and prejudiced, and a sincere friend of popular rights. He felt genuine distrust of any form of strong government. He was also doubtless influenced in his opposition to the proposed change by meaner motives. He was the greatest man in New York; but he could not hope ever to be one of the greatest in the nation. He was the ruler of a small sovereign State, the commander-in-chief of its little army, the admiral of its petty navy, the leader of its politicians; and he did

not wish to sacrifice the importance that all of this conferred upon him. The cold, suspicious temper of the small country freeholders, and the narrow jealousy they felt for their neighbors, gave him excellent material on which to work.

Nevertheless, Hamilton won, thanks to the loyalty with which New York City stood by him. By untiring effort and masterful oratory he persuaded the State to send three delegates to the federal constitutional convention. He himself went as one, and bore a prominent part in the debates; his two colleagues, a couple of anti-Federalist nobodies, early leaving him. He then came back to the city where he wrote and published, jointly with Madison and Jay, a series of letters, afterward gathered into a volume called "The Federalist"—a book which ranks among the ablest and best which have ever been written on politics and government. These articles had a profound effect on the public mind. Finally he crowned his labors by going as a representative from the city to the State convention and winning from a hostile body a reluctant ratification of the federal constitution.

The townsmen were quicker witted, and politically more far-sighted and less narrow-minded than the average country folk of that day. The artisans, mechanics, and merchants of New York were enthusiastically in favor of the federal constitution, and regarded Hamilton as their especial champion. To assist him and the cause they planned a monster procession, while the State convention was still sitting. Almost every representative body in the city took part in it. A troop of light horse in showy uniforms led, preceded by a band of trumpeters and a light battery. Then came a personator of Columbus, on horseback, surrounded by

woodsmen with axes—the axe being pre-eminently the tool and weapon of the American pioneer. Then came farmers in farmers' dress, driving horses and oxen yoked to both plough and harrow, while a new modelled threshing-machine followed. The Society of the Cincinnati came next. The trades followed; gardeners in green aprons, tailors, grain-measurers, bakers, with a huge "federal loaf" on a platform drawn by ten bay horses, brewers, and coopers, with a stage drawn by four horses, bearing the "federal cask," which the workmen finished as the procession moved, butchers, tanners, glovers, furriers, carpenters, masons, bricklayers, whitesmiths, blacksmiths, cordwainers, peruke-makers, florists, cabinetmakers, ivory-turners, shipwrights, riggers, and representatives of scores of other trades. In every part of the procession fluttered banners with Hamilton's figure and name, and the great feature of the show was the federal ship *Hamilton*, drawn by ten horses. It was a thirty-two-gun frigate in miniature, twenty-seven feet long, fully rigged, and manned by thirty seamen and marines. Thirteen guns from her deck gave the signal to start, and saluted at times during the procession. The faculty and students of the University, the learned societies and professions, the merchants, and distinguished strangers brought up the rear. The procession moved out to the Bayard House, beyond the city, where a feast for six thousand people was served.

For the first year of government under the new constitution, New York was the federal capital. It was thither that Washington journeyed to be inaugurated President with stately solemnity, April 30, 1789. The city had by this time fully recovered its prosperity; and when it became the headquarters for the ablest statesmen from all parts of the Union, its social life naturally

became most attractive, and lost its provincial spirit. However, its term of glory as the capital was short, for when Congress adjourned in August, 1790, it was to meet at Philadelphia.

The political history of the city during the twelve years of Washington's and Adams's administrations is the history of a nearly balanced struggle between the Federalists and the anti-Federalists, who gradually adopted the name, first of Republicans and then of Democrats. As always in our political annals, individuals were constantly changing sides, often in large numbers; but as a whole, party continuity was well preserved. The men who had favored the adoption of the constitution grew into the Federal party; the men who had opposed it, and wished to construe it as narrowly as possible, and to restrict the powers of the central government even to the point of impotence, became Jeffersonian Republicans.

Hamilton and Jay were the heart of the Federalist party in the city and State. Both were typical New Yorkers of their time—being of course the very highest examples of the type, for they were men of singularly noble and lofty character. Both were of mixed and non-English blood, Jay being of Huguenot and Hollander stock, and Hamilton of Scotch and French creole. Hamilton, born out of New York, was in some ways a more characteristic New Yorker than Jay; for New York, like the French Revolution, has always been preeminently a career open to talent. The distinguishing feature of the city has been its broad liberality; it throws the doors of every career wide open to all adopted citizens.

Jay lacked Hamilton's brilliant audacity and genius; but he possessed an austere purity and poise of character

which his greater companion did not. He was twice elected governor of the State, serving from 1795 to 1801; indeed, he was really elected to the position in 1792, but was cheated out of it by most gross and flagrant election frauds, carried on in Clinton's interest, and connived at by him. His popularity was only temporarily interrupted even by the storm of silly and unwarranted abuse with which New York City, like the rest of the country, greeted the successful treaty which he negotiated when special envoy to England in 1794.

Hamilton was, of course, the leader of his party. But his qualities, admirably though they fitted him for the giant tasks of constructive statesmanship with which he successfully grappled, did not qualify him for party leadership. He was too impatient and dictatorial, too heedless of the small arts and unwearied, intelligent industry of the party manager. In fighting for the adoption of the Constitution he had been heartily supported by the great families—the Livingstons, the Van Rensselaers, and his own kin by marriage, the Schuylers. Afterward he was made secretary of the treasury, and Jay chief justice, while through his efforts Schuyler and Rufus King—a New York City man of New England origin—were made senators. Chancellor Robert R. Livingston was not an extreme believer in the ideas of Hamilton. He was also jealous of him, being a very ambitious man, and was offended at being, as he conceived, slighted in the distribution of the favors of the national administration. Accordingly, he deserted to the Republicans with all his very influential family following. This was the first big break in the Federalist ranks.

When Washington was inaugurated President he found that he had a number of appointments to make

in New York. Almost all the men he thus appointed were members of the party that had urged the adoption of the Constitution—for Washington, though incapable of the bitter and unreasoning partisanship which puts party above the public welfare and morality, was much more of a party man than it has been the fashion to represent him, and during the final years of his life, in particular, was a strong Federalist. Clinton distributed the much larger and more important State patronage chiefly among his anti-Federalist adherents. As already explained, there was then no patronage at all in the hands of the local, that is, the county and city, authorities; for though an immense amount was given to the mayor, he was really a State official.

The parties were very evenly matched in New York City, no less than in the State at large, during the closing twelve years of the century—the period of Federalist supremacy in the nation. The city was the pivotal part of the State, and the great fighting-ground. It was carried alternately by the Federalists and Democrats, again and again. Aaron Burr, polished, adroit, unscrupulous, was the most powerful of the city Democracy. He was elected to the United States Senate to succeed Schuyler, and was in turn himself succeeded by Schuyler. Hamilton grew to regard him with especial dislike and distrust, because of his soaring ambition, his cunning, and his lack of conscience. The Livingstons backed him ardently against the Federalists, and one of their number was elected and re-elected to Congress from the city. De Witt Clinton was also forging to the front, and was a candidate for State office from the city on more than one occasion, sharing in the defeats and victories of his party. Jay's two successive victories, on the other hand, gave the Federalists the governor-

ship of the State for six years. Under Hamilton's lead they won in New York City rather more often than they lost. In 1799 they gained a complete victory, utterly defeating the Democratic ticket, which was headed by Burr; and the legislature thus chosen elected the Federalist Gouverneur Morris to the United States Senate. The newspapers reviled their opponents with the utmost bitterness, and often with ferocious scurrility. The leading Federalist editor in the city was the famous dictionary-maker, Noah Webster.

Party and personal feeling was intensely bitter all through these contests. Duels were frequent among the leaders, and riots not much less so among their followers. The mob turned out joyfully, on mischief bent, whenever there was any excuse for it; and the habit of holding open-air meetings, to denounce some particular person or measure, gave ample opportunity for outbreaks. At these meetings, speakers of the for-the-moment unpopular party were often rather roughly handled—a proceeding which nowadays would be condemned by even the most heated partisans as against the rules of fair play. The anti-Federalists, at some of their public meetings, held to denounce the adoption of the Constitution, or to break up the gatherings of those who supported it, got up regular riots against their opponents. At one of the meetings, held for the purpose of denouncing Jay's treaty with England—a treaty which was of great benefit to the country, and the best that could then have been negotiated—Hamilton was himself maltreated.

At the approach of the presidential election of 1800, Burr took the lead in organizing the forces of the Democracy. He was himself his party's candidate for the vice-presidency; and he managed the campaign with

consummate skill. As before, the city was the pivotal part of the State, while the State's influence in the election at large proved to be decisive. The Democracy of the city was tending to divide into three factions. The Clintons were the natural leaders; but the Livingston family was very powerful, and was connected by marriage with such men as James Duane, a city politician of great weight, and Morgan Lewis, afterward governor; and both the Clintonians and Livingstons, jealous of one another, were united in distrust of Burr. Accordingly, the latter dexterously managed to get up a combination ticket containing the names of the most prominent members of each faction. This secured him against any disaffection. He then devoted himself to the work of organization. By his tact, address, and singular personal charm, he had gathered round him a devoted band of henchmen, mostly active and energetic young men. He made out complete lists of all the voters, and endeavored to find out how each group could be reached and influenced, and he told off every worker to the district where he could do most good. He was indefatigable in getting up ward meetings also. Hamilton fought him desperately, and with far greater eloquence, and he was on the right side; but Hamilton was a statesman rather than a politician. He had quarrelled uselessly with some of the greatest men in his own party; and he could not devote his mind to the mastery of the petty political detail and intrigue in which Burr revelled. Burr won the day by a majority of five hundred votes. As so often since in this city, the statesman, the man of mark in the national arena, went down before the skilful ward-politician.

Thus the great Federalist party fell from power, not to regain it, save in local spasms here and there. It was

a party of many faults—above all the one unforgivable fault of distrusting the people—but it was the party which founded our government, and ever most jealously cherished the national honor and integrity. New York City has never produced any other political leaders deserving to rank with the group of distinguished Federalists who came from within, or from just without, her borders. She has never since stood so high politically, either absolutely, or relatively to the rest of the country.

CHAPTER XII

THE BEGINNING OF DEMOCRATIC RULE

1801–1821

In the electoral college, Jefferson and Burr, the Democratic-Republican candidates for President and Vice-President, had a tie vote under the curious system then prevailing, and this left the House of Representatives to decide which should be given the presidency. The Federalists, as a whole, from hatred to Jefferson, supported Burr; but Hamilton, to his honor, opposed this move with all his might, and from thenceforth was regarded by Burr with peculiar and sinister hostility. Jefferson was finally chosen.

In the spring of 1801 the Democrats also elected the veteran George Clinton as governor, De Witt Clinton being at the same time made one of the Council of Appointment. They then for the first time had complete and unchecked control of the entire governmental system of the nation and State, and therefore of the city.

From that day to this the Democratic party has been the dominant party in New York City. Occasionally, in some period of violent political upheaval, or at a moment when the ever-existing faction fight in its own ranks has been more than usually bitter and exhausting, its opponents for the time being, whether Federalists, Whigs, Republicans, or members of ephemeral organizations, like that of the Native Americans, have succeeded in carrying a given election. But their triumph has never been more than momentary; after a very short time the Democracy has invariably returned to power.

The complete Democratic victory in both State and nation, under Clinton and Jefferson, was followed by the definite enthronement of the system of so-called "spoils" politics in New York; that is, the system according to which public offices are used to reward partisan activity became established as the theory on which politics were conducted, not only by the Democrats, but by Federalists, Whigs, and Republicans, down to the present time—though of late years there has been a determined and partially successful effort to overthrow it. As a matter of fact, politics had had much to do with appointments, even before 1800; but the theory of making purely political appointments had not been openly avowed, and there had been a very real feeling against political removals. Moreover, there had been comparatively little pressure to make these removals. In national affairs the Federalists had been supreme since the Constitution was adopted, and so had nobody to remove. When Washington took the presidency, the citizens were divided on party lines accordingly as they did or did not favor the Constitution; and he made his appointments in much the greatest number of cases from among the former, although allowing his political opponents a certain share of the offices. During his second term, and during Adams's presidency, very few non-Federalists indeed were appointed. In New York State Clinton was governor from the organization of the State government until 1795. He was therefore not tempted to make any removals for political reasons. Moreover, the whole question of removals and appointments was in the hands of the Council of Appointment, which was sometimes hostile to the governor. During the first ten years of Clinton's governorship there was practically but one party in the State; after the rise of

the Federalists very few of them were appointed to office, Clinton dexterously managing the patronage in the interest of his party and personal friends, but always with an eye to the benefit of the public at large. When Jay succeeded as governor, he appointed mainly Federalists; but he rejected with indignation any proposition to make removals merely for political reasons.

After 1800 all this was changed. Jefferson, as has been well said, enunciated the doctrine that "to the victors belong half the spoils"; nor did he stop when by removals and resignations half of the Federalists had left office. In fact it is impossible to act on any such theory; if half of the offices are taken as spoils, the other half must follow suit. Most of the national appointees in New York were speedily changed; and the remainder were temporarily saved only because Jefferson had in his Cabinet one man, Albert Gallatin, who abhorred a general partisan proscription. The wielders of power in the State government were not so moderate. Stout old Governor Clinton protested against the meanness of making purely political removals; but he was overruled by the Council of Appointment, which was led by his nephew, De Witt Clinton. The latter had adapted Jefferson's theory to New York conditions, and declared that all heads of cities, of counties, of big offices and the like, ought to be political adherents of the administration, while all minor office-holders should be apportioned between the parties according to their numbers. Of course this meant in practice that all Federalists were to be removed and Democrats appointed in their places. In other words, the victors promptly proceeded to make a clean sweep of all the State, and therefore all the local, offices.

The city had been the stronghold of Federalism, and

its officers were among the first to feel the axe. Richard Varick had made a most admirable mayor for twelve years. He was now summarily removed and Edward Livingston appointed in his place. Livingston at the same time was also given, by the national government, the position of United States District Attorney. The mayoralty was a much coveted prize, as the incumbent not only presided over the common council and wielded much patronage, but was also presiding judge of a court of record with peculiar and extensive powers. His emoluments came in the shape of fees and perquisites, arranged on such a liberal scale as to form a very large salary. When Livingston left the office it was given to De Witt Clinton, then United States senator; and he actually resigned from the Senate to take it. However, the Senate was not then held in as high regard as now. About this time another New York senator resigned for the purpose of accepting the city postmastership.

A dozen members and connections of the Livingston family were appointed to important offices, the entire patronage of the State being divided between them and the Clintonians. They had formed an alliance to crush Burr—receiving the hearty support of Jefferson, who always strove to break down any possible rival in his party. From this time on every faction of the Democratic party in turn, when it was in power, used the patronage mercilessly against its antagonists within and without the party, making a clean sweep of the offices; and so did the Federalists, when for a brief moment, just before the War of 1812, they again took the reins of government in the State. It was of course but a short step from making removals for political reasons, without regard to the fitness of the incumbent, to making

appointments in which considerations of political expediency outweighed considerations of propriety. The step was soon taken. The Council of Appointment even occasionally gave lucrative local offices in the city of New York to influential partisans of loose character from remote sections of the State.

The Clintonians and Livingstons, backed by all the weight of the national administration, reduced Burr's influence in the Democratic party to a nullity, and finally drove him out. He was not renominated for Vice-President, George Clinton being put in his place. In the State election, about the same time, Chancellor Livingston's brother-in-law, Morgan Lewis, was nominated for governor. Burr ran for the office as an Independent, hoping to carry not only his own faction of the Democracy, but also the entire Federalist vote. The majority of the Federalists did support him; but a large number, under Hamilton's lead, refused to do so, and though he just carried the city, he was beaten overwhelmingly in the State at large.

Burr was now a ruined man, hated by all factions and parties. Nevertheless, he played out the losing game to the last with unmoved force and unflinching resolution; and he took cool and ferocious vengeance on his greatest and most formidable foe, Hamilton. The duel was then a recognized feature of society and politics, and had become a characteristic adjunct of the savage party contests in New York. One of Burr's followers had killed Hamilton's eldest son in a duel; and another had been severely wounded by De Witt Clinton in a similar encounter. In 1804, after his defeat for the governorship, Burr forced a duel on Hamilton, and mortally wounded him in a meeting with pistols at Weehawken, then a favorite resort for duellists. Hamilton's death

caused the utmost horror and anger. The whole city mourned him, even his political opponents forgetting all save his generous and noble qualities, and the renown of his brilliant statesmanship. Burr was thenceforth an ostracized man; and duelling in New York received its death-blow.

In 1807, when Governor Lewis's successor in the governorship was to be nominated, the Clintonian or popular wing of the Democracy turned on him, defeated him for the nomination, and drove the Livingston family from power, serving them precisely as the two factions together had already served the Burrites. For a few years longer the Livingstons continued to have a certain influence in the State; and while the Federal party was still of some weight, one or two of the great Federalist families—notably the Van Rensselaers—counted for a good deal in the political world. After the close of the War of 1812, however, the Federalists became of no moment, and the Livingstons, the aristocratic wing of the Democratic party, sank out of sight. The reign of the great families who for over a century had played so prominent a part in New York political life, was then at an end. They lost every shred of political power, and the commonwealth became what it had long been becoming, in fact as well as name, absolutely democratic. The aristocratic leaven in the loaf disappeared completely. The sway of the people was absolute from that time on.

After Washington, the greatest and best of the Federalist leaders, died, and after the Jeffersonian Democrats came into power, the two parties in New York, as elsewhere throughout the country, began to divide on a very humiliating line. They fought each other largely on questions of foreign politics. The Federalists sup-

ported the British in the European struggle then raging, and the Democrats the French. One side became known as the British, the other as the French faction. Each man with abject servility apologized for and defended the numerous outrages committed against us by the nation whose cause his party championed. It was a thoroughly unwholesome and discreditable condition of politics—worse than anything we have seen in the country for many years past. Neither party at this time was truly national or truly American. To their honor be it said, however, many of the New York Democrats refused to go with the extreme Jeffersonians, as regards the embargo and subsequent matters. Moreover the Federalists, in their turn, with the exception of a minority led by Gouverneur Morris, refused to take any part in the secessionist movements of their party friends in New England, during the War of 1812. After this war the Federalists gradually disappeared; while their opponents split into a perfect tangle of factions, whose innumerable fights and squabbles it is nearly impossible and entirely unnecessary to relate in intelligible form. During all this period the political bitterness was intense, as the scurrility of the newspapers bore witness. One of its most curious manifestations was in connection with the chartering of banks. These were then chartered by special acts of the legislature; and it was almost absolutely impossible for a bank of which the officers and stockholders belonged to one party to get a charter from a legislature controlled by the other. Aaron Burr once accomplished the feat, before the Federalist overthrow in 1800, by taking advantage of the cry in New York for better water. He prepared a bill chartering a company to introduce water into the city, and tacked on an innocent-looking provision allowing

them to organize "for other purposes" as well. The charter once granted, the company went into no other enterprise save banking, and let the water-supply take care of itself.

At the beginning of the century, New York was a town of sixty thousand inhabitants. The social life was still aristocratic. The great families yet retained their prestige. Indeed, the Livingstons were at the zenith of their power in the State, and possessed enormous influence, socially and politically. They were very wealthy, and lived in much state, with crowds of liveried negro servants, free and slave. Their city houses were large and handsome, and their great country-seats dotted the beautiful banks of the Hudson.

The divisions between the upper, middle, and lower classes were sharply marked. The old families formed a rather exclusive circle, and among them the large landowners still claimed the lead, though the rich merchants, who were of similar ancestry, much outnumbered them, and stood practically on the same plane. But the days of this social and political aristocracy were numbered. They lost their political power first, being swamped in the rising democratic tide; and their social primacy—mere emptiness when thus left unsupported—followed suit a generation or so later, when their descendants were gradually ousted even from this last barren rock of refuge by those whose fathers or grandfathers had, out of the humblest beginnings, made their own huge fortunes. The fall of this class, as a class, was not to be regretted; for its individual members did not share the general fate unless they themselves deserved to fall. The descendant of any old family who was worth his salt, still had as fair a chance as any one else to make his way in the world of politics, of business, or

of literature; and according to our code and standard, the man who asks more is a craven.

However, the presence of the great families undoubtedly gave a pleasant flavor to the gay social life of New York during the early years of the century. It had a certain half-provincial dignity of its own. The gentlemen still dressed, with formal and elaborate care, in the costume then worn by the European upper classes—a costume certainly much more picturesque, if less comfortable, than that of the present day. The ladies were more apt to follow the fashions of Paris than of London. All well-to-do persons kept their own heavy carriages, and often used them for journeys no less than for pleasure drives. The social season was at its height in the winter, when there was an uninterrupted succession of dinners, balls, tea-parties, and card-parties. One of the great attractions was the Park Theatre, capable of holding twelve hundred persons, and always thronged when there was a good play on the boards. Large sleighing-parties were among the favorite pastimes, dinner being taken at some one of the half-dozen noted taverns a few miles without the city, while the drive back was made by torchlight if there was no moon. Marriages were scenes of great festivity. In summer the fashionable promenade was the Battery Park, with its rows and clumps of shade-trees, and broad walk by the water; and on still nights there was music played in boats on the water. The "gardens"—such as Columbia Gardens, and Mount Vernon Gardens* on Broadway—were also meeting-places in hot weather. They were enclosed pieces of open ground, covered with trees, from which colored lanterns hung in festoons. There were fountains in the middle, and little tables at which ice-

* This was at Leonard Street, then "a little out of town."

cream was served. Round the edges were boxes and stalls, sometimes in tiers; and there was usually a fine orchestra. When the hot months approached, the custom was to go to some fashionable watering-place, such as Ballston Springs, where the gaiety went on unchecked.

The houses of the well-to-do were generally of brick, and those of the poorer people of wood. There were thirty-odd churches; and the two principal streets or roads were Broadway and the Bowery. After nightfall the streets were lighted with oil-lamps; each householder was obliged to keep the part of the thoroughfare in front of his own house clean swept. There were large markets for vegetables, fruits, and meat, brought in by the neighboring farmers, and for fish and game—Long Island furnishing abundance of venison, and of prairie-fowl, or, as they were then called, heath-hens. Hickory wood was generally used for fuel; the big chimneys being cleaned by negro sweep-boys. Milk was carried from house to house in great cans, by men with wooden yokes across their shoulders. The well-water was very bad; and pure spring-water from without the city was hawked about the streets in carts, and sold by the gallon.

The sanitary condition of the city was very bad. A considerable foreign immigration had begun—though a mere trickle compared to what has come in since—and these immigrants, especially the Irish, lived in cellars and miserable hovels. Every few years the city was scourged by a pestilence of yellow fever. Then every citizen who could, left town; and among those who remained, the death-rate ran up far into the hundreds.

As the city grew, the class of poor who were unable,

at least in times of stress, to support themselves, grew likewise; and organized charities were started in the effort to cope with the evil. Orphan asylums and hospitals were built. Societies for visiting the poor in their homes were started, and did active work—and by their very existence showed how much New York already differed from the typical American country district or village, where there were few so poor as to need such relief, and hardly any who would not have resented it as an insult. As early as 1798 one society reported that it had supported through a hard winter succeeding a summer of unusual sickness, over three hundred widows and orphans who would otherwise have had to take refuge in the almshouse. It goes without saying, however, that this acute poverty was always local and temporary; there was then no opportunity for the pauperism and misery of overcrowded tenement-house districts.

The first savings-bank was established in 1816. The foundations of our free-school system were laid in 1805. The Dutch had supported schools at the public expense during their time of supremacy; but after their government was overturned, the schooling had been left to private effort. Every church had its own school, learning being still the special property of the clergy; and there were plenty of private schools and charity free schools in addition. Public-spirited citizens, however, felt that in a popular government the first duty of the State was to see that the children of its citizens were trained as they should be. Accordingly, a number of prominent citizens organized themselves into a society to establish a free school, obtained a charter from the legislature, and opened their school in 1806. They expressly declared that their aim was only to provide for

the education of such poor children as were not provided for by any religious society; for at that time the whole theory of education was that it should be religious, and almost all schools were sectarian. The free schools increased in number under the care of the society, and finally grew to be called public schools; and by growth and change the system was gradually transformed, until one of the cardinal points of public policy in New York, as elsewhere in the northern United States, became the establishment of free, non-sectarian public schools, supported and managed by the State, and attended by the great mass of the children who go to school at all. The sectarian schools, all-important before the rise of the public-school system, have now been thrust into an entirely secondary position. Perhaps the best work of the public school has been in the direction of Americanizing immigrants, or rather the children of immigrants; and it would be almost impossible to overestimate the good it has accomplished in this direction.

Many scientific and literary societies were founded in New York early in the present century. The city began to have room for an occasional man of letters or science, in addition to the multitude of lawyers and clergymen —the lawyer, in particular, occupying the front rank in Revolutionary and post-Revolutionary days. A queer, versatile scholar and student of science, who also dabbled in politics and philanthropy, Doctor Samuel Latham Mitchell, was one of New York's most prominent and most eccentric characters at this time. Charles Brockden Brown published one or two mystical novels which in their day had a certain vogue, even across the Atlantic, but are now only remembered as being the earliest American ventures of the kind; and in 1807 Washington Irving may be said to have first broken

ground in the American field of true literature with his "Knickerbocker's History of New York."

This same year of 1807 was rendered noteworthy by the beginning of steam navigation. Robert Fulton, after many failures, at last invented a model that would work, and took his steamboat, the *Clermont*, on a trial trip from New York to Albany and back. Thus he began the era of travel by steam, to which, more than to any other one of the many marvellous discoveries and inventions of the age, we owe the mighty and far-reaching economic and social changes which this century has witnessed. Fulton's claim to the discovery was disputed by a score of men—among them his fellow citizens John Fitch, Nicholas Roosevelt, and John Stevens, all of whom had built steamboats which had just not succeeded. But the fact remained that he was the first one to apply the principle successfully; and to him the credit belongs. Very soon there were a number of American steamboats in existence. In 1811 Nicholas Roosevelt introduced them on the Mississippi, while Stevens took his to the Delaware. During the War of 1812 Fulton planned and built at New York, under the direction of Congress, a great steam-frigate, with cannon-proof sides and heavy guns; she worked well, but peace was declared just before she was ready, otherwise she would probably have anticipated the feats of the *Merrimac* by half a century.

It was a calamity to the city that this steam-frigate was not ready earlier; for New York was blockaded closely throughout this war, which was far from popular with her merchants. Yet they ought to have seen that the war was most necessary to their commercial well-being, no less than to their honor and national self-respect; for the frigates of Britain had for a dozen years

of nominal peace kept the city under a more or less severe blockade, in the exercise of the odious right of search. They kept a strict watch over all outgoing and incoming ships, hovering off the coast like hawks, and cruising in the lower bay, firing on coasters and merchantmen to bring them to. Once they even killed one of the crew of a coaster in this manner, and the outrage went unavenged. When war at last came, many of the ardent young men of the city, who had chafed under the insults to which they had been exposed, went eagerly into the business of privateering, which combined both profit and revenge. New York sent scores of privateers to sea to prey on the enemy's commerce; and formidable craft they were, especially toward the end of the war, when the typical privateer was a large brig or schooner of wonderful speed and beauty, well armed and heavily manned. The lucky cruiser, when many prizes were taken, brought wealth to owner, captain, and crew; and some of the most desperate sea-struggles of the kind on record took place between New York privateers of this day and boat expeditions, sent to cut them out by hostile frigates or squadrons—the most famous instance being the really remarkable fight of the brig *General Armstrong* at Fayal.

With the close of the war, the beginning of immigration from Europe on a vast scale, and the adoption of a more radically democratic State constitution, the history of old New York may be said to have come to an end, and that of the modern city, with its totally different conditions, to have begun. The town has never, before or since, had a population so nearly homogeneous as just after this second war with Great Britain; the English blood has never been so nearly dominant as at that time, nor the English speech so nearly the sole

speech in common use. The Dutch language had died out, and the Dutch themselves had become completely assimilated. With the Huguenot French this was even more completely the case.* German was only spoken by an insignificant and dwindling remnant. Of the Irish immigrants, most had become absorbed in the population; the remainder was too small to be of any importance. The negroes no longer formed a noteworthy element in the population, and gradual emancipation, begun in 1799, became complete by 1827. For thirty-five years after the Revolution the great immigration was from New England, and the consequent influx of nearly pure English blood was enormous. The old New Yorkers regarded this "New England invasion," as they called it, with jealous hostility; but this feeling was a mere sentiment, for the newcomers speedily became almost indistinguishable from the old residents. Even in religious matters the people were more in unison than ever before or since. The bitter jealousies and antagonisms between the different Protestant sects, so characteristic of colonial times, had greatly softened; and Roman Catholicism was not as yet of importance. There was still no wide-spread and grinding poverty, and there were no colossal fortunes. The conditions of civic or municipal life then were in no way akin to what they are now, and none of the tremendous problems with which we must now grapple had at that time arisen.

* However, one Huguenot church has always kept up its language, mainly for the use of foreigners.

CHAPTER XIII

THE GROWTH OF THE COMMERCIAL AND DEMOCRATIC CITY

1821–1860

In 1820 New York City contained about a hundred and twenty-five thousand inhabitants. The demand for a more democratic State constitution found its realization in the convention of 1822. The constitutional amendments proposed and adopted at this time, and in the following years, were in the direction of increasing the direct influence of the people by widening the suffrage, and of decentralizing power and increasing the amount of local self-government. The Council of Appointment was abolished. In 1822 the suffrage was given to all taxpayers; and in 1826 all property qualifications were abolished, except in the case of negroes, who were still required to be freeholders. It is noteworthy that the most bitter opponents of negro suffrage were the very men who most zealously championed universal suffrage for all white citizens, no matter how poor and ignorant; while on the other hand, the old Federalists and Conservatives who strenuously opposed universal suffrage, and prophesied that it would bring dire disaster on the State, favored granting equal rights to the blacks. It is small wonder that the free blacks should generally have voted with the Federalists—precisely as at a later date in the Southern States, as for instance North Carolina, such of the free blacks as even in the days of slavery were allowed to vote, always followed the lead of the local gentry. The white mob

which detested the white "aristocrats," and believed in the most absolute democracy among the whites themselves, clamored loudly against the blacks, and favored the establishment of aristocratic and inferior castes separated by the color-line. The conduct of the popular party toward the negroes was the reverse of creditable.

Under the constitution of 1822 the mayor of New York was chosen by the municipal council; after 1834 he was elected by the citizens. The constitution of 1846, the high-water mark of democracy, which made some very good and a few very bad changes in the State government, affected the municipal system comparatively little, with the important exception that it provided for the election not only of local but of judicial officers. The election of judges by universal suffrage in this great city, even though it has worked much better than was expected, has nevertheless now and then worked badly. Still the long terms and high salaries, and above all the general popular appreciation of the high honor and dignity conferred by the office, have hitherto given us on the whole a very good bench.

The distinguishing features of the life of the city between 1820 and 1860 were its steady and rapid growth in population, the introduction of an absolutely democratic system of government, the immense immigration from abroad, completely changing the ethnic character of the population, the wonderful growth of the Roman Catholic Church, and the great material prosperity, together with the vast fortunes made by many of the business men, usually of obscure and humble ancestry.

The opening of the Erie Canal gave an extraordinary impetus to the development of the city. The canal had been planned, and reports concerning it drawn up, at

different times by various New York citizens, notably by Gouverneur Morris; but the work was actually done, in spite of violent opposition, by De Witt Clinton. Clinton was, more than any other man, responsible for the introduction of the degrading system of spoils politics into the State; most of his political work was mere faction fighting for his own advancement; and he was too jealous of all competitors, and at the same time not a great enough man, ever to become an important figure in the national arena. But he was sincerely proud of his city and State, and very much interested in all philanthropic, scientific, and industrial movements to promote their honor and material welfare. He foresaw the immense benefits that would be brought about by the canal, and the practicability of constructing it; and by indomitable resolution and effort he at last committed the State to the policy he wished. In 1817 the work was started, and in 1825 it was completed, and the canal opened.

During the same period regular lines of steamboats were established on both the Hudson and the Sound; and the steamboat service soon became of great commercial importance. It was a couple of decades later before the railroads became factors in the city's development, but they soon completely distanced the steamboats, and finally even the canal itself; and as line after line multiplied, they became the great inland feeders of New York's commerce. The electric telegraph likewise was introduced before the middle of the century; and, as with the steamboat, its father, the man who first put it into practical operation, was a New Yorker, Samuel Morse—though there were scores of men who had perceived its possibilities, and vainly striven to translate them into actual usefulness. Steam transportation and

electricity have been the two prime factors in the great commercial and industrial revolutions of this century; and New York has produced the two men who deserve the most credit for their introduction. Fulton and Morse stand as typical of the inventive, mechanical, and commercial genius of the city at the mouth of the Hudson.

Few commercial capitals have ever grown with more marvellous rapidity than New York. The great merchants and men of affairs who have built up her material prosperity have not merely enriched themselves and their city; they have also played no inconsiderable part in that rapid opening up of the American continent during the present century, which has been rendered possible by the eagerness and far-reaching business ambition of commercial adventurers, wielding the wonderful tools forged by the science of our day. The merchant, the "railroad king," the capitalist who works or gambles for colossal stakes, bending to his purpose an intellect in its way as shrewd and virile as that of any statesman or warrior—all these, and their compeers, are and have been among the most striking and important, although far from the noblest, figures of nineteenth-century America.

Two New Yorkers of great note in this way may be instanced as representatives of their class—John Jacob Astor and Cornelius Vanderbilt. Astor was originally a German peddler, who came to the city immediately after the close of the Revolution. He went into the retail fur trade, and by energy, thrift, and far-sightedness soon pushed his way up so as to be able to command a large amount of capital; and he forthwith embarked on ventures more extensive in scale. The fur trade was then in the North almost what the trade in gold and

silver had been in the South. Vast fortunes were made in it, and the career of the fur trader was checkered by romantic successes and hazardous vicissitudes. Astor made money with great rapidity, and entered on a course of rivalry with the huge fur companies of Canada. Finally, in 1809, he organized the American Fur Company, under the auspices of the State of New York, with no less a purpose than the establishment of a settlement of trappers and fur traders at the mouth of the Columbia. He sent his parties out both by sea and overland, established his posts, and drove a thriving trade; and doubtless he would have anticipated by a generation the permanent settlement of Oregon, if the war had not broken out, and his colony been destroyed by the British. The most substantial portion of his fortune was made out of successful ventures in New York City real estate; and at his death he was one of the five richest men in the world. His greatest service to the city was founding the Astor Library.

Vanderbilt was a Staten Island boy, whose parents were very poor, and who therefore had to work for his living at an early age. Before the War of 1812, when a lad in his teens, he had been himself sailing a sloop as a ferry-boat, between Staten Island and New York, and soon had saved enough money to start a small line of them. After the war he saw the possibilities of the steamboat, and began to run one as captain, owning a share in it as well. He shortly saved enough to become his own capitalist, and removed to New York in 1829. He organized steam lines on the Hudson and Sound, making money hand over hand; and in 1849—the period of the California gold-fever—he turned his attention to ocean steamships, and for several years carried on a famous contest with the Pacific Mail Steamship Com-

pany for the traffic across the Isthmus to California. He was drawn into antagonism with the filibuster Walker, because of his connection with the Central American States, and became one of the forces which compassed that gray-eyed adventurer's downfall. Then he took to building and managing railways, and speculating in them, and by the end of his days had amassed a colossal fortune. The history of the Wall Street speculations in which he took part forms much the least attractive portion of the record of his life.

Astor and Vanderbilt were foremost and typical representatives of the commercial New York of their day, exactly as Hamilton and Jay were of the Revolutionary and post-Revolutionary city. Neither was of English blood; Astor was a German, and Vanderbilt a descendant of the old Dutch settlers. Both were of obscure parentage, and both hewed their way up from the ranks by sheer force of intellect and will-power. Of course, neither deserves for a moment to be classed on the city's roll of honor with men like Hamilton and Jay, or like Cooper and Irving.

Before the days of steamship, railroad, and telegraph were the days of the fast "clippers," whose white wings sped over the ocean up to the time of the Civil War. The New York clippers, like those of Baltimore, were famous for their speed, size, and beauty. Their builders exhausted every expedient to bring them to perfection; and for many years after steamers were built they maintained a nearly equal fight against these formidable rivals. Crack vessels among them repeatedly made the voyage to England in a fortnight. It is a curious fact that the United States, which only rose to power at the very end of the period of sailing vessels, and which has not been able to hold her own among those nations

whose sons go down to the sea in ships, should nevertheless, during the first half of the present century, have brought the art of building, handling—and when necessary, fighting—these same old-time sailing ships, in all their varieties of man-of-war, privateer, merchantman, and whaler, to the highest point ever attained. The frigates and privateers were perfected during the War of 1812; the merchant clippers were immensely improved after that date. The older vessels were slow, tubby craft; and they were speedily superseded by the lines of swift packet-ships—such as the *Blackball*, *Red Star*, and *Swallow Tail*—established one after the other by enterprising and venturesome New York merchants. The packet-ships sailed for European ports. Before the middle of the century, lines of clippers were established to trade, and also to carry passengers to California and the China seas. In size they sometimes went up to two thousand tons; and compared to European merchant vessels, their speed and safety were such that they commanded from shippers half as much again in payment for the freightage on cargoes of teas and other Eastern goods.

The large importers, and their captains as well, made money rapidly by these ships; yet now, from divers causes, the carrying-trade has slipped through their fingers. But the city's growth has not been checked by this loss. The commerce-bringing fleets of other nations throng its harbor, while its merchants retain their former energy, and command their former success in other lines; and the steady and rapid growth of factories of many kinds has changed the city into a great manufacturing centre. There is no danger of any loss of commercial prosperity, nor of any falling off in the amount of wealth as a whole, nor of any diminution in the ranks

of the men who range from well-to-do to very rich. The danger arises from the increase of grinding poverty among vast masses of the population in certain quarters, and from the real or seeming increase in the inequality of conditions between the very rich and the very poor; in other words, as colossal fortunes grow up on the one hand, there grows up on the other a large tenement-house population, partly composed of wage-earners who never save anything, and partly of those who never earn quite enough to give their families even the necessaries of life.

This ominous increase in the numbers of the class of the hopelessly poor is one among the injuries which have to a greater or less degree offset the benefits accruing to the country during the present century, because of the unrestricted European immigration. There was considerable immigration from abroad even before the War of 1812; but it did not become of great moment until after the close of the contest. The volume then swelled very rapidly. In 1818 and 1819 over twenty thousand immigrants arrived in New York, and were reported at the mayor's office. Most of them were very poor and ignorant, and at first ill able to cope with their new surroundings. They housed in sheds, cellars, and rookeries of all kinds, and in winter-time were reduced to desperate straits for food, thousands being supported for short periods by the charity of private citizens and of organized relief associations. They did not go out to the frontier, and like most of the immigrants of the present century preferred to huddle in the large cities rather than to go into the country. Year by year the mass of immigration increased, though with occasional and purely temporary fluctuations. By 1830 it had already become so great as to dwarf all movements of the

kind which the world had hitherto seen; and after the potato famine in Ireland and the revolutions of 1848 in Continental Europe, fugitives from hunger or political oppression came over by hundreds of thousands. A greater proportion of these immigrants, relatively to the population, made their homes in New York than in any other part of the country. The large majority of them were of course from the lower or lower-middle classes.

The immigration worked a complete ethnic overturn in the character of the population—an overturn of which there had been several similar instances already in the city's history. The immigrants and their children soon grew to outnumber the descendants of the old pre-Revolutionary inhabitants, and the process was hastened by the fact that very many of the latter, probably far more than half, themselves drifted westward, with the restless love of change so characteristic of their nation.

There were many English, Scotch, and Welsh, and a few Scandinavians among the immigrants, and these speedily amalgamated with, and became indistinguishable from, the natives. But by far the largest number —probably more than five-sixths of those who settled in New York City during the half-century before the close of the Civil War—were Irish and Germans, the former being at this time much in the lead.

The Germans had formed an important element of the city's population ever since the days of Leisler, who was himself a German, and, with the exception of Stuyvesant, the most important figure in the history of the colonial town. They were probably, in point of numbers and importance, at no time lower than the fourth in rank among the nationalities which were being fused

together to make New York citizens. By the beginning of the present century the descendants of the old German immigrants had become completely Americanized. The new swarms of Germans who came hither revived the use of the German tongue; and as they settled in large bodies—often forming the entire population of certain districts—they clung pertinaciously to their own customs, kept to their own churches, and published their own newspapers. Nevertheless, the public-school system and the all-pervading energy of American life proved too severe solvents to be resisted even by the German tenacity. Some remained un-Americanized in a sodden, useless lump; but after a generation or two this ceased to be the case with the majority. The children of the first generation were half, and the grandchildren in most cases wholly, Americanized—to their own inestimable advantage. As long as they remained mere foreigners, speaking an alien tongue, they of course occupied a lower grade in the body politic and social than that to which their good qualities entitled them. As they became Americanized in speech and customs, they moved up to the same level with the native-born. Perhaps two-thirds were nominally Protestants, and these had no religious prejudices to overcome or be hampered by. They were thrifty, hard-working, and on the whole law-abiding, and they not only rose rapidly in the social scale, but as soon as they learned to speak our language by preference, as their native tongue, they became indistinguishable from the other Americans with whom they mixed. They furnished leading men to all trades and professions, and many founded families of high social and political distinction. They rendered great service to the city by their efforts to cultivate a popular taste for music and for harmless public

pleasures. Only the fact that the Lutheran clergy clung to the German language prevented their church from becoming the most important of the Protestant churches.

The Catholic or Celtic Irish formed, in point of numbers, the most important class among the new immigrants. Those of their race who had come here in colonial days were for the most part only imported bond-servants and criminals. Unlike the Germans, they had never formed an element of appreciable weight in the community until after the Revolution. Soon after the opening of the present century they became the most numerous of the immigrants and began to form a class of New Yorkers whose importance steadily increased. They displayed little of the German frugality and aptitude for business, and hence remained to a far larger extent mere laborers—comparatively few rising, at least for the first generation or two, to non-political positions of importance; and they furnished much more than their share to the city's turbulent and lawless elements, for in their new surroundings they were easily misled by both native and foreign-born demagogues and agitators. On the other hand, they have invariably proved admirable soldiers when the city has sent out her quota of troops in time of war; they have taken little part in anarchical and socialistic movements, and—though this is a quality of a more doubtful kind—they have mastered the intricacies of local politics with astonishing ease. The improvement in their material condition became very marked after three or four decades. Moreover, their less fortunate qualities were such as inevitably attended the peculiar conditions of their life in the old country; and these gradually tended to disappear as the successive genera-

tions grew up on American soil. The fact that they already spoke English gave them an immense advantage, compared to the Germans, in that they were able from the outset to mingle freely in American life; but the difference of religion tended to keep at least the first two generations apart from the citizens of old American stock. The Irish, like the Germans, came over in such numbers that they were able to introduce their own separate social life; but in both cases the ambitious and energetic among the descendants of the immigrants soon grew to realize that they must become thoroughgoing Americans in order to win the great prizes of American life, while every family that acquired wealth and culture desired nothing so much as to get a foothold in the upper circles of the American portion of the community.

By the outbreak of the Civil War the flood of immigration had swamped the older "native American" stock, as far as numbers went. The mixed blood of New York had been mixed still further. It is curious to trace the successive additions of race elements to the population of the city. At its founding the Dutch were dominant, but with a considerable Walloon element, which was soon absorbed by the Hollanders, while there was a larger element of French Huguenots, who kept coming in, and were absorbed more slowly. There were also many English, and a few Germans. After the final English conquest there was a fair amount of immigration from England and Scotland; the Huguenots also continued to come in for a little while, and there was a large German and a considerable Scotch-Irish immigration. At the end of the Revolution all of these peoples had grown to use the English tongue, and were fast being welded together; but the great majority of

the citizens were non-English by blood. There then began a great inrush of New Englanders; and for the first time the citizens of English blood grew to outnumber those of any other strain—all however being soon fused together, and becoming purely American. The immense immigration between 1820 and 1860 changed this. By the latter date the men of Irish birth and blood had become more numerous than any others; the Germans, at some distance off, next; while the native Americans, who still led and controlled the others, were a close third. Of course, however, the older races of the city made the mould into which the newer were poured. The task is sometimes slow and difficult, but in the end the German or Irishman is always Americanized; and his influence upon the country of his adoption, although considerable, is as nothing compared to the influence of the country upon him.

The wonderful growth of the Catholic Church was of course due to the immigration, especially of the Irish. In colonial times Roman Catholicism had not been tolerated. When complete religious freedom was established, with the organization of the new government, the Catholics began to come in, and soon after the Revolution they built a church; but its congregation led a fitful life for the first thirty years. There were years of prosperity, when a convent, a school, etc., were established; and years of adversity, when they were abandoned. The congregation was, of course, composed mainly of immigrants, chiefly Irish, even thus early; but there were enough Germans and French to make it necessary to hold services also in those languages. But on the whole the Church at this time languished, and religious instruction and supervision were provided for but a small portion of the Catholic immigrants. Ac-

cordingly, they and their children became to a very large extent Protestant. After the close of the War of 1812 matters were radically changed. New York became the permanent seat of a bishopric, a multitude of priests came in, churches were built, and the whole organization sprang into vigorous life. The immense Irish immigration gave the Church the stamp it yet retains, and settled that its language should be English, thus turning it into a potent force for Americanizing the Catholic immigrants from Continental Europe. As early as 1826 the New York Catholics murmured against having a French bishop put over them; though by that time it had been found necessary to establish separate German churches, as the German immigration had also begun. So enormous had been the inrush during the preceding dozen years, that at this date the Catholics already formed in the neighborhood of a fifth of the city's population. The Protestant sects became seriously alarmed at this portentous growth of the Church of Rome, and for the thirty years preceding the Civil War there was fierce religious and political agitation against it, the feeling growing so bitter that there were furious riots, accompanied with much bloodshed, between Catholic and Protestant mobs in the great cities, including New York. Nevertheless, the Church went on steadily growing; and much, though by no means all, of the bitterness gradually wore away. Catholicism gained in numbers by converts from among the native Americans, often of high social standing; though this gain was probably much more than offset by the loss of Catholic immigrants who drifted into Protestantism. The Irish have formed the mainstay of the Church in America; and this, and the readiness with which on the whole it has adapted itself to Amer-

ican conditions, has determined its development. The Catholic Church in Ireland, unlike the Catholic Church in most portions of Continental Europe, has been the Church of popular feeling; and American Catholicism also gradually grew to identify itself with all movements in the interests of the masses of the people, while it was likewise affected by the American theories of complete religious toleration, and separation of Church from State. In other words, it tended to become Americanized. It was at first, outside of Baltimore, and the French, Spanish, and Indian missions, a church of poor immigrants, chiefly laborers. Many of the descendants of these immigrants acquired wealth, or rose to distinction in the community, and the different nationalities began to fuse together, and to assimilate themselves in speech and customs to the old American stock. In consequence, the Church gradually tended to grow into one of the regular American churches, even though still all-powerful among the immigrants; and it began to possess its proper share of men of high social and intellectual position.

When, in the '20's, the immigration began to attain formidable dimensions, it excited much uneasiness in the minds of many of the native citizens, who disliked and looked down on the foreigners. Much of this feeling was wholly unjustifiable, while much of it was warranted by the fact that the newcomers contributed far more than their share to the vice, crime, misery, and pauperism of the community. They were popularly held responsible for various epidemics of disease—notably a terrible visitation of cholera in 1832.

New York having been peopled by relays of immigrants of different nationality, each relay in turn, as it became Americanized, looked down upon the next, as

has already been said. So it is at the present day. The grandchildren of the Germans and Irish, to whom such strenuous objection was made sixty years ago, now in turn protest against the shoals of latter-day Sclavonic and Italian incomers. Race and religious antipathy have caused not a few riots during the present century, in New York; and this was especially the case during the period covered by the forty years preceding the Civil War.

However, riots of various kinds were common all through this period; for the city mob was far more disorderly and less under control than at present. Nor were the foreigners by any means the only ones to be found in its ranks, for it contained a large and very dangerous element of native American roughs. One specially frequent form of riot was connected with the theatres. The mob was very patriotic and boisterously anti-British; and on the other hand many English actors who came to America to make money were unwise enough to openly express their contempt for the people from whom they were to make it. Rival theatrical managers would carefully circulate any such remarks, and the mob would then swarm down to the theatre, fill it in a dense mass, and pelt the unfortunate offender off the boards as soon as he appeared. The misused actor was not always a foreigner; for a like treatment was occasionally awarded to any American against whom the populace bore a grudge. Certain of the newspapers—not a few of which were edited by genuine Jefferson Bricks—were always ready to take a hand in hounding down any actor whom they had cause to dislike. Some of these outbreaks were very serious; and they culminated in 1849 in the "Astor Place," or "Opera-house" riot. On this occasion the mob tried to

gut the theatre where an obnoxious English actor was playing, but were held in check by the police. They then gathered by thousands in the streets, and were finally fired into by the troops, and dispersed with a loss of twenty killed—a most salutary and excellent lesson.

Other riots were due to more tangible troubles. The enormous immigration had created a huge class of unfortunates who could with difficulty earn their daily bread, and any period of sudden and severe distress threw them into a starving condition. There were one or two great fires which were really appalling calamities to the city; and the terrible panic of 1836–37 produced the most wide-spread want and suffering. Flour went up to fifteen dollars a barrel. The poor were cast into abject misery, and were inflamed by demagogues, who raised the cry of "the poor against the rich," and denounced in especial the flour and grain dealers. The "Bread Riots" of January, 1837, were the result. A large mob assembled in response to placards headed "Bread! Meat! Rent! Fuel! their prices must come down!" and assailed and sacked some of the stores and warehouses, strewing the streets with flour and wheat. It was toward nightfall before the police could restore order. There were also savage labor riots, generally caused when the trades-unions ordered a strike, and strove to prevent other workmen from taking the places of the strikers. In all of these cases the masses of the rioters were foreign born.

There were also riots against the Abolitionists; their meetings were broken up and their leaders sometimes maltreated. Moreover there were bloody encounters between native American and foreign—usually Irish—mobs. Finally there were frequent riots about election

time, at the great open-air meetings and processions, between the adherents of the rival parties.

Politically, the steady movement toward making the government absolutely democratic was checked by curious side-fights. The Whig party was the regular, and at times the successful, opponent of the Democracy throughout the middle part of this period. The Democratic party contained, as always, the bulk of the foreign and Catholic voters; its strength lay in the poor wards. Hence it was always in danger when any new popular faction arose. In 1830 a short-lived labor party was started, but this came to nothing. In 1834 the first elective mayor was chosen by universal suffrage. The contest was very close; and the Democrat, Lawrence, was chosen over the Whig, Verplanck, by only a couple of hundred votes, out of thirty-five thousand. Among the heads of the Democratic party were still to be found some influential merchants and the like; as yet the mere demagogue politicians did not dare to make themselves the titular leaders. Lawrence was a wealthy gentleman. On New Year's Day he threw open his doors to all callers, as was then the general custom. But the mass of ward-leaders and political "heelers" of every kind who thronged his house, turned it into a bear-garden, destroying everything until he had to summon the police to rid him of his guests. The democracy was not yet quite used to power, and did not know how to behave.

A year or two later one of the labor parties led a brief career in the city, arising—as has usually been the case—from a split in the Democratic party. Its adherents styled themselves "equal-rights men" or "antimonopolists." By outsiders they were usually dubbed "Locofocos," because at the outset of their career, in the course of a stormy meeting of the city Democracy in a

hall, their opponents put out the gas; whereupon they, having thoughtfully provided themselves with loco-foco matches, relit the gas, and brought the meeting to a triumphant close. The chief points in their political creed were hostility to banks and corporations generally, and a desire to have all judges elected for short terms, so as to have them amenable to the people—that is, to have them administer the law, not in accordance with the principles of justice, but in accordance with the popular whim for the moment. They split up the Democratic party, and thus were of service to the Whigs during the two or three years of their existence.

The Native American party began to make a stir about the time the Loco-focos came to an end. The Native Americans represented simply hostility to foreigners in general, and Catholic foreigners in particular. They therefore had no permanent root, as they merely represented a prejudice—for depriving foreigners already here of political rights is a piece of iniquitous folly, having no connection with the undoubted and evident wisdom of limiting immigration to our shores, and exercising a rigid supervision thereover. The Native Americans led an intermittent party life for a score of years, ending as the Knownothings, who were swept out of sight by the rise of the Republican party. In 1841 the Catholics very foolishly and wrongfully tried to form a separate party of their own, on account of irritation over the disposal of the public-school fund. They insisted that a portion of it should be given to them for their sectarian schools, and organized a party to support only such candidates as would back their demands. But by this time the people had become wedded to the public-school system, and the effort

proved wholly fruitless. The only result was to give a great start to the Native American party, which as a consequence, in 1844, actually carried the mayoralty election.

In spite of occasional interludes of this kind, however, the Democratic party, under the leadership of Tammany Hall, in the long run always recovered their hold on the reins. As the years went by, the party escaped more and more from the control of the well-to-do merchants and business men, and fell into the hands of professional politicians of unsavory character. The judiciary was made elective in 1846; and most local officers were thenceforth chosen in this manner. The mass of poor and ignorant voters, mainly foreign born, but drilled and led by unscrupulous Americans, held the command, and contemptuously disregarded their former leaders. Business men shrank from going into politics. There was not much buying of voters, but election frauds, and acts of brutal intimidation and violence at the polls, became more and more common. The federal, State, and local offices were used with absolute shamelessness to reward active political work. By the '50's, politics had sunk as low as they well could sink. Fernando Wood, an unscrupulous and cunning demagogue, whose financial honesty was more than doubtful, skilled in manipulating the baser sort of ward-politicians, became the "boss" of the city, and was finally elected mayor. His lieutenants were brutal rowdies of the type of Isaiah Rynders, his right-hand man; they ruled by force and fraud, and were hand in glove with the disorderly and semicriminal classes. Both Wood and Rynders were native Americans, the former of English, the latter of Dutch, ancestry. It would be difficult to pick out any two foreign-born men

of similar stamp who were as mischievous. In 1850 street-railways were started, and the franchises for them were in many cases procured by the bribery of the common council. This proved the final touch; and it is from this year that the hopeless corruption of the local municipal legislature dates. In 1857 the State legislature at Albany began a long and active course of dabbling in our municipal matters—sometimes wisely and sometimes foolishly—by passing a charter which divided responsibility and power among the different local officers, and needlessly multiplied the latter by keeping up the fiction of separate governments for the county and city, which had really become identical. They also created local boards and commissions which were appointed by the State, not the city, authorities. This last act aroused intense hostility among the city politicians; especially was this the case in regard to the new police board. The city authorities wished at all costs to retain the power of appointing and ruling the police in their own hands; and they resisted by force of arms the introduction of the new system. Fernando Wood's old "municipal" police and the new State, or so-called "metropolitan," police fought for a couple of days in the streets, with considerable bloodshed. But the courts declared in favor of the constitutionality of the acts of the legislature, and the municipal authorities were forced to abandon their opposition.

Throughout this period New York's public and private buildings were increasing in size and costliness as rapidly as in numbers. It is difficult to say as much for their beauty, as a whole. Nevertheless, some of them are decidedly handsome—notably some of the churches, such as Trinity, and above all St. Patrick's, the corner-stone of which was laid in 1858. A really

great piece of architectural engineering was the Croton aqueduct which was opened for use in 1842.

The city had also done something for that higher national development, the lack of which makes material prosperity simply a source of national vulgarization. She did her share in helping forward the struggling schools of American painters and sculptors; and she did more than her share in founding American literature. Sydney Smith's famous query, propounded in 1820, was quite justified by the facts. Nobody of the present day *does* read any American book which was then written, with two exceptions; and the witty Dean could scarcely be expected to have any knowledge of Irving's first purely local work, while probably hardly a soul in England had so much as heard of that really wonderful volume, "The Federalist." Both of these were New York books; and New York may fairly claim to have been the birthplace of American literature. Immediately after 1820 Washington Irving and Fenimore Cooper won world-wide fame; while Bryant was chief of a group of poets which included men like Rodman Drake. For the first time we had a literature worthy of being so called, which was not saturated with the spirit of servile colonialism, the spirit of humble imitation of things European. Our political life became full and healthy only after we had achieved political independence; and it is quite as true that we never have done, and never shall do, anything really worth doing, whether in literature or art, except when working distinctively as Americans.

We are not yet free from the spirit of colonialism in art and letters; but the case was, and is, much worse with our purely social life—or at least with that portion of it which ought to be, and asserts itself to be,

but emphatically is not, our best social life. In the "Potiphar Papers," Mr. Curtis, a New Yorker of whom all New Yorkers can be proud, has left a description which can hardly be called a caricature of fashionable New York society as it was in the decade before the war. It is not an attractive picture. The city then contained nearly three-quarters of a million inhabitants, and the conditions of life were much as they are to-day. The era of railroads and steamships was well under way; all the political and social problems and evils which now exist, existed then, often in aggravated form. The mere commercial classes were absorbed in making money—a pursuit which of course becomes essentially ignoble when followed as an end and not as a means. It had become very easy to travel in Europe, and immense shoals of American tourists went thither every season, deriving but doubtful benefit from their tour. New York possessed a large wealthy class which did not quite know how to get most pleasure from its money, and which had not been trained, as all good citizens of the republic should be trained, to realize that in America every man of means and leisure must do some kind of work, whether in politics, in literature, in science, or in what, for lack of a better word, may be called philanthropy, if he wishes really to enjoy life, and to avoid being despised as a drone in the community. Moreover, they failed to grasp the infinite possibilities of enjoyment, of interest, and of usefulness, which American life offers to every man, rich or poor, if he have only heart and head. With singular poverty of imagination they proceeded on the assumption that to enjoy their wealth they must slavishly imitate the superficial features, and the defects rather than the merits, of the life of the wealthy classes of Europe, instead of borrowing

only its best traits, and adapting even these to their own surroundings. They put wealth above everything else, and therefore hopelessly vulgarized their lives. The shoddy splendors of the second French Empire naturally appealed to them, and so far as might be they imitated its ways. Dress, manners, amusements—all were copied from Paris; and when they went to Europe, it was in Paris that they spent most of their time. To persons of intelligence and force their lives seemed equally dull at home and abroad. They took little interest in literature or politics; they did not care to explore and hunt and travel in their own country; they did not have the taste for athletic sport which is so often the one redeeming feature of the gilded youth of to-day, and which, if not very much when taken purely by itself, is at least something. Fashionable society was composed of two classes. There were, first, the people of good family—those whose forefathers at some time had played their parts manfully in the world, and who claimed some shadowy superiority on the strength of this memory of the past, unbacked by any proof of merit in the present. Secondly, there were those who had just made money—the father having usually merely the money-getting faculty, the presence of which does not necessarily imply the existence of any other worthy quality whatever, the rest of the family possessing only the absorbing desire to spend what the father had earned. In the summer they all went to Saratoga or to Europe; in winter they came back to New York. Fifth Avenue was becoming the fashionable street, and on it they built their brownstone-front houses, all alike outside, and all furnished in the same style within—heavy furniture, gilding, mirrors, glittering chandeliers. If a man was very rich he had a few

feet more frontage, and more gilding, more mirrors, and more chandeliers. There was one incessant round of gaiety, but it possessed no variety whatever, and little interest.

Of course there were plenty of exceptions to all these rules. There were many charming houses, there was much pleasant social life, just as there were plenty of honest politicians; and there were multitudes of men and women well fitted to perform the grave duties and enjoy the great rewards of American life. But taken as a whole, the fashionable and political life of New York in the decade before the Civil War offers an instructive rather than an attractive spectacle.

CHAPTER XIV

RECENT HISTORY

1860–1890

In 1860 New York had over eight hundred thousand inhabitants. During the thirty years that have since passed, its population has nearly doubled. If the city limits were enlarged, like those of London and Chicago, so as to take in the suburbs, the population would amount to some three millions. Recently there has been a great territorial expansion northward, beyond the Haarlem, by the admission of what is known as the Annexed District. The growth of wealth has fully kept pace with the growth of population. The city is one of the two or three greatest commercial and manufacturing centres of the world.

The ten years between 1860 and 1870 form the worst decade in the city's political annals, although the sombre picture is relieved by touches of splendid heroism, martial prowess, and civic devotion. At the outbreak of the Civil War the city was—as it has since continued to be—the stronghold of the Democratic party in the North; and unfortunately, during the Rebellion, while the Democratic party contained many of the loyal, it also contained all of the disloyal, elements. A Democratic victory at the polls, hardly, if at all, less than a Confederate victory in the field, meant a Union defeat. A very large and possibly a controlling element in the city Democracy was at heart strongly disunion in sentiment, and showed the feeling whenever it dared.

At the outset of the Civil War there was even an ef-

fort made to force the city into active rebellion. The small local Democratic leaders, of the type of Isaiah Rynders, the brutal and turbulent ruffians who led the mob and controlled the politics of the lower wards, openly and defiantly threatened to make common cause with the South, and to forbid the passage of Union troops through the city. The mayor, Fernando Wood, in January, 1861, proclaimed disunion to be "a fixed fact" in a message to the Common Council, and proposed that New York should herself secede and become a free city, with but a nominal duty upon imports. The independent commonwealth was to be named "Tri-Insula," as being composed of three islands—Long, Staten, and Manhattan. The Common Council, a corrupt body as disloyal as Wood himself, received the message enthusiastically, and had it printed and circulated wholesale.

But when Sumter was fired on the whole current changed like magic. There were many more good men than bad in New York; but they had been supine, or selfish, or indifferent, or undecided, and so the bad had had it all their own way. The thunder of Sumter's guns waked the heart of the people to passionate loyalty. The bulk of the Democrats joined with the Republicans to show by word and act their fervent and patriotic devotion to the Union. Huge mass-meetings were held, and regiment after regiment was organized and sent to the front. Shifty Fernando Wood, true to his nature, went with the stream, and was loudest in proclaiming his horror of rebellion. The city, through all her best and bravest men, pledged her faithful and steadfast support to the government at Washington. The Seventh Regiment of the New York National Guards, by all odds the best regiment in the United States militia,

was the first in the whole country to go to the front and reach Washington, securing it against any sudden surprise.

The Union men of New York kept their pledge of loyalty in spirit and letter. Taking advantage of the intensity of the loyal excitement, they even elected a Republican mayor. The New Yorkers of means were those whose part was greatest in sustaining the nation's credit, while almost every high-spirited young man in the city went into the army. The city, from the beginning to the end of the war, sent her sons to the front by scores of thousands. Her troops alone would have formed a large army; and on a hundred battle-fields, and throughout the harder trials of the long, dreary campaigns, they bore themselves with high courage and stern, unyielding resolution. Those who by a hard lot were forced to stay at home busied themselves in caring for the men at the front, or for their widows and orphans; and the Sanitary Commission, the Allotment Commission, and other kindred organizations which did incalculable good, originated in New York.

Yet the very energy with which New York sent her citizen soldiery to the front, left her exposed to a terrible danger. Much of the low foreign element, as well as the worst among the native-born roughs, had been hostile to the war all along, and a ferocious outbreak was produced by the enforcement of the draft in July, 1863. The mob, mainly foreign, especially Irish, but reinforced by all the native rascality of the city, broke out for three days in what are known as the draft riots. They committed the most horrible outrages, their hostility being directed especially against the unfortunate negroes, many of whom they hung or beat to death with lingering cruelty; and they attacked various charitable

institutions where negroes were cared for. They also showed their hatred to the national government and its defenders in every way, and even set out to burn down a hospital filled with wounded Union soldiers, besides mobbing all government officials. From attacking government property they speedily went to assailing private property as well, burning and plundering the houses of rich and poor alike, and threatened to destroy the whole city in their anarchic fury—the criminal classes, as always in such a movement, taking the control into their own hands. Many of the baser Democratic politicians, in order to curry favor with the mob, sought to prevent effective measures being taken against it; and even the Democratic governor, Seymour, an estimable man of high private character, but utterly unfit to grapple with the times that tried men's souls, took refuge in temporizing, half measures, and concessions. The Roman Catholic archbishop and priests opposed and denounced the rioters with greater or less boldness, according to their individual temperaments.

But the governing authorities, both national and municipal, acted with courage and energy. The American people are good-natured to the point of lax indifference; but once roused, they act with the most straightforward and practical resolution. Much fear had been expressed lest the large contingent of Irish among the police and State troops would be lukewarm or doubtful, but throughout the crisis they showed to the full as much courage and steadfast loyalty as their associates of native origin. One of the most deeply mourned victims of the mob was the gallant Colonel O'Brien of the Eleventh New York Volunteers, who had dispersed a crowd of rioters with considerable slaughter, and was afterward caught by them when

alone, and butchered under circumstances of foul and revolting brutality.

Most of the real working men refused to join with the rioters, except when overawed and forced into their ranks; and many of them formed themselves into armed bodies, and assisted to restore order. The city was bare of troops, for they had all been sent to the front to face Lee at Gettysburg; and the police at first could not quell the mob. As regiment after regiment was hurried back to their assistance desperate street-fighting took place. The troops and police were thoroughly aroused, and attacked the rioters with the most wholesome desire to do them harm. In a very short time after the forces of order put forth their strength the outbreak was stamped out, and a lesson inflicted on the lawless and disorderly which they never entirely forgot. Two millions of property had been destroyed, and many valuable lives lost. But over twelve hundred rioters were slain—an admirable object-lesson to the remainder.

It was several years before the next riot occurred. This was of a race or religious character. The different nationalities in New York are in the habit of parading on certain days—a particularly senseless and objectionable custom. The Orangemen on this occasion paraded on the anniversary of the Battle of the Boyne, with the usual array of flags and banners, covered with mottoes especially insulting to the Celtic Irish; the latter threatened to stop the procession, and made the attempt; but the militia had been called out, and after a moment's sharp fighting, in which three of their number and seventy or eighty rioters were slain, the mob was scattered to the four winds. For the last twenty years no serious riots have occurred, and no mob has assembled which the police could not handle without the assistance

of the State troops. The outbreaks that have taken place have almost invariably been caused by strikes or other labor troubles. Yet the general order and peacefulness should not blind us to the fact that there exists ever in our midst a slumbering "volcano under the city," as under all other large cities of the civilized world. This danger must continue to exist as long as our rich men look at life from a standpoint of silly frivolity, or else pursue a commercial career in a spirit of ferocious greed and disregard of justice, while the poor feel with sullen anger the pressure of many evils—some of their own making, and some not—and are far more sensible of the wrongs they suffer than of the folly of trying to right them under the lead of ignorant visionaries or criminal demagogues.

For several years after the war there was a perfect witches' Sabbath of political corruption in New York City, which culminated during the mayoralty of Oakey Hall, who was elected in 1869. The Democratic party had absolute control of the municipal government; and this meant that the city was at the mercy of the ring of utterly unscrupulous and brutal politicians who then controlled that party, and who in time of need had friends among some of their so-called Republican opponents on whom they could always rely. Repeating, ballot-box stuffing, fraudulent voting and counting of votes, and every kind of violence and intimidation at the polls turned the elections into criminal farces. The majorities by which the city was carried for the Democratic presidential candidate Seymour in 1868 represented the worst electoral frauds which the country ever witnessed—far surpassing even those by which Polk had been elected over Clay.

This was also the era of gigantic stock-swindling.

The enormously rich stock speculators of Wall Street in their wars with one another and against the general public, found ready tools and allies to be hired for money in the State and city politicians, and in judges who were acceptable alike to speculators, politicians, and mob. There were continual contests for the control of railway systems, and "operations" in stocks which barely missed being criminal, and which branded those who took part in them as infamous in the sight of all honest men; and the courts and legislative bodies became parties to the iniquity of men composing that most dangerous of all classes, the wealthy criminal class.

Matters reached their climax in the feats of the "Tweed Ring." William M. Tweed was the master spirit among the politicians of his own party, and also secured a hold on a number of the local Republican leaders of the baser sort. He was a coarse, jovial, able man, utterly without scruple of any kind; and he organized all of his political allies and adherents into a gigantic "ring" to plunder the city. Incredible sums of money were stolen, especially in the construction of the new court-house. When the frauds were discovered, Tweed, secure in his power, asked in words that have become proverbial: "What are you going to do about it?" But the end came in 1871. Then the decent citizens, irrespective of party, banded together, urged on by the newspapers, especially *The Times* and *Harper's Weekly*—for the city press deserves the chief credit for the defeat of Tweed. At the fall elections the ring candidates were overwhelmingly defeated; and the chief malefactors were afterward prosecuted, and many of them imprisoned, Tweed himself dying in a felon's cell. The offending judges were impeached, or resigned in time to escape impeachment.

For the last twenty years our politics have been better and purer, though with plenty of corruption and jobbery left still. There are shoals of base, ignorant, vicious "heelers" and "ward workers," who form a solid, well-disciplined army of evil, led on by abler men whose very ability renders them dangerous. Some of these leaders are personally corrupt; others are not, but do almost as much harm as if they were, because they divorce political from private morality. As a prominent politician recently phrased it, they believe that "the purification of politics is an iridescent dream; the decalogue and the golden rule have no place in a political campaign." The cynicism, no less silly than vicious, with which such men regard political life is repaid by the contemptuous anger with which they themselves are regarded by all men who are proud of their country and wish her well.

If the citizens can be thoroughly waked up, and a plain, naked issue of right and wrong presented to them, they can always be trusted. The trouble is that in ordinary times the self-seeking political mercenaries are the only persons who both keep alert and understand the situation; and they commonly reap their reward. The mass of vicious and ignorant voters—especially among those of foreign origin—forms a trenchant weapon forged ready to their hand, and presents a standing menace to our prosperity; and the selfish and short-sighted indifference of decent men is only one degree less dangerous. Yet of recent years there has been among men of character and good standing a steady growth of interest in, and of a feeling of responsibility for, our politics. This otherwise most healthy growth has been at times much hampered and warped by the political ignorance and bad judgment of the leaders in

the movement. Too often the educated men who without having had any practical training as politicians yet turn their attention to politics, are and remain utterly ignorant of the real workings of our governmental system, and in their attitude toward our public men oscillate between excessive credulity concerning their idol of the moment and jealous, ignorant prejudice against those with whom they temporarily disagree. They forget, moreover, that the man who really counts in the world is the doer, not the mere critic—the man who actually does the work, even if roughly and imperfectly, not the man who only talks or writes about how it ought to be done.

Neither the unintelligent and rancorous partisan, nor the unintelligent and rancorous independent, is a desirable member of the body politic; and it is unfortunately true of each of them that he seems to regard with special and sour hatred, not the bad man, but the good man with whom he politically differs.

Above all, every young man should realize that it is a disgrace to him not to take active part in some way in the work of governing the city. Whoever fails to do this, fails notably in his duty to the Commonwealth.

The character of the immigration to the city is changing. The Irish, who in 1860 formed three-fifths of the foreign-born population, have come in steadily lessening numbers, until the Germans stand well at the head; while increasing multitudes of Italians, Poles, Bohemians, Russian Jews, and Hungarians—both Sclaves and Magyars—continually arrive. The English and Scandinavian elements among the immigrants have likewise increased. At the present time four-fifths of New York's population are of foreign birth or parentage; and among them there has been as yet but little race

intermixture, though the rising generation is as a whole well on the way to complete Americanization. Certainly hardly a tenth of the people are of old Revolutionary American stock. The Catholic Church has continued to grow at a rate faster than the general rate of increase. The Episcopalian and Lutheran are the only Protestant churches whereof the growth has kept pace with that of the population.

The material prosperity of the city has increased steadily. There has been a marked improvement in architecture; and one really great engineering work, the bridge across the East River, was completed in 1883. The stately and beautiful Riverside Drive, skirting the Hudson, along the hills which front the river, from the middle of the island northward, is well worth mention. It is one of the most striking roads or streets of which any city can boast, and the handsome houses that are springing up along it bid fair to make the neighborhood the most attractive portion of New York. Another attractive feature of the city is Central Park, while many other parks are being planned and laid out beyond where the town has as yet been built up. There are large numbers of handsome social clubs, such as the Knickerbocker, Union, and University, and many others of a politico-social character—the most noted of them, alike for its architecture, political influence, and its important past history, being the Union League Club.

There are many public buildings which are extremely interesting as showing the growth of a proper civic spirit, and of a desire for a life with higher possibilities than money-making. There has been an enormous increase in the number of hospitals, many of them admirably equipped and managed; and the numerous Newsboys' Lodging Houses, Night Schools, Working Girls' Clubs

and the like, bear witness to the fact that many New Yorkers who have at their disposal time or money are alive to their responsibilities, and are actively striving to help their less fortunate fellows to help themselves. The Cooper Union building, a gift to the city for the use of all its citizens, in the widest sense, keeps alive the memory of old Peter Cooper, a man whose broad generosity and simple kindliness of character, while not rendering him fit for the public life into which he at times sought entrance, yet inspired in New Yorkers of every class a genuine regard such as they felt for no other philanthropist. Indeed, uncharitableness and lack of generosity have never been New York failings; the citizens are keenly sensible to any real, tangible distress or need. A blizzard in Dakota, an earthquake in South Carolina, a flood in Pennsylvania—after any such catastrophe hundreds of thousands of dollars are raised in New York at a day's notice, for the relief of the sufferers; while, on the other hand, it is a difficult matter to raise money for a monument or a work of art.

It is necessary both to appeal to the practical business sense of the citizens and to stir the real earnestness and love of country which lie underneath the somewhat coarse-grained and not always attractive surface of the community, in order to make it show its real strength. Thus, there is no doubt that in case of any important foreign war or domestic disturbance New York would back up the general government with men and money to a practically unlimited extent. For all its motley population, there is a most wholesome underlying spirit of patriotism in the city, if it can only be roused. Few will question this who saw the great processions on land and water, and the other ceremonies attendant upon the celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the

adoption of the federal Constitution. The vast crowds which thronged the streets were good-humored and orderly to a degree, and were evidently interested in much more than the mere spectacular part of the celebration. They showed by every action their feeling that it was indeed peculiarly *their* celebration; for it commemorated the hundred years' duration of a government which, with many shortcomings, had nevertheless secured order and enforced law, and yet was emphatically a government of the people, giving to the working man a chance which he has never had elsewhere. In all the poorer quarters of the city, where the population was overwhelmingly of foreign birth or origin, the national flag, the stars and stripes, hung from every window, and the picture of Washington was displayed wherever there was room. Flag and portrait alike were tokens that those who had come to our shores already felt due reverence and love for the grand memory of the man who, more than any other, laid the foundation of our government; and that they already challenged as their own American nationality and American life, glorying in the Nation's past and confident in its future.

In science and art, in musical and literary development, much remains to be wished for; yet something has already been done. The building of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, of the American Museum of Natural History, of the Metropolitan Opera House, the gradual change of Columbia College into a University —all show a development which tends to make the city more and more attractive to people of culture; and the growth of literary and dramatic clubs, such as the Century and the Players, is scarcely less significant. The illustrated monthly magazines—the *Century*, *Scribner's*, and *Harper's*—occupy an entirely original position of a

very high order in periodical literature. The greatest piece of literary work which has been done in America, or indeed anywhere, of recent years, was done by a citizen of New York—not a professed man of letters, but a great general, an ex-President of the United States, writing his memoirs on his death-bed, to save his family from want. General Grant's book has had an extraordinary sale among the people at large, though even yet hardly appreciated at its proper worth by the critics; and it is scarcely too high praise to say that, both because of the intrinsic worth of the matter, and because of its strength and simplicity as a piece of literary work, it almost deserves to rank with the speeches and writings of Abraham Lincoln.

The fact that General Grant toward the end of his life made New York his abode—as General Sherman has since done—illustrates what is now a well-marked tendency of prominent men throughout the country to come to this city to live. There is no such leaning toward centralization, socially or politically, in the United States as in most European countries, and no one of our cities will ever assume toward the others a position similar to that held in their own countries by London, Paris, Vienna, or Berlin. There are in the United States ten or a dozen cities each of which stands as the social and commercial, though rarely as the political, capital of a district as large as an average European kingdom. No one of them occupies a merely provincial position as compared with any other; while the political capital of the country, the beautiful city of Washington, stands apart with a most attractive and unique life of its own. There is thus no chance for New York to take an unquestioned leadership in all respects. Nevertheless, its life is so intense and so varied, and so full of

manifold possibilities, that it has a special and peculiar fascination for ambitious and high-spirited men of every kind, whether they wish to enjoy the fruits of past toil, or whether they have yet their fortunes to make, and feel confident that they can swim in troubled waters—for weaklings have small chance of forging to the front against the turbulent tide of our city life. The truth is that every man worth his salt has open to him in New York a career of boundless usefulness and interest.

As for the upper social world, the fashionable world, it is much as it was when portrayed in the "Potiphar Papers," save that modern society has shifted the shrine at which it pays comical but sincere homage from Paris to London. Perhaps it is rather better, for it is less provincial and a trifle more American. But a would-be upper class based mainly on wealth, in which it is the exception and not the rule for a man to be of any real account in the national life, whether as a politician, a literary man, or otherwise, is of necessity radically defective and of little moment.

Grim dangers confront us in the future, yet there is more ground to believe that we shall succeed than that we shall fail in overcoming them. Taking into account the enormous mass of immigrants, utterly unused to self-government of any kind, who have been thrust into our midst, and are even yet not assimilated, the wonder is not that universal suffrage has worked so badly, but that it has worked so well. We are better, not worse off, than we were a generation ago. There is much gross civic corruption and commercial and social selfishness and immorality, upon which we are in honor bound to wage active and relentless war. But honesty and moral cleanliness are the rule; and under the laws order is well preserved, and all men are kept secure in the pos-

session of life, liberty, and property. The sons and grandsons of the immigrants of fifty years back have as a whole become good Americans, and have prospered wonderfully, both as regards their moral and material well-being. There is no reason to suppose that the condition of the working classes as a whole has grown worse, though there are enormous bodies of them whose condition is certainly very bad. There are grave social dangers and evils to meet, but there are plenty of earnest men and women who devote their minds and energies to meeting them. With many very serious shortcomings and defects, the average New Yorker yet possesses courage, energy, business capacity, much generosity of a practical sort, and shrewd, humorous common sense. The greedy tyranny of the unscrupulous rich and the anarchic violence of the vicious and ignorant poor are ever-threatening dangers; but though there is every reason why we should realize the gravity of the perils ahead of us, there is none why we should not face them with confident and resolute hope, if only each of us, according to the measure of his capacity, will with manly honesty and good faith do his full share of the all-important duties incident to American citizenship.

CHAPTER XV

THE REFORM VICTORY OF 1895*

During the five years that have passed since I wrote this book, there has occurred in New York a political revolution so noteworthy that it may be well briefly to tell of its principal features. It was barely second in importance to the revolution which resulted in the overthrow of the Tweed ring.

Ever since the days of Tweed, Tammany Hall has, with the exception of a few brief periods, been the controlling force in the New York City Democracy, and has generally held the reins of government in the city itself. There have been honorable men in Tammany, and there have been occasions on which Tammany has acted well and has deserved well of the country; nevertheless, speaking broadly, it may be said that Tammany has always stood for what was worst in our political life, and especially in our municipal politics. The Tammany Hall organization is a machine of ideal perfection for its own purposes. It has as leaders a number of men of great ability in certain special directions. The rank and file of its members are recruited from the most ignorant portion of the city's population, coming from among the voters who can usually be voted in a mass by those who have influence over them. This influence is sometimes obtained by appeals to their prejudices and by the lowest art of the demagogue; sometimes it is obtained by downright corruption; sometimes it is obtained through the influence the local Tammany or-

* This chapter was printed as a "Postscript" in the later editions of the book.

ganizations exert on the social life of their neighborhoods. The district leaders are able in a hundred ways to benefit their followers. They try to get them work when they are idle; they provide amusement for them in the shape of picnics and steamboat excursions; and, in exceptional cases, they care for them when suffering from want or sickness; and they are always ready to help them when they have fallen into trouble with the representatives of the law. They thus get a very strong influence over a large class, the members of which are ordinarily fairly decent men, who work with reasonable industry at their trades, but who never get far ahead, who at times fall into want, and who sometimes have kinsfolk of semicriminal type. These men are apt to regard the saloon as their club-house; often, indeed, the saloons are the headquarters of the district political organizations, and become in a double sense the true social centres of neighborhood life.

To the mass of citizens of this kind the local political leaders are not merely individuals of whose public actions they approve or disapprove as mere disinterested outside critics. On the contrary, these leaders are men with whose welfare their own is often intimately bound; men who can, and do, render them important services, both proper and improper, on occasions when they are in need. It is impossible ever to understand the power of the political machines in New York City life until the importance of their social side is fully grasped. Their social functions, the part they play in the everyday life of the people, constitute the chief reason for their overwhelming predominance in the political field.

The saloons form on the whole the most potent factor in the political life of those districts where the population is the most congested, where the people are poorest

and most ignorant, and where the evils of machine domination are most acutely felt. In consequence, the saloon-keeper is, nine times out of ten, a more or less influential politician. In Tammany Hall a very large proportion of the leaders are, or have been, saloon-keepers. The saloon-keeper is usually a comparatively rich man, at least in the eyes of most of the people with whom he is thrown in contact. He is brought into intimate connection with a large number of voters, and he has rooms which they find offer the best accommodations for club purposes. He is thus able to get much influence which he can either use as a politician himself, or can wield in the interest of other politicians. On the other hand, his is a business which always tempts to law-breaking. New York City receives its law from New York State. Country districts are always favorable to temperance legislation. New York contains a very large element which objects to any regulation of the sale of liquor, and which continually wishes to drink at hours when drinking is prohibited by law. New York State, for instance, has always insisted that the saloons everywhere, including those in New York City, should be closed on Sundays; but in New York City there has been always a very large number of people who wanted the saloons open, and there has generally been entire readiness on the part of the city officials that the saloons should stay open in defiance of the law, so long as they paid for the privilege, and did not antagonize the authorities in some question of moment. In consequence, the saloon-keeper, who did his most thriving trade on Sunday, stood in urgent need of the protection which could be granted by the local politician. Accordingly, every saloon-keeper could, on the one hand, be most useful to the local political leaders,

and, on the other hand, needed the services of the local political leaders. The consequence was a very close connection between the saloon-keeper and the politician. A further consequence was that the saloons became one of the chief elements in bringing about the gross political corruption of New York.

The politics, both of New York City and of New York State, continually suffer kaleidoscope changes. Told in detail, their political history is but the unravelling of a tangle of faction fights and intrigues. If, however, we disregard the names of these factions, we can readily get a clear glimpse of the forces at work in New York. Within the Democratic party, Tammany has ordinarily dominated, but the anti-Tammany Democrats are continually joining into an organization, or organizations, which are always of ephemeral existence, but which sometimes accomplish a great deal during their short lease of life. The Republicans include normally rather over two-fifths of the voters of the city. There is among them a corrupt element which is often delighted to make a deal with Tammany, accepting a few offices in consideration of securing Tammany's control over the remainder.

Of late years, a strong feeling has grown among honest and self-respecting men that in municipal matters there should not be a division along the lines of cleavage between the National parties. For years the great effort of New York municipal reformers has been to combine good citizens against Tammany. The Republican machine has sometimes helped, and sometimes hindered these efforts, and the same has been true of the various Democratic anti-Tammany organizations. At the elections Tammany always runs a ticket. Sometimes it receives the solid support of the entire Democracy. More

rarely it makes a virtue of necessity and indorses a decent ticket nominated by other Democrats. Sometimes it fights for its own hand against both an anti-Tammany Democratic ticket and a Republican ticket. Sometimes its nominee for mayor is opposed by an anti-Tammany man, whether Republican or Democrat, supported by a coalition of all the anti-Tammany forces. The elements opposed to Tammany are so incongruous, and there is so much jealousy among them, that it is very difficult to bring them into any permanent combination. Still, whenever an anti-Tammany Democrat has been elected to office, it has always been through the powerful element of Republican voters, whether the help was given through the Republican machine or against its wishes. In return, a certain proportion of the anti-Tammany Democratic vote has always been willing to support a Republican candidate against Tammany.

From the defeat of Tweed up to 1888, Tammany, though dominant in New York City politics, always held a divided sway. In 1888, however, it obtained absolute power. A Tammany mayor was elected by an enormous plurality, the Republican candidate standing second, and the anti-Tammany Democrat third. The governorship and the State legislature were both in the hands of Tammany's most faithful democratic allies. The chief power in the city government is lodged in the hands of the mayor; and when he is backed by the governor and legislature his powers are almost dictatorial. In 1890, the Republicans supported the anti-Tammany nominee for mayor. This was the year of the Democratic tidal wave, and the Tammany candidate won by a large majority. In 1892, the anti-Tammany Democrats surrendered to Tammany and supported its

nominee, who beat the Republican candidate with the greatest ease. During all these years corruption grew apace in the city government. The Tammany officials had put their foes under their feet, and no longer feared resistance or criticism. They did not believe it would be possible to overturn them. They did whatever was right in their own eyes; and what was right in their eyes was generally very wrong indeed in the eyes of men who believed in the elementary principles of honesty.

When, with the presidential election of 1892, the Republican party went out of power in city, State, and nation alike, while Tammany was left supreme and unopposed in the city and State Democracy, the Tammany leaders threw off the last bonds of restraint, and acted with contemptuous defiance of decent public opinion. Corruption and blackmail grew apace, and the dominant note in the Tammany organization was a cynical contempt of decent public opinion. This brought about its own punishment. The abuses in many of the departments, notably in the police force and among the city magistrates, became so gross as to shock even men of callous conscience. The public indignation was latent, but it existed, ready to take effective shape if only the right man arose to direct its manifestation.

The man was found in the person of a Presbyterian clergyman, the Reverend Charles H. Parkhurst. Single-handed, he began a crusade against the gross political corruption of the city government. He made his fight entirely outside of political lines, or perhaps it would be more fair to say that he made it without regard to national politics, attacking the city officials simply as malefactors, and urging a union of all decent men against them. At first he was rewarded merely by

ridicule and abuse; but he never flinched for a moment, and decent sentiment began to crystallize in his support. Moreover, the blunders of the Democratic party in State and national affairs helped the reformers, precisely as the shortcomings of the Republicans had helped Tammany in 1890 and 1892. In 1893, the State Democracy, under the lead of Senator Hill, Tammany's stanch ally, nominated for judge a man who had been disagreeably implicated in election frauds. Even men of low political morality dislike a tainted judiciary, and this nomination shocked many men who never before had bolted the Democratic ticket. The Bar of the State, and especially the Bar of the city, was nearly unanimous in denunciation of the nomination. Tammany and its allies put forth every effort to overcome this hostile sentiment. Not since the days of Seymour's candidacy for President was the cheating so open and scandalous in New York City. In other places, notably at Coney Island, it was quite as flagrant. Nevertheless, the obnoxious candidate was defeated by one hundred thousand votes, and a Republican legislature was elected.

The result of the election was like an electric shock to the whole reform movement. But a year before it had seemed hopeless to awaken the conscience of decent citizens, and still more hopeless to expect to punish a wrong-doer. Now all was changed. The men most conspicuous in the electoral frauds were vigorously prosecuted, and some forty of them were sent to prison for longer or shorter periods. A Legislative Committee started to investigate the condition of municipal affairs in New York; and before this committee it was shown that Doctor Parkhurst's accusations were true, and that the system of blackmailing and corruption by the Tam-

many Hall officials, and notably by the Police Department, was as appalling as he had insisted. In the fall of 1894, the decent men of the city joined together, and nominated a union ticket, with, at its head, as candidate for mayor, William L. Strong, a Republican. Helped by the general Republican tidal wave, which in the State secured the defeat of Senator Hill for governor by one hundred and fifty thousand plurality, Strong and the rest of the ticket were elected in New York City, the Tammany ticket being defeated by a sweeping majority.

There followed a complete revolution in the municipal government. The victory had been won, not on party lines, but as a fight for decent government, and for the non-partisan administration of municipal affairs. Democrat and Republican, Protestant and Catholic, Jew and Gentile, the man born of native American stock and the man whose parents came from Ireland or Germany, all had joined in achieving the victory. The change in the city departments was radical. It was not so much a change in policy as a change of administration. It is rather humiliating for a New Yorker to have to confess that this revolutionary change consisted simply in applying the standard of common decency and common honesty to our public affairs. Under the old administration of the departments corruption had been so rife that it may almost be said to have been the rule. With the new dispensation there came an era of strict honesty.

The improvement has been so great that it may fairly be called wonderful. Whether or not it will be permanent is difficult to foretell. I think that those are oversanguine who believe that there will be no falling back. On the other hand, I do not believe that there will be

any permanent or complete return to the old conditions, and I do not feel that good citizens should grow downhearted over a momentary check or reaction. Tammany Hall may come back, but it will be a chastened Tammany Hall. The wrong-doing will not be as flagrant as formerly, and it will be easier to arouse a revolt against the wrong-doers.

That there will be some reaction is only to be expected; and it may be questioned whether, in a city with as composite a population as New York, where the bulk of the voters have for so many years been accustomed to the worst kind of machine rule, it will be possible very long to maintain the standard quite as high as it is at present. It is easier to rally the varying elements when in opposition, than to get them to support an administration which is actually engaged in the solution of important problems. Nevertheless, be the immediate outcome what it may, great and lasting good has been done; for New York has been shown that it is possible to obtain a decent and clean administration of municipal affairs, free from the curse of spoils politics, and above all the city at last knows, by practical experience, the immense moral, no less than material, gain which arises from giving the control of civic matters to men who are fearless and disinterested, and who combine the virtues of honesty and common sense.

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